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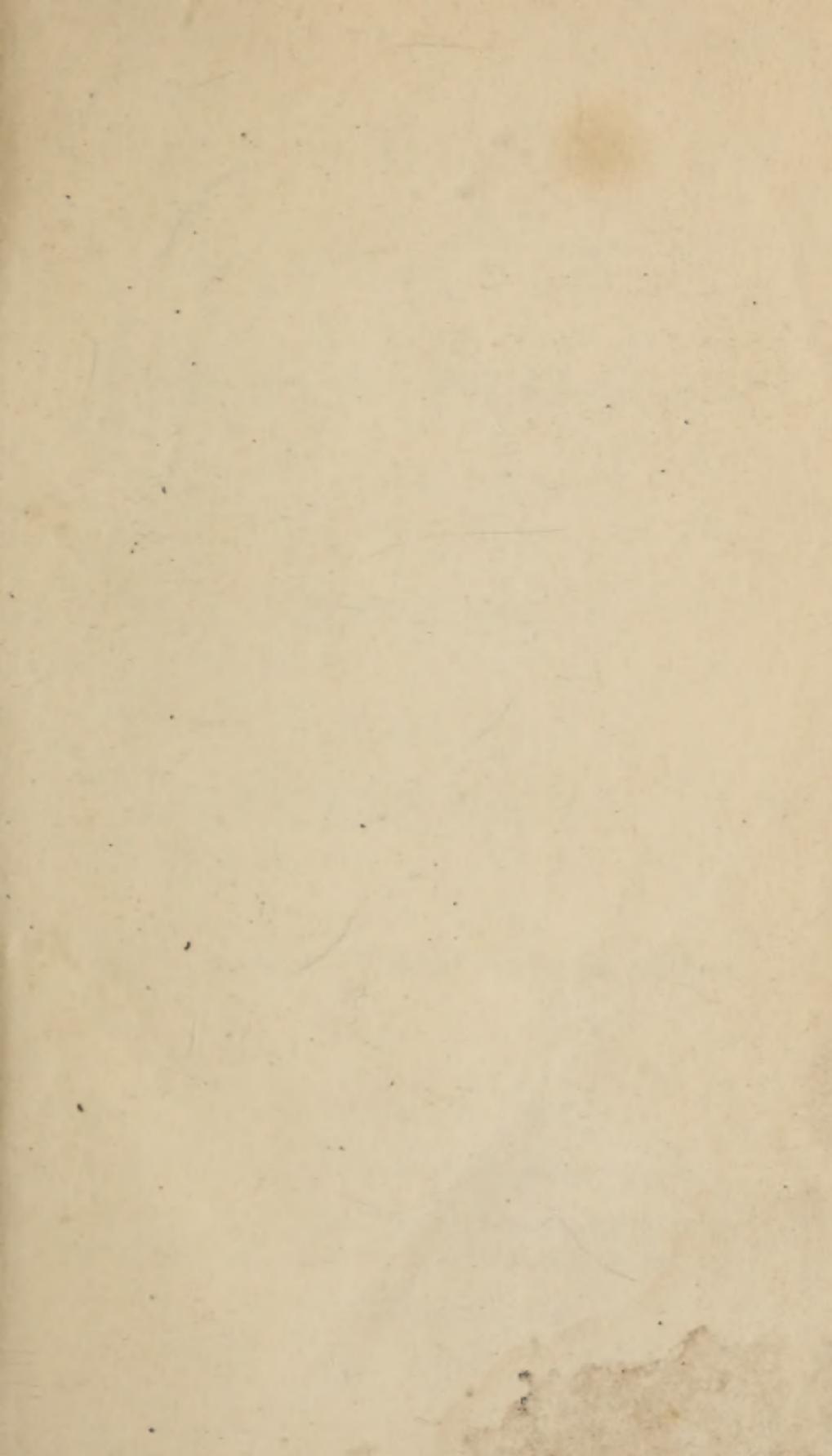
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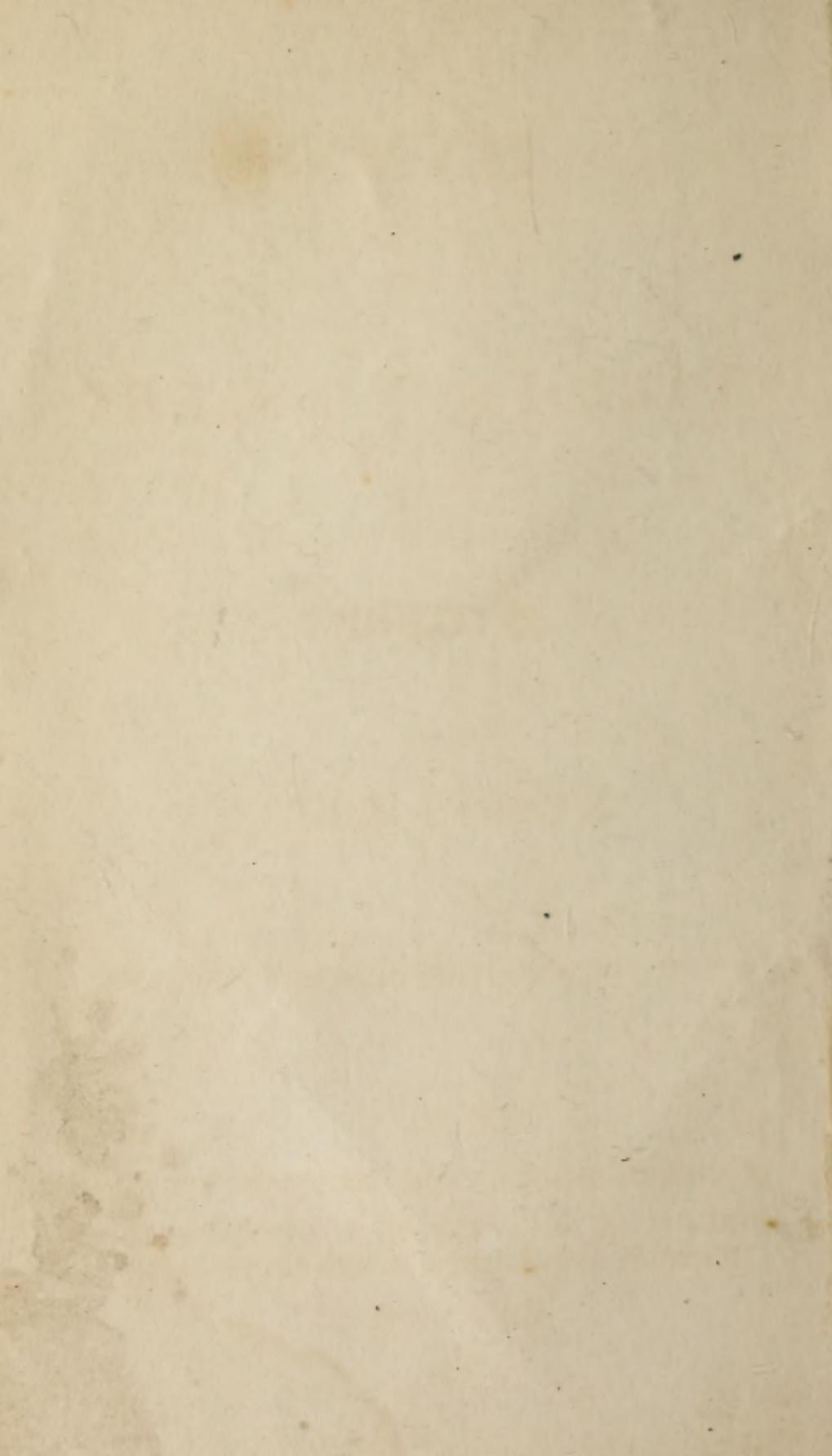
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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HYMNS 17 1934

ON

VARIOUS PASSAGES
OF

Scripture.

BY

THOMAS KELLY.

A NEW EDITION, WITH ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

DUBLIN:

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PREFACE.

THE present Edition of the Author's Hymns contains, besides those published before, thirty-six new ones. He has made a few verbal alterations in some of the old Hymns; but others he has been obliged to leave as they were, from inability, after frequent trials, to correct what appeared to him to require amendment.

Of his Hymns, in a literary point of view, the Author has nothing to say, but that he is fully sensible of the humbleness of their pretensions in that respect. He

feels, however, no hesitation in expressing his entire conviction, that the principles on which they are founded are those of the Gospel of Christ: and he sends them again into the world, followed by his earnest prayer, that the Divine Spirit may, by his gracious influence, make them instrumental (however humble their pretensions) in the promotion of *His* glory, who is made unto his people “wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.”

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H Y M N S.

Nativity.

H Y M N I.

Ye shall find the babe—in a manger.

LUKE xi. 12.

CHRIST is born, go tell the story,
Tell the nations of his birth :
Tell them that the “Lord of glory”
Comes from Heav’n to dwell on earth :
Let the tidings
Fill the world with sacred mirth.

2 See he lies in yonder manger ;
“ Prince of Life,” his title is :
’Midst his own, and yet a stranger,
All things seen and unseen his.
Yet neglected :
Wonder, O ye heav’ns, at this.

3 See fulfill’d prophetic vision,
“ Unto us a child is born ; ”
Though an object of derision,
Though the theme of human scorn :
Yet his people
Hail his birth, and cease to mourn.

4 Hail Emmanuel, child of promise,
 “Lord of All” in humble guise ;
 Long detain’d, and absent from us,
 Come at length to bless our eyes :
 Hail Emmanuel !
 God the Saviour, only wise !

HYMN II.

There shall come a star out of Jacob.

NUMBERS xxiv. 17.

JACOB’S star is ris’n at last,
 Brighter than the brightest sun :
 Darkness is for ever past,
 And the joyful day begun.

2 Sing aloud, the cause is great ;
 Sing ye Heav’ns, and sing thou Earth :
 Still the joyful theme repeat,
 Joyful theme, Emmanuel’s birth.

3 This is Jacob’s promis’d star,
 Giving light to all around ;
 Shining clear, and seen afar,
 Seen to Earth’s remotest bound.

4 Sing the Infant, Virgin-born,
 He a King, a King by birth ;
 Though the mark of human scorn,
 Heir of all in Heav’n and earth.

5 Now, ye saints, dry up your tears ;
 See the day is come at last :
 Jacob’s promis’d star appears,
 Darkness is for ever past.

HYMN III.

A multitude of the heavenly host praising God.

LUKE ii. 13.

WHENCE those sounds symphonious,
Solemn, sweet, and rare,
Music, most harmonious,
Filling all the air :
Hark ! 'tis angels singing,
Singing here on Earth :
Joyful tidings bringing
Of the Saviour's birth.

- 2 In that region yonder,
Where the angels sing,
Bursts of joy and wonder
Make the air to ring ;
“Praise and adoration
“Be to God above :
“And to man, salvation,
“Object of his love.”
- 3 Now, ye heavens, sing ye ;
Earth break forth and cry ;
O ye mountains, ring ye
With the sound of joy ;
For the Lord has done it :
His the victory.
His own arm has won it :
Israel shall be free.

HYMN IV.

And all that heard it wondered. LUKE ii. 18.

FLY abroad, and tell the story
 Of the mighty Saviour's birth ;
 Say ye, that the Lord of glory
 Leaves his throne and comes to earth.
 He, before whom angels bow,
 Takes the form of man below.

- 2 Hither come, and view the stranger,
 View the infant lately born ;
 See he lies in yonder manger,
 By the world cast out in scorn.
 Mark him well, for this is he,
 Born to set his people free.
- 3 Wonder not that thus you see him
 Lying in this humble place ;
 Nor indulge a wish to free him
 From a state so low and base.
 Worldly pomp the Saviour scorns ;
 Him no outward state adorns.
- 4 Sing, ye Saints, the Saviour's praises :
 'Twas for you he suffer'd shame ;
 Yes, he stoop'd that he might raise us
 To the place from whence he came.
 Though he now appears so low,
 Crowns shall soon adorn his brow.
- 5 Learn from his obscure condition,
 How to think of all below :
 Scorn he meets, and opposition :
 Jesus finds in man his foe.
 Such our Master was, and we
 Must expect like him to be.

HYMN V.

For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given. ISAIAH ix. 6.

WE'LL sing in spite of scorn ;
 Our theme is come from heav'n ;
 " To us a child is born,
 " To us a son is giv'n."
 The sweetest news that ever came,
 We'll sing, tho' all the world should blame.

2 The long expected morn
 Has dawn'd upon the earth ;
 The Saviour Christ is born,
 And angels sing his birth :
 We'll join the bright seraphic throng,
 We'll share their joys, and swell their song.

3 O 'tis a lofty theme,
 Supplied by angels' tongues !
 All other objects seem
 Unworthy of our songs.
 This sacred theme has boundless charms,
 It fills, it captivates, it warms.

4 Now sing of peace divine,
 Of grace to guilty man ;
 No wisdom, Lord, but thine,
 Could form the wondrous plan :
 Where peace and righteousness embrace,
 And justice goes along with grace.

5 Give praise to God on high,
 With angels round his throne ;
 Give praise to God with joy ;
 Give praise to God alone ;

'Tis meet his saints their songs should raise,
And give the Saviour endless praise.

HYMN VI.

*We have seen his star in the east, and are come
to worship him.* MATTHEW ii. 2.

HARK ! what sounds salute our ears,
Christ the Lord at length appears :
“ Unto us a son is giv'n :”
Angels bring the news from heav'n.

- 2 Come, ye saints, arise and sing,
Glory be to God our King !
“ Unto us a child is born,”
Zion is no more forlorn.
- 3 Who are these that come from far,
Led by Jacob's rising star ?
Lo, they gather like a cloud ;
Or, as doves, their windows crowd.
- 4 Strangers these, to Zion come,
There to seek a peaceful home.
Zion wonders at the sight ;
Zion feels a strange delight.
- 5 Zion now no more shall sigh ;
God will raise her glory high :
He will send a large increase ;
He will give her people peace.
- 6 Sons of Zion, sing aloud ;
See her sky without a cloud :
God will make her joy complete :
Zion's sun shall never set.

HYMN VII.

*Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy,
which shall be to all people, &c. LUKE ii. 10.*

ANGELIC messenger, repeat
Those joyful sounds once more ;
For sure no accents half so sweet,
E'er reach'd my ears before.

2 “ Glad tidings from Heaven I bring,
“ Glad tidings to all upon earth :
“ This day is Christ born to be King,
“ And Bethl'hem's the place of his birth.”

3 Sounds seraphic fill the air,
Angel bands assemble there :
Heav'n itself, come down to earth,
Celebrates the Saviour's birth,

Chorus.

“ Glory to God on high be giv'n ;
“ And on earth peace, good will from heav'n.”

HYMN VIII.

*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
good will to man. LUKE ii. 14.*

“ **U**NTO us a son is given ;”
‘Tis the promis'd Christ is meant,
Bands of angels come from heaven
To announce the tidings sent,
Fill'd with rapture,
Celebrate the great event.

2 “ Glory in the Highest ! glory
“ Be to God, and peace on earth.”

Now proclaim the joyful story
 Of the mighty Saviour's birth ;
 Let the tidings
 Fill the world with sacred mirth.

- 3 This is “the desire of nations”
 Promis'd to the church so long ;
 Object of its expectations ;
 Burden of prophetic song ;
 Sing, ye people,
 Join with heav'n's angelic throng.
- 4 Lo, he comes, the Lord from heaven !
 Lo, the mighty God appears !
 “ Unto us a Son is given : ”
 This is music in our ears :
 Nothing sweeter,
 Mortal or immortal hears.
-

Crucifixion.

HYMN IX.

Himself he cannot save. MATT. xxvii. 42.

- “ **H**IMSELF he cannot save.”
 Insulting foe, 'tis true :
 The words a gracious meaning have,
 Though meant in scorn by you.

- 2 “ Himself he cannot save.”
 This is his highest praise.
 Himself for others' sake he gave,
 And suffers in their place.

- 3 It were an easy part
 For him the cross to fly ;
 But love to sinners fills his heart,
 And makes him choose to die.
- 4 'Tis love the cause unfolds,
 The deep mysterious cause.
 Why he, who all the world upholds,
 Hangs upon yonder cross.
- 5 Let carnal Jews blaspheme,
 And worldly wisdom mock ;
 The Saviour's cross shall be my theme,
 And Christ himself my Rock.
- 6 I leave the world for this :
 Let others share its toys :
 I envy not their fancied bliss ;
 The cross yields purer joys.

HYMN X.

Stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

ISA. liii. 4.

STTRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"
 See him dying on the tree !
 'Tis the Christ by man rejected !
 Yes, my soul, 'tis he ! 'tis he !
 'Tis the long expected prophet,
 David's son, yet David's Lord ;
 Proofs I see sufficient of it :
 'Tis a true and faithful word.

- 2 Tell me, ye who hear him groaning,
 Was there ever grief like his ?
 Friends thro' fear his cause disowning,
 Foes insulting his distress.

Many hands were raised to wound him,
 None would interpose to save ;
 But the awful stroke that found him,
 Was the stroke that justice gave.

- 3** Ye who think of sin but lightly,
 Nor suppose the evil great ;
 Here may view its nature rightly,
 Here its guilt may estimate.
 Mark the sacrifice appointed !
 See *who* bears the awful load !
'Tis the WORD, the LORD'S ANOINTED,
 Son of man, and Son of God.
- 4** Here we have a firm foundation ;
 Here's the refuge of the lost :
 Christ's the rock of our salvation ;
 His the name of which we boast.
 Lamb of God for sinners wounded !
 Sacrifice to cancel guilt !
 None shall ever be confounded,
 Who on him their hope have built.

HYMN XI.

*O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass
 from me.* MATT. xxvi. 29.

JESUS drains the cup of sorrows ;
 See he lies beneath our load ;
 Gives his life a ransom for us,
 And redeems us by his blood.
 Was there ever love like this ?
 Was there ever grief like his ?

2 Jesus is “a man of sorrows,”
 Here he claims pre-eminence ;

See him pierced by heav'n's own arrows ;

 See him die for our offence.

We, like sheep, had gone astray ;

Jesus takes our sin away.

3 Jesus suffers—wondrous victim !

 'Tis the Son of God that dies !

Heav'n, and earth, and hell afflict him :

 Justice claims the sacrifice.

Darkness now exerts its power ;

Darkness reigns this fearful hour.

4 Come, ye saints, look here and wonder ;

 Come behold what love could do :

Gaze upon the victim yonder :

 Jesus suffer'd thus for you.

Bid adieu to low desire ;

Here let earthly love expire.

HYMN XII.

He was wounded for our transgressions.

ISA. liii. 5.

JESUS is the victim offer'd ;

 On him fell vindictive fire :

When he died, the victim suffer'd

 All that justice could require.

This is welcome news from far ;

 Why should any now despair ?

2 Now let others boast of doing,

 We have no such plea as this :

Grace alone prevents our going

 Down to hell's profound abyss.

Jesus came to save the lost ;

In his name alone we boast.

- 3 Resting on this “faithful saying,”
 We are safe from force and guile ;
 On the Lord our spirits staying,
 We may look around and smile :
 Leaning on his powerful arm,
 Who or what can do us harm ?
- 4 Fair our lot—in pleasant places
 God has cast the lines for us ;
 Well may we shew forth his praises,
 Who has loved his people thus.
 Of his love we'll gladly talk,
 By its pow'r constrain'd we'll walk.

HYMN XIII.

He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter.

ISA. liii. 7.

AS a lamb led forth to slaughter,
 Jesus on his way proceeds :
 See his foes are filled with laughter,
 While the patient victim bleeds.
 Jesus dies, by man abhor'd ;
 Jesus, chosen of the Lord.

- 2 Jesus dies in love to others ;
 Greater love hath none than this :
 Love of kindred, love of mothers,
 Feeble is compar'd to his.
 Who can tell its breadth and length ?
 Who its depth, its height, its strength ?
- 3 Come, my soul, look here and wonder,
 Here's a sight to cause surprise :
 Well the rocks might cleave asunder ;
 Well might darkness veil the skies :

'Twas the voice of nature then ;
Nature's voice reproving men.

- 4 Nature's voice again reproving,
Would be heard should I not speak :
None has greater cause for loving
Him who came the lost to seek :
Yet my love, how cold it is !
O how diff'rent mine from his !
- 5 Ah, my Lord, thou know'st thy servant,
Weak, unfaithful, apt to slide ;
Make his love more pure and fervent ;
Let him at thy feet abide.
Thine the tribute of his praise,
Thine the remnant of his days.

HYMN XIV.

Praise ye the Lord.

PRAISE the Lord, who died to save us :
Praise his name, for ever dear ;
Praise his blessed name, who gave us
Eyes to see, and ears to hear.
Praise the Saviour,
Object of our love and fear.

- 2 Grace it was, 'twas grace abounding,
Brought him down to save the lost :
Ye above, his throne surrounding,
Praise him, praise him all his host.
Saints adore him,
Ye are they who owe him most.

- 3 Ye, of all his hand created,
Objects are of grace alone ;

Aliens once, but reinstated,
 Destin'd now to fill a throne.
 Sing with wonder,
 Sing of what our Lord has done.

- 4 Praise his name who died to save us ;
 'Tis by him his people live ;
 And in him the Father gave us
 All that boundless love could give.
 Life eternal
 In our Saviour we receive.
-

Resurrection.

HYMN XV.

He is not here ; but is risen. LUKE xxiv. 6.

THE Lord, who late was dead,
 Now lives ; then haste away,
 And through the world the tidings spread,
 THE LORD IS RIS'N TO-DAY.

- 2 While foes are fill'd with fear,
 His joyful friends may say,
 What glorious news is this we hear !
 THE LORD IS RIS'N TO-DAY.
- 3 His triumph is complete,
 Let all his people say ;
 And let ten thousand tongues repeat,
 THE LORD IS RIS'N TO-DAY.
- 4 Let all his people sing,
 For well his people may ;
 The theme is sweet, of hope the spring,
 THE LORD IS RIS'N TO-DAY.

5 On him our souls rely,
 Desponding thoughts away ;
 We know 'tis true, and sing with joy,
 THE LORD IS RIS'N TO-DAY.

HYMN XVI.

If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain.

1 COR. xv. 17.

IF Jesus rose not from the grave,
 The faith of all his saints is vain :
 That he can have no power to save,
 If death detains him still, is plain.

2 If Jesus rose not from the grave,
 We're guilty still, our sins remain :
 The hope is vain his people have ;
 If Jesus rose not, hope is vain.

3 If Jesus rose not from the grave,
 His foes were right in all they said ;
 For he to all assurance gave
 That he would rise and leave the dead.

4 If Jesus rose not from the grave,
 Then all he said was empty boast :
 His claims no good foundation have ;
 And they who sleep in him are lost.

5 If Jesus rose not from the grave,
 The thief, that perish'd by his side,
 As just a claim as he would have
 To be the sinner's hope and guide.

6 But now is Jesus ris'n indeed ;
 The first-fruits he of those who sleep :
 Rejoice, ye saints, the pris'ner's freed ;
 For who could such a pris'ner keep ?

- 7 He fought with Death, the saints' last foe ;
 And though he seem'd to lose the day,
 'Twas Death sustain'd the overthrow,
 Subdu'd by him who seem'd his prey.
- 8 Doubt then no more, ye saints, nor grieve,
 The Lord is ris'n, is ris'n indeed ;
 Because he lives, his saints shall live,
 Shall live with him, their glorious Head.
- 9 He sits at God's right hand above,
 The dread of foes, the joy of friends ;
 Supreme in pow'r, in truth, in love ;
 His kingdom, one that never ends.
- 10 The glorious day is drawing near,
 When he who lay in yonder tomb,
 With crowds of angels shall appear,
 And take his waiting people home.

HYMN XVII.

Death is swallowed up in victory.

1 COR. xv. 54.

HARK ten thousand voices cry,
 Vict'ry, vict'ry, through the sky !
 Swiftly flies the welcome sound,
 Spreading rapt'rous joy around.

- 2 Jesus comes, his conflict over,
 Comes to claim his great reward :
 Angels round the victor hover,
 Crowding to behold their Lord.
- 3 O what honours now await him !
 Friends and foes shall hear his voice :
 Tremble, tremble, ye that hate him ;
 Ye who love his name, rejoice.

- 4 Yonder throne for him erected,
 Now becomes the victor's seat ;
 Lo, the man on earth rejected !
 Angels worship at his feet.
- 5 Day and night they cry before him,
 “ Holy, holy, holy Lord ! ”
 All the pow'rs of heav'n adore him ;
 All obey his sov'reign word.

Chorus.

Then haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
 And crown him everlasting King.

HYMN XVIII.

*So they went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing
 the stone, and setting a watch.* MATT. xxvii. 66.

- G O, and seal the sepulchre,
 Make it sure, for much depends ;
 Jesus living did aver,
 He would rise and meet his friends.

- 2 Hell its utmost aid will give ;
 Go and hold the pris'ner fast :
 Satan knows that should he live,
 Long his kingdom cannot last.

- 3 O, ye vain and foolish men,
 What though earth and hell combine,
 Jesus will revive again ;
 Death his pris'ner must resign.

- 4 Lo, th' appointed hour is come !
 All suspense for ever ends ;
 Jesus lives, and leaves the tomb ;
 See, he stands among his friends !

- 5 When he meets their wond'ring eyes,
 Whom he call'd, and made his own ;
 Many doubts at first arise ;
 But the Lord dispels them soon.
- 6 Happy they who have not seen,
 Yet believe the record true :
 They shall see the Saviour reign,
 They shall share his glory too.
- 7 'Tis a sweet, reviving hope,
 Saviour, let thy kingdom come ;
 Haste, and take thy people up
 To their bright, eternal home.

HYMN XIX.

The Lord is risen indeed. LUKE xxiv. 34.

- “ **T**HE Lord is ris'n indeed,”
 And are the tidings true ?
 Yes, they beheld the Saviour bleed,
 And saw him living too.
- 2 “ The Lord is ris'n indeed,”
 Then Justice asks no more ;
 Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
 Who stood oppos'd before.
- 3 “ The Lord is ris'n indeed,”
 Then is his work perform'd ;
 The captive surety now is freed,
 And death, our foe, disarm'd.
- 4 “ The Lord is ris'n indeed,”
 Then hell has lost his prey ;
 With him is ris'n the ransom'd seed,
 To reign in endless day.

- 5 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
 He lives to die no more ;
 He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
 Whose curse and shame he bore.
- 6 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
 This yields my soul a plea ;
 He bore the punishment decreed,
 And satisfied for me.
- 7 "The Lord is ris'n indeed,"
 Attending angels hear ;
 Up to the courts of heav'n, with speed,
 The joyful tidings bear.
- 8 Then take your golden lyres,
 And strike each cheerful chord,
 Join all the bright celestial choirs,
 To sing our risen Lord.

HYMN XX.

Then he said unto them, O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken ! LUKE xxiv. 25.

- O FOOLS, and backward to receive,
 What God by all his prophets said !
 That Christ a suff'ring life should live,
 And then be number'd with the dead.
- 2 Why are ye pensive thus, and sad ?
 Why like to men astonish'd flee ?
 Why now resign the hopes you had,
 That Jesus should the Saviour be ?
- 3 Go; search the prophets and the law,
 And find the true Messiah there ;

Then meditate on all ye saw ;
So shall the joyful truth appear.

- 4** But see, he comes ! the very same
Who lately hung on yonder tree :
Ye can no more resist his claim ;
Behold his wounds ! 'tis he ! 'tis he !
- 5** Till the appointed hour arriv'd,
He lay a pris'ner in the grave,
(Death could no more,) he then reviv'd,
And now he lives, and lives to save.

- 6** All hail ! victorious Lord, all hail !
Thy people's life ! thy people's joy !
Thy love to them shall never fail ;
Thy praise shall all their pow'rs employ.

HYMN XXI.

He is not here, for he is risen as he said.

MATT. xxviii. 6.

HE's gone ! see where his body lay,
A pris'ner till th' appointed day,
Releas'd from prison then :
“ Why seek the living with the dead ? ”
Remember what the Saviour said,
That he should rise again.

- 2** O joyful sound ! O glorious hour !
When Jesus, by almighty pow'r,
Reviv'd, and left the grave.
In all his works behold him great !
Before, almighty to create !
Almighty now to save.

3 "The first begotten from the dead,"
Behold him ris'n, his people's head !

To make their life secure.

They too, like him, shall yield their breath,
Like him, shall burst the bands of death :

Their resurrection sure.

4 Why should his people now be sad ?

None have such reason to be glad,
As reconcil'd to God.

Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives ;

To them eternal life he gives,

The purchase of his blood.

5 Why should his people fear the grave ?

Since Jesus will their spirits save,

And raise their bodies too.

What though this earthly house shall fail ?

Almighty pow'r will yet prevail,

And build it up anew.

6 Ye ransom'd, let your praise resound,

And in your Master's work abound,

With strong and patient faith :

Be sure your labour's not in vain ;

Your bodies shall be rais'd again,

No more to suffer death.

HYMN XXII.

I am he that liveth and was dead. Rev. i. 18.

CROWNS of glory ever bright,

Rest upon the victor's head :

Crowns of glory are his right,

His " who liveth and was dead."

- 2** Jesus fought and won the day ;
 Such a day was never fought ;
 Well his people now may say,
 See what God, our God has wrought.
- 3** He subdu'd the pow'rs of hell ;
 In the fight he stood alone ;
 All his foes before him fell,
 By his single arm o'erthrown.
- 4** They have fall'n to rise no more :
 Final is the foe's defeat :
 Jesus triumph'd by his pow'r,
 And his triumph is complete.
- 5** His the fight, the arduous toil ;
 His the honours of the day ;
 His the glory and the spoil ;
 Jesus bears them all away !
- 6** Now proclaim his deeds afar ;
 Fill the world with his renown :
 His alone the victor's car ;
 His the everlasting crown.

HYMN XXIII.

*A little while, and ye shall not see me, and again,
 a little while, and ye shall see me. JOHN xvi. 16.*

THO' foes should triumph in his death,
 And friends should mourn and fear,
 Yet Jesus will resume his breath,
 And in the world appear :
 His friends shall then confess his claim,
 And all his foes be fill'd with shame.

- 2 The name of Jesus shall be borne
 To lands involv'd in night ;
 And like the rising of the morn,
 Shall bring the welcome light ;
 Though now a pris'ner with the dead,
 His name throughout the world shall spread.
- 3 Hail, mighty Lord, a conq'ror thou !
 With this peculiar boast,
 That then thine honours brightest grow,
 When men despise them most ;
 And Death, that boasts his myriads slain,
 Appears a captive in thy train.

HYMN XXIV.

Behold the place where they laid him.

MARK xvi. 6.

- C**OME, ye saints, look here and wonder,
 See the place where Jesus lay ;
 He has burst his bands asunder ;
 He has borne our sins away,
 Joyful tidings !
 Yes, the Lord is ris'n to-day,
- 2 Jesus triumphs ! sing ye praises :
 By his death he overcame :
 Thus the Lord his glory raises ;
 Thus he fills his foes with shame :
 Sing ye praises !
 Praises to the victor's name.

- 3 Jesus triumphs ! countless legions
 Come from heav'n to meet their King :
 Soon in yonder blessed regions
 They shall join his praise to sing.
 Songs eternal
 Shall through heav'n's high arches ring,

Exaltation of Christ.

HYMN XXV.

In the midst of the throne—a Lamb as it had been slain. REV. v. 6.

BEHOLD the Lamb, with glory crown'd !
To him all pow'r is giv'n ;
No place too high for him is found,
No place too high in heav'n.

- 2 He fills the throne, the throne above ;
He fills it without wrong ;
Sole object he of angels' love ;
Sole theme of angels' song.
- 3 With faces veil'd yon seraphs bright
Upon his glory gaze ;
Not seraphs could endure the light,
The full resplendent blaze.
- 4 Though high, yet he accepts the praise
His people offer here :
The faintest, feeblest cry they raise,
Will reach the Saviour's ear.
- 5 Well may his people then be found
Transported with the sight ;
To see the Lamb with glory crown'd,
Must yield them sweet delight.
- 6 This song be ours, and this alone,
That celebrates the name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And that exalts the Lamb.

- 7 To him whom men despise and slight,
 To him be glory giv'n :
 The crown is his, and his by right,
 The highest place in heav'n.

HYMN XXVI.

And on his head were many crowns.

REV. xix. 12.

LE T crowns of glory wreath the head
 Of him who bore the cross :
 He liveth now ; He once was dead ;
 He died and rose for us.

2 For us the Saviour died and rose,
 For us whom he has sav'd ;

For us, who once appear'd his foes ;
 Whom sin had once enslav'd.

3 How rich the grace, how free the love,
 That saves a people thus !

The theme is high, our thoughts above,
 'Tis far too high for us.

4 Nor can the brightest seraph there,
 In yonder world above,
 The subject fathom, and declare
 The mystery of love.

5 Its breadth and length, its depth and height,
 Are such that He alone
 Can measure its extent aright,
 To whom all things are known.

6 But this we know, that God is love ;
 A truth by heav'n confess'd :
 And those below, and those above,
 Who know his name are bless'd.

7 And when to yonder place we go,
 Where soon we hope to be ;
 We then shall know what angels know,
 And see what angels see.

HYMN XXVII.

Endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. HEB. xii. 2.

FOR whom is yonder crown prepar'd,
 Of workmanship divine ?
 For Jesus is the bright reward ;
 For him its glories shine.

2 Beneath the earth awhile he lies,
 A pris'ner with the dead ;
 A victor soon the Lord will rise,
 And glory wreath his head.

3 He saw the cross, despis'd its shame,
 And bow'd beneath its weight ;
 For this he bears the greatest name,
 And gains the highest seat.

4 To him shall ev'ry knee be bow'd ;
 His claim shall angels own ;
 Around the rising victor crowd,
 And bear him to his throne,

5 Behold, ye saints, behold your King,
 By hosts angelic crown'd :
 They shout, and heav'n's high arches ring
 With the triumphant sound.

- 6 Let saints on earth their tribute bring,
 And echo back the sound :
 For he who saves them is the king,
 By hosts angelic crown'd.

HYMN XXVIII.

Worthy is the Lamb, Rev. v. 12.

HARK the notes of angels singing—
 “ Glory, glory to the Lamb ! ”
 All in heav’n their tribute bringing,
 Raising high the Saviour’s name.

- 2 Ye for whom his life was given,
 Sacred themes to you belong :
 Come assist the choir of heaven ;
 Join the everlasting song.
- 3 Saints and angels thus united,
 Songs imperfect still must raise ;
 Though despised on earth, and slighted,
 Jesus is above all praise.
- 4 See th’ angelic hosts have crown’d him,
 Jesus fills the throne on high :
 Countless myriads, hov’ring round him,
 With his praises rend the sky.
- 5 Fill’d with holy emulation,
 Let us vie with those above :
 Sweet the theme—a free salvation !
 Fruit of everlasting love.
- 6 Endless life in him possessing,
 Let us praise his precious name :
 Glory, honour, power and blessing,
 Be for ever to the Lamb.

HYMN XXIX.

Let all the Angels of God worship him.

HEB. i. 6.

HARK, ten thousand harps and voices,
Sound the note of praise above!

Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices :

Jesus reigns the God of love :

See he sits on yonder throne ;

Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Well may angels bright and glorious,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While on earth, he proved victorious ;
Now, he bears a matchless name :
Well may angels sing of him,
Heav'n supplies no richer theme.

3 Come, ye saints, unite your praises
With the angels round his throne ;
Soon we hope our Lord will raise us
To the place where he is gone.
Meet it is that we should sing,
Glory, glory to our king.

4 Sing how Jesus came from heaven,
How he bore the cross below ;
How all pow'r to him is given ;
How he reigns in glory now :
'Tis a great and endless theme :
O 'tis sweet to sing of him !

5 Jesus hail, whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth.
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms thy saints on earth :

When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

- 6 King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown :
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own ;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destin'd to behold thy face.
- 7 Saviour, hasten thine appearing ;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away :
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing—
“ Glory, glory to our king.”

HYMN XXX.

King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.

REV. xix. 16.

“ **K**ING of Kings, and Lord of Lords ! ”
These are great and awful words ;
'Tis to Jesus they belong :
Let his people raise their song ;

- 2 Hark, how angels sound his praise !
Fill'd with transport while they gaze :
Glory, honour, praise and power,
These are thine for evermore.
- 3 Crown him then whom angels sing ;
Crown him everlasting king !
Jesus fills the throne above,
Jesus is the God of love.

- 4 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Heav'n and earth thy name record .
 Pow'r and praise to thee belong ;
 Lord accept our feeble song.
- 5 Rich in glory, thou didst stoop :
 This is now thy people's hope :
 Thou wast poor, that they might be
 Rich in glory, Lord, with thee.
- 6 When we think of love like this,
 Joy and shame our hearts possess :
 Joy, that thou couldst pity thus ;
 Shame, for such returns from us.
- 7 Yet we hope the day to see,
 When we shall from earth be free ;
 Borne aloft, to heav'n be brought,
 There to praise thee as we ought.
- 8 While we still continue here,
 Let this hope our spirits cheer.
 Till in heav'n thy face we see,
 Teach us, Lord, to live to thee.

HYMN XXXI.

Sing praises unto our King, sing praises !

PSALM xlvii. 6.

GLORY, glory to our King !
 Crowns unfading wreath his head !
 Jesus is the name we sing ;
 Jesus risen from the dead ;
 Jesus conqu'ror o'er the grave ;
 Jesus mighty now to save.

- 2 Jesus is gone up on high,
 Angels come to meet their King ;
 Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
 While the victor's praise they sing :
 “ Open now, ye heav'nly gates !
 “ 'Tis the King of glory waits.”
- 3 Now behold him high enthron'd !
 Glory beaming from his face !
 By adoring angels own'd,
 God of holiness and grace !
 O for hearts and tongues to sing
 “ Glory, glory to our King.”
- 4 Jesus on thy people shine !
 Warm our hearts and tune our tongues !
 That with angels we may join,
 Share their bliss and swell their songs.
 Glory, honour, praise and pow'r,
 Lord, be thine for evermore !

HYMN XXXII.

That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow. PHIL. ii. 10.

E V'R Y knee shall bow to Jesus,
 'Tis decreed, and must be done ;
 God ordains it, whom it pleases
 Thus to glorify his son :
 Honour is to Jesus giv'n,
 All the pow'r in earth and heav'n.

2 He who without usurpation,
 Claims equality with God,
 Comes from his exalted station,
 And with men has his abode :

Though we see him humbled now,
Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.

3 See the Lord, “ A man in fashion,
“ Of no reputation made.”

See, he dies without compassion !

In the tomb behold him laid !

Though he seems deserted now,
Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.

4 See the Saviour ris'n victorious,
Late a pris'ner with the dead :

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious !

Jesus ris'n his people's head ;

Crowns adorn the victor's brow ;

Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.

5 See him now to glory raised,
Bearing an unrivall'd name :

Angels, at the sight amazed,

Worship, and confess his claim ;

All in heav'n adore him now :

Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.

6 Hark ! the trumpet loudly sounding,
Now proclaims the Judge is near :

Jesus comes his foes confounding,

Jesus to his people dear :

Lo ! he comes on yonder cloud ;

Ev'ry knee to him is bow'd.

HYMN XXXIII.

Who coverest thyself with light. PSALM civ. 2.

SEE where the Lord his glory spreads,
Thro' yonder mansion fill'd with light ;
His least perfection far exceeds
The reach of fancy's boldest flight.

- 2 Around his everlasting throne
 Ten thousand times ten thousand sing :
 They worship him as God alone,
 And crown him everlasting King.
- 3 Approach, ye saints, this God is yours ;
 'Tis Jesus fills the throne above :
 Ye cannot fail while God endures ;
 Ye cannot want while God is love.
- 4 Come then, and swell the note of praise,
 In Jesu's name rejoice and sing :
 While angels on his glory gaze,
 The saints may cry, " Behold our King."
- 5 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
 To thee the praise of heav'n belongs ;
 Yet smile on us, who fain would bring
 The tribute of our humbler songs.
- 6 Though sin defile our worship here,
 We hope, ere long, thy face to view ;
 In heav'n with angels to appear,
 And praise thy name as angels do.

HYMN XXXIV.

God our Saviour ! TITUS iii. 4.

LO ! the infant Saviour lies ;
 Angels call him " only wise ; "
 To his name they join the words—
 " King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

2 See ! he stands at Pilate's bar ;
 Most despis'd of all by far ;
 Still to him belong the words—
 " King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

- 3** He who wears the crown of thorns,
 He whom man reviles and scorns,
 Claims exclusively the words—
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”
- 4** On the cross 'tis still the same ;
 Never does he yield his claim :
 Clear his title to the words—
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”
- 5** Past the conflict of his love ;
 See ! he takes his place above :
 On his vesture shine the words—
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”
- 6** O ! ye bright seraphic choirs,
 Strike anew your golden lyres :
 While ye gaze, proclaim the words—
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”
- 7** Join, ye saints, with heav'n agree,
 Let the name of Jesus be
 Still united to the words,
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”

HYMN XXXV.

And he hath on his vesture, and on his thigh, a name written, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. REV. xix. 16.

- W**HENCE those unusual bursts of joy,
 Whose sound through heaven rings ?
 They welcome Jesus to the sky,
 And crown him “ King of Kings.”
- 2** At sight of him, yon seraphs bright
 Exulting clap their wings ;
 They hail their Lord with new delight,
 And crown him “ King of Kings.”

- 3 The brightest angel glory boasts,
 To him his tribute brings,
 And joins high heav'n's assembled hosts,
 To crown him "King of Kings."
- 4 Look up, ye saints, and while ye gaze,
 Forget all earthly things :
 Unite to sing the Saviour's praise,
 And crown him "King of Kings."
- 5 While heav'n in honour of his name
 With exultation sings,
 His saints on earth will own his claim,
 And crown him "King of Kings."
- 6 When here, he bore our sin and shame ;
 And thence our comfort springs :
 'Tis meet we should exalt his name,
 And crown him "King of Kings."
- 7 We hope ere long, beyond those clouds,
 To tune celestial strings ;
 And join with heav'n's exulting crowds,
 To crown him "King of Kings."

HYMN XXXVI.

And he shall reign for ever and ever.

REV. xi. 15.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
 See "the Man of Sorrows" now ;
 From the fight return'd victorious,
 Ev'ry knee to him shall bow :
 Crown him, crown him ;
 Crowns become the victor's brow.

- 2** Crown the Saviour, angels crown him :
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings :
 In the seat of pow'r enthrone him,
 While the vault of heaven rings :
 Crown him, crown him ;
 Crown the Saviour “ King of Kings.”
- 3** Sinners in derision crown'd him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
 Saints and angels crowd around him,
 Own his title, praise his name :
 Crown him, crown him ;
 Spread abroad the victor's fame.
- 4** Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !
 Hark ! those loud triumphant chords !
 Jesus takes the highest station :
 O what joy the sight affords !
 Crown him, crown him ;
 “ King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”

HYMN XXXVII.

Who is this King of Glory ? PSALM xxiv. 8.

YE who dwell in heav'n declare
 Who “ the King of Glory ” is ;
 Who is first and highest there ?
 His the pow'r, the kingdom his ?

- 2** 'Tis the Lamb, the Lamb alone,
 Claims the title justly his ;
 He it is that fills the throne ;
 He “ the King of Glory ” is.

- 3** Blessed news ! the Lamb is King :
 Glorious truth ! he reigns alone :
 Come, ye saints, your tribute bring,
 Bow before the Saviour's throne.

- 4 Let the world deride his claim ;
 Let the world refuse to bow :
 Angels triumph in his name ;
 All in heav'n adore him now.
- 5 Jesus hail ! whom angels sing ;
 Lamb of God, for sinners slain ;
 Reign for ever, glorious King ;
 Thou art worthy, Lord, to reign.
-

The Day of Christ.

HYMN XXXVIII.

Behold ! he cometh with clouds. REV. i. 7.

JESUS comes, the Judge of all :
 Heav'n's bright hosts adore him :
 All the people, great and small,
 Now must stand before him.
 Crowns of glory wreath his head :
 Christ, the Lord's anointed ;
 Judge of living and of dead ;
 Judge of old appointed.

2 Heav'n and earth, that stood so long
 Shewing forth his glory,
 Now are, though they seem'd so strong,
 Like a finish'd story.
 Caus'd to cease by him whose pow'r
 Gave them first a being ;
 Lo ! they perish from this hour ;
 'Tis the Lord's decreeing.

3 Saviour, in that awful day
 Keep our hearts from sinking :
 For ev'n now we feel dismay,
 Of the season thinking.
 May we lift our heads that day,
 Day of God's salvation ;
 May we joyful hear him say,
 " Yours a glorious station."

HYMN XXXIX.

O WHAT a sound was there !
 'Tis nature's final groan ;
 And Jesus bids the world appear
 Before his awful throne.

2 The day at length is come,
 As threaten'd, like a snare ;
 A source of endless joy to some ;
 To others, of despair.

3 The Saviour is at hand ;
 Behold he comes with clouds ;
 And angels, at their Lord's command,
 Appear in joyful crowds.

4 But who may stand this day,
 Destroying far and wide ?
 When heav'n and earth shall flee away,
 Who can the storm abide ?

5 The saints alone shall stand,
 The people of his love ;
 He sets them at his own right hand,
 And gives them joys above.

6 Into his presence brought,
 They see him face to face :
 No other grace his people sought ;
 And now he grants this grace.

HYMN XL.

To wait for his Son from heaven. 1 THES. i. 10.

SAVIOUR come, thy friends are waiting,
 Waiting for the final day ;
 Thence the promis'd glory dating :
 Come and bear thy saints away.
 Come, Lord Jesus,
 Thus thy waiting people pray.

2 Base the wish, and vain th' endeavour,
 While on earth to find our rest ;
 'Till we see thy face, we never
 Shall or can be fully blest.
 In thy presence
 Nothing shall our peace molest.

3 Lord, we wait for thine appearing ;
 Tarry not, thy people say ;
 Bright the prospect is, and cheering,
 Of beholding thee that day ;
 When our sorrows
 Shall for ever pass away.

4 'Till it comes, O keep us steady,
 Keep us walking in thy ways ;
 At thy call may we be ready,
 And our heads with triumph raise ;
 Then with angels
 Sing thine everlasting praise.

HYMN XLI.

The trumpet shall sound. 1 COR. xv. 52.

THE trumpet shall sound,
And fill the world round ;
From shore it shall echo to shore ;
The angel shall stand,
With uplifted hand,
Proclaiming that time is no more.

2 And now shall the tomb
Discharge from its womb
The load it no more can contain ;
The earth and the sea
The call shall obey,
And give up their myriads of slain.

3 The Saviour with crowds
Shall come in the clouds ;
His glory to all shall appear :
All power is giv'n,
In earth and in heav'n,
To him who was crucified here.

4 Then joy to the saints ;
Whatever complaints
Attend on their state here below ;
They all in that day
Shall vanish away ;
No more shall their tears ever flow.

5 Their Lord they shall see ;
With him they shall be ;
With him in his kingdom above ;
For ever to gaze :
For ever to praise ;
For ever to sing of his love.

HYMN XLII.

And what I say unto you, I say unto all—watch.

MARK xiii. 37.

A WAKE, ye saints, awake and watch,
The bridegroom may be near ;
How awful, should the summons catch
His people slumb’ring here !

2 They who are ready to attend
The Lord when he appears,
With him to glory shall ascend ;
Eternal life is theirs.

3 With him they shall sit down, and feast
On heav’n’s unbounded store ;
Enjoy an everlasting rest,
And never hunger more.

4 When once the chamber door shall close,
Be sure beyond a doubt,
No further hope remains for those
Who then are found without.

5 Awake, and be ye like to those
Who wait their Lord’s return ;
Awake, nor yield to that repose,
Whose end it is to mourn.

HYMN XLIII.

To wait for his Son from heaven. 1 THES. i. 10.

T O wait for that important day,
When Jesus will his pow’r display,
Be this my one great care ;
To do his will, my bus’ness here ;
No toil to shun, no danger fear,
Resolv’d his cross to share.

- 2 Should men pronounce me fool, and say,
I never need expect the day,
And all are fools who do ;
Their word I never can receive,
For well I know whom I believe ;
I know his word is true.
- 3 Though he should still prolong his stay,
And sinners mock at the delay,
His people need not fear :
The man who wore the crown of thorns,
Whose claim the world rejects and scorns,,
In glory will appear.
- 4 Bright angels shall attend their King,
And heav'n with acclamations ring,
When Jesus comes with clouds :
Methinks I see the dazzling train ;
It seems to fill yon azure plain
With heav'n's exulting crowds.
- 5 Transported with the glorious sight,
My soul prepares her wings for flight,
Resigning all below.
But ah ! the charm is quickly past,
She feels a chain that holds her fast,
Nor suffers her to go.
- 6 Be patient then, my soul, and rest,
Be sure the Saviour's time is best,
And cannot be too late :
Rejoice in hope, the day will come
When Jesus will convey thee home ;
Till then in patience wait.

HYMN XLIV.

The night is far spent, the day is at hand.

ROMANS xiii. 12.

THE night is now far spent,
And day comes on apace ;
The veil will soon be rent,
That hides the Saviour's face ;
The clouds that now obstruct our sight
Will all be quickly put to flight.

2 Ye saints lift up your heads,
Salvation draweth nigh ;
See where the morning spreads
Its radiance through the sky ;
O let the sight your spirits cheer ;
The Lord himself will soon appear.

3 Though men your hope deride,
Nor will themselves believe ;
Yet in his word confide,
Who never can deceive ;
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
The saints shall see a glorious day.

4 For you the Lord intends
A bright abode on high ;
The place where sorrow ends,
And nought is known but joy :
With such a hope, ye saints, rejoice ;
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice.

HYMN XLV.

But who may abide the day of his coming ?

MALACHI iii. 2.

THIE day of God at length appears,
But who its terrors may abide?
It far exceeds the sinner's fears ;
It humbles all the sons of pride.

- 2 Hark ! 'tis the trumpet's awful sound ;
It shakes the pillars of the earth ;
Its mighty voice is heard around :
O where is now the worldling's mirth !
- 3 The Judge appears ; around his seat
Ten thousand times ten thousand shine ;
The dead are quicken'd, small and great ;
The living chang'd by pow'r divine.
- 4 But mark the issue of the day !
Some are receiv'd with joy to heav'n ;
While others, turn'd with shame away,
From God and happiness are driv'n.
- 5 How blest are they who welcome now,
In him who fills the judgment seat,
The Saviour whom they lov'd below,
And long'd with great desire to meet.
- 6 Their cup is full, their joys abound,
No wish unsatisfied have they ;
In seeing him their heav'n is found,
And ev'ry sorrow flies away.

HYMN XLVI.

For the trumpet shall sound. 1 Cor. xv. 52.

HARK! 'tis the trumpet's sound ;
It closes earthly things ;
It echoes all around,
And great the news it brings :—
It tells that Jesus is at hand,
And bids the world before him stand.

- 2 The sound is heard afar ;
It goes through sea and land ;
And now, before his bar,
Th' assembled nations stand :
His friends are mingled with his foes,
But who are his, the Saviour knows.
- 3 And now he calls his own
To dwell with him above ;
To sit upon his throne,
And share his endless love :
With joy they meet him in the clouds.
And mix with heav'n's exulting crowds.
- 4 But oh ! what storms await
The trembling crowds below !
Their pleas are now too late ;
This is the time of woe :
The Judge decrees their final doom ;
Their portion is “the wrath to come.”
- 5 O that, in that great day,
We may with those appear,
To whom the Lord will say,
“ Ye blessed, now come near ;
“ To you eternal life is giv'n ;
“ The glory and the joy of heav'n.”

HYMN XLVII.

And the angel which I saw, lift up his hand to heaven, and sware by him that liveth for ever and ever—that there should be time no longer.

REV. x. 5, 6.

LOUD thunders shake the earth and sky,
And lightnings flash from pole to pole :
Methinks I hear the angel cry,
(How awful to the guilty soul !)
“The mystery of God is o'er,
“'Tis done ! there shall be time no more.”

- 2 The Lord appears ! before his face
An all-consuming fire destroys ;
The worldling's glory sinks apace,
With all that pleases or employs ;
But man survives the gen'ral doom,
Man destin'd to a life to come.
- 3 Ah ! sinner, living without God,
What shame will fill thee in that day !
How can'st thou bear the iron rod ?
How stand—when nature flees away ?
Creation now an awful void !
Thy hopes, thy prospects all destroy'd !
- 4 O may we all be found that day,
With those whom Jesus will confess !
When heav'n and earth shall flee away,
The Lord will yield us happiness :
New heav'ns and earth he then will make,
And bless them for his people's sake.

- 5 Sweet prospect of unfading joys !
 My soul anticipates the day ;
 And leaving to the world its toys,
 To Christ my Lord would haste away ;
 With him for ever to remain,
 And share the glories of his reign.

HYMN XLVIII.

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God. 1 THES. iv. 16.

- T**HE trump of God is heard on high ;
 The shout of angels rends the sky :
 'Tis Jesus coming in the clouds,
 Attended by exulting crowds.
- 2 How glorious is the Saviour now !
 While many crowns adorn his brow :
 Upon his vesture mark the words—
 “ The King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.”
- 3 The final day at length is come,
 And sinners now must hear their doom :
 What horror fills the trembling heart,
 While Jesus speaks the word “ *Depart!* ”
- 4 In vain upon the rocks they call
 To hide, or crush them by their fall ;
 To them ev'n death no help can give,
 Whom God in justice dooms to live.
- 5 But O what transport fills *their* hearts,
 To whom he thus his will imparts !—
 “ The kingdom take, your blest reward,
 “ For you before the world prepar'd.”

- 6** This is the people, who on earth
Were subjects for the worldling's mirth ;
But lo ! the Saviour owns their name,
And fills their enemies with shame.
- 7** O may I now with those appear,
Who dare confess the Saviour here !
So shall my happy portion be,
Jesus will then acknowledge me.

HYMN XLIX.

*But he shall appear to your joy, and they shall
be ashamed.* ISAIAH lxvi. 6.

- F**ROM far I see the glorious day,
When he who bore our sins away,
Will all his majesty display.
- 2** "A man of sorrows" once he was ;
No friend was found to plead his cause,
For all preferr'd the world's applause.
- 3** He groan'd beneath sin's awful load ;
For in the sinner's place he stood,
And died to bring him back to God.
- 4** But now he reigns with glory crown'd,
While angel-hosts his throne surround,
And still his lofty praises sound.
- 5** To few on earth his name is dear ;
And they who in his cause appear,
The world's reproach and scorn must bear.
- 6** But yet there is a day to come,
When he will seal the sinner's doom,
And take his mourning people home.

- 7 Jesus, thy name is all my boast ;
 And though by waves of trouble tost,
 Thou wilt not let my soul be lost.
- 8 Come then, come quickly from above,
 My soul, impatient, longs to prove
 The depths of everlasting love.

HYMN L.

For he cometh to judge the earth.

PSALM xcviij. 9.

JESUS comes, by crowds attended,
 Heav'n the dazzling train supplies :
 Call the dead ; the night is ended ;
 Bid the sleeping dust arise :
 Let the ransom'd
 Join the Saviour in the skies.

2 'Tis the day so long expected ;
 Shout, ye saints, and triumph now ;
 See your Lord, by man rejected ;
 Many crowns adorn his brow ;
 'Tis his triumph :
 Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.

3 While dismay on others seizes,
 Go and share your Master's joy ;
 Sound the sacred name of Jesus ;
 Let his praise your tongues employ :
 Praise him, praise him !
 Pleasures yours that never cloy

- 4 Yonder mansion, fill'd with glory,
 Is the place where Jesus reigns ;
 Go, repeat the joyful story
 Of his love, in rapt'rous strains ;
 For his people
 An eternal rest remains.
- 5 There around his throne assembling,
 All his people see his face ;
 Here their joy was mix'd with trembling,
 But in heav'n no fear has place :
 Happy people !
 Happy made by sov'reign grace.

HYMN LI.

And said to the mountains and rocks, fall on us, &c. Rev. vi. 16.

“**F**ALL, ye rocks, and fall, ye mountains,
 “ Hide, O hide us by your fall !
 “ Wrath is pour'd from all its fountains ;
 “ God is come, the Judge of all :”
 Thus will sinners
 On the rocks and mountains call.

2 But can rocks or mountains hide them,
 When the mighty God appears ?
 Refuge will be then denied them,
 ‘Spite of wishes, sighs, and tears.
 Then the sinner
 Goes where hope no creature cheers.

3 They who witness'd Sinai's thunders,
 Fled with terror and dismay ;
 Who then can abide the wonders
 Of that great and awful day ?
 When the Saviour
 Comes his glory to display.

4 God will then for ever banish
 All the wicked from his sight ;
 Then delusive hope will vanish ;
 Dreams of joy be put to flight ;
 And the sinner
 Sink into eternal night.

5 Sinners hear, for O there's reason !
 When shall wisdom guide you, when ?
 Think of the approaching season,
 When the Lord will plead with men :
 Hear, O hear him !
 So shall ye be blessed then.

HYMN LII.

Even so, come, Lord Jesus. REV. xxii. 20.

FLY, ye seasons, fly still faster ;
 Let the glorious day come on,
 When we shall behold our Master
 Seated on his heav'nly throne ;
 When the Saviour
 Shall descend to claim his own.

2 What is earth, with all its treasures,
 To the joy the Gospel brings ?
 Well may we resign its pleasures,
 Jesus gives us better things.
 All his people
 Draw from heav'n's eternal springs.

3 But if here we taste of pleasure,
 What will heav'n itself afford ?
 There our joy will know no measure ;
 There we shall behold our Lord ;
 There his people
 Shall obtain their bright reward.

4 Fly, ye seasons, fly still faster ;
 Swiftly bring the glorious day ;
 Jesus come, our Lord, our Master !
 Come from heav'n without delay ;
 Take thy people,
 Take, O take them hence away !

HYMN LIII.

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout. 1 THES. iv. 16.

HARK ! that shout of rapt'rous joy,
 Bursting forth from yonder cloud ;
 Jesus comes, and through the sky,
 Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Now the world's duration ends ;
 Now the Lord will meet his foes ;
 These shall perish, but his friends
 Shall in heav'n obtain repose.

3 Hark ! the trumpet's awful voice
 Sounds abroad through sea and land ;
 Let his people now rejoice,
 Their redemption is at hand.

4 See ! the Lord appears in view ;
 Heav'n and earth before him fly ;
 Rise, ye saints, he comes for you ;
 Rise to meet him in the sky.

5 Go, and dwell with him above,
 Where no foe can e'er molest ;
 Happy in the Saviour's love !
 Blessing, and for ever blest.

HYMN LIV.

But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief. 1 THES. iv. 5.

NOTHING know we of the season
When the world shall pass away ;
But we know, the saints have reason
To expect a glorious day ;
When the Saviour will return,
And his people cease to mourn.

- 2 While a careless world is sleeping—
Then it is the day will come ;
Mirth shall then be turn'd to weeping ;
Sinners then must meet their doom ;
But the people of the Lord
Shall obtain their bright reward.
- 3 O what sacred joys await them !
They shall see the Saviour then ;
Those who now oppose and hate them,
Never can oppose again ;
Brethren, let us think of this ;
All is ours if we are his.
- 4 Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Be it ours his word to keep ;
Let our lamps be always burning ;
Let us watch while others sleep :
We're no longer of the night ;
We are children of the light.

5 Being of the favour'd number,
 Whom the Saviour calls his own,
 'Tis not meet that we should slumber,
 Nothing should be left undone :
 This should be his people's aim ;
 Still to glorify his name.

HYMN LV.

Behold, the Lord cometh. JUDE 14.

WHAT were Sinai's awful wonders,
 To the wonders of that day,
 When a voice, like many thunders,
 Shall be heard from heav'n to say,
 Come to judgment !
 Lo ! the Judge is on his way.

2 Lo ! he comes, the Lord from heaven,
 He who bore the cross below ;
 All the pow'r to him is giv'n,
 He appears in glory now ;
 Great his glory !
 Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.

3 See ! the nations all assembling,
 Stand before the Saviour's throne ;
 Thousands at his presence trembling ;
 Hope extinguish'd, pleasures gone ;
 Calling, seeking
 For relief, and finding none.

4 But his people, they who knew him,
 And on earth his name confess'd,
 These the Saviour welcomes to him,
 These he makes supremely blest :
 Sweet their portion !
 Theirs an everlasting rest.

HYMN LVI.

Surely I come quickly ! Rev. xxii. 20.

WHAT a grand and awful sight !
 Jesus comes with all his saints ;
 Nothing eye has seen so bright ;
 Nothing equal fancy paints ;
 Jesus comes from heav'n to judge the nations ;
 Object of his people's expectations.

- 2 Great the change from what was here ;
 They who were despis'd on earth,
 Now the sons of God appear ;
 Sons of God by heav'nly birth ;
 Yes, the Lord his people now confesses ;
 And how blest are they whom Jesus blesses !
- 3 Rich their portion, high their place ;
 Full their cup of blessing is ;
 Now they see the Saviour's face ;
 All is theirs since they are his ;
 In his favour ev'ry good possessing ;
 All enjoying in the Saviour's blessing.
- 4 Henceforth they shall never be
 Separate from him they love ;
 All his glory they shall see ;
 All his goodness they shall prove ;
 Theirs a treasure never, never wasting ;
 Life is theirs, and glory everlasting.

HYMN LVII.

Not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing. 2 TIM. iv. 8.

WELCOME sight ! the Lord descending !
 Jesus in the clouds appears ;
 Lo ! the Saviour comes, intending
 Now to dry his people's tears.
 Lo ! the Saviour comes to reign :
 Welcome to his waiting train.

2 Long they mourn'd their absent Master ;
 Long they felt like men forlorn ;
 Bid the seasons fly still faster,
 While they sigh'd for his return :
 Lo ! the period comes at last ;
 All their sorrows now are past.

3 Now from home no longer banish'd,
 They are going to their rest ;
 Though the heav'ns and earth have vanish'd,
 With their Lord they shall be blest :
 Blest with him his saints shall be ;
 Blest throughout eternity !

4 Happy people ! grace unbounded,
 Grace alone exalts you thus ;
 Be ashamed, and be confounded ;
 Sing for ever—“ Not to us,
 “ Not to us be glory giv'n ;
 “ Glory to the God of heav'n !”

The Day of the Lord.

HYMN LVIII.

“The upright shall have dominion over them in the morning.” PSALM xlix. 14.

THE saints shall have joy in the morning;

Their triumph will not be till then;

Their Master has given them warning

To look for the hatred of men.

But what is contempt or aversion?

Our Lord felt them both in his day:

Shall we think of retreat or desertion?

Ah! Lord, put the thought far away!

2 'Tis honour enough that we should be

As he whom we imitate was;

We ought not to wish, if it could be,

To shun the reproach of the cross.

Ah! Lord! let us count it our blessing,

To be in the world as thou wast;

Enough in thy favour possessing,

Tho' every thing else should be lost.

3 The morning is dawning, we greet it;

We hail the approach of the day:

Our spirits go forward to meet it;

Come quickly, come quickly, we say.

The wheels of his chariot, why move they

So slowly; and why this delay?

His people, while waiting, why love they

The things that are passing away?

- 4** Forgive us, our Master, forgive us,
 To thee it belongs to forgive ;
 From all this corruption relieve us,
 Thy people to glory receive.
 'Tis then we shall be where we would be,
 Enjoying thy presence above ;
 'Tis then we shall be what we should be,
 Made perfect for ever in love.
- 5** Then welcome the dawn of the morning !
 'Tis thus that thy people should say ;
 And, earth with its vanities scorning,
 Should hasten the wonderful day.
 When thou, by thine angels surrounded,
 Shalt come to relieve the opprest,
 Thy foes will all then be confounded,
 Thy people be perfectly blest.

HYMN LIX.

“The day is at hand.” Rom. xiii. 12.

YES, the day is at hand ; rejoice then, ye saints ;
 The Saviour is coming, away with complaints.
 With pleasure we hail the approach of the day ;
 Come quickly, Lord Jesus, come quickly, we say.

2 But often, alas ! too like others we are ;
 We think as they think, and their feelings we share.
 Forgetting our lot, and our heavenly birth,
 We cleave to the dust, as if born for the earth,

3 Ah ! Lord, how perverse, how unworthy are we !

How little we are what thy servants should be !
We are not consumed, because thou changest not,

Our Lord is unchanging, how blessed the thought !

4 The favour, O Lord, that we ask thee is this,
To know the amount of our debt, what it is ;
Then to live as they should do who owe thee so much :

Thou art glorified then, when thy people are such,

5 Thy love in our hearts, and in prospect the day,
When sorrow and sighing shall vanish away ;
When all the redeem'd shall be gathered in one,
Themselves without sin, and their dwelling thy throne.

HYMN LX.

“Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be glory.” REV. i. 5.

IN the region of light and of glory,
The people whom Jesus has sav'd
Will be telling the wonderful story,
Of how they had once been enslaved ;
And how the Redeemer had bought them
With blood, with his own precious blood ;
And from bondage the vilest had brought them ;
How pleasant their work, and how good !

- 2 How blessed for ever in union,
 To sing of the Lord whom they love ;
 In closest and sweetest communion,
 The joys of his presence to prove !
 How blessed to drink of the river
 Of pleasure, that flows from his throne !
 To be rid of all evil for ever,
 To inherit a blessing alone !
- 3 The prospect before us is cheering,
 We lift up our heads on the way ;
 Away then with doubting and fearing,
 Since God is our strength and our stay.
 Oh ! keep us, Lord, keep us from sinning ;
 Thy people from evil defend ;
 The work is thine from its beginning,
 And thine it must be to the end.

HYMN LXI.

“ And to wait for his Son from heaven.”
 1 THESS. i. 10.

GLAD when the trumpet sounds ;
 But when the Lord appears,
 Our joy will know no bounds :
 He wipes away our tears.
 Then let the trumpet sound aloud,
 Let Jesus come on yonder cloud.
 Why tarries our Master ?
 Why comes he not faster ?
 The wheels of his chariot seem slowly to move,
 Yet shall we presume the delay to reprove ?
 Ah ! Lord, let us feel as we should do, we pray,
 Impatient to go, and yet willing to stay.

Contented, with reason,
To wait for the season

Appointed by wisdom that never can err,
Our wish is, thy will to our own to prefer.

Submissive then make us,
And never forsake us,

Till, kept by thy power, thy glory we see ;
And dwell, O our Saviour, for ever with thee.

HYMN LXII.

“For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout.” I THESS. iv. 16.

THE Lord is coming in the clouds,
Is coming with angelic crowds ;
An universal shout will rend
The air, and Jesus will descend.

- 2 How grand the pomp of his descent !
What glory waits on the event !
The glory that to heav’n belongs
Is his, and his angelic songs.
- 3 Upon his awful word depends
The joy or woe that never ends ;
From his award is no appeal—
Th’ alternative is heaven or hell.
- 4 If blessedness, without alloy,
Is theirs who share the Saviour’s joy,
What holiness becoming is,
The men who look for things like these !
- 5 Unlike to those who nothing see
Beyond the world, the men should be,
Who look for Jesus in the air,
And know that they shall meet him there.

6 Their girded loins, and lamps on fire,
Should tell what is their soul's desire,
To see the object of their love,
And dwell with him in heaven above.

HYMN LXIII.

"It is done." REV. xvi. 17.

THE trumpet is sounding, the Lord is appearing ;
The earth and the heavens are passing away ;
Here end, and for ever, our doubting and fearing ;
It all disappears in this wonderful day.

2 How awful, how glorious, how dazzling the sight is !

The Saviour descending to gather his own ;
'Tis the day that we look'd for, and vanish'd the night is ;

'Tis the day with a sun that will never go down.

3 Then joy to his people, their griefs are all over.

No evil can ever approach them again ;
The Lord will to them all his glory discover ;
What joy must be theirs, and what blessedness then.

4 No tongue could describe it, no thought could conceive it,

What eye had not seen, and what ear had not heard ;

A promise so great, it was hard to believe it,
Though written in God's own infallible word.

- 5 A promise no longer, but now a possession ;
 His people are blest with their Master above ;
 They feel as they ought, and they give full
 expression
 To feelings of wonder, of joy, and of love.
- 6 They sing of the Saviour who loved and who
 bought them.
 Who died for their sin, and who made them
 his own ;
 Who raised them from death, and who gra-
 ciously brought them
 To dwell with himself, and to sit on his
 throne.

HYMN LXIV.

“The night is far spent.” ROM. xiii. 12.

- THE night is far spent, the day is at hand ;
 Already the dawn may be seen in the sky ;
 Rejoice then, ye saints, 'tis your Lord's own
 command ;
 Rejoice, for the coming of Jesus draws nigh.
- 2 What a day will that be, when the Saviour
 appears !
 How welcome to those who have shared in
 his cross !
 A crown incorruptible then will be theirs,
 A rich compensation for suff'ring and loss.
- 3 What is loss in this world, when compared to
 that day,
 To the glory that then will from heaven be
 reveal'd ?

The Saviour is coming, his people may say ;
 The Lord whom we look for, our sun and
 our shield.

4 O pardon us, Lord, that our love to thy name
 Is so faint, with so much our affections to
 move !

Our deadness should fill us with grief and with
 shame,
 So much to be loved, and so little to love !

5 O kindle within us a holy desire,
 Like that which was found in thy people of
 old,
 Who felt all thy love, and whose hearts were on
 fire,
 While they waited impatient thy face to be-
 hold.

HYMN LXV.

“For the trumpet shall sound.” I COR. xv. 52.

THE trumpet shall sound at the Saviour's ap-
 pearing ;

Be ready, ye saints, for the day.

His people no cause have for doubting or
 fearing,

’Tis his foes he will strike with dismay.

2 They do not believe that the Lord is preparing
 To meet both his friends and his foes ;
 And while he delays, they are only more daring
 His cause and his friends to oppose.

3 The promise they say, of his coming, where
 is it ?
 The world, as it was, so it is.

The time when our Master the earth will revisit,
We know not. This knowledge is his.

4 "The Lord is not slack, concerning his promise,
As some men count slackness," we know :
The hope of his coming they cannot take
from us ;

And the world, for this hope, we forego.

5 As a thief in the night, is the Saviour's ap-
pearing ;
Unlook'd for, and sudden, the sight :
When men are secure, and no enemy fearing,
The Saviour will come in his might.

6 Then judge ye, "what manner of persons they
should be,"
Who look for this wonderful day ;
Like him, they should walk, in whose presence
they would be,
Till he takes them for ever away.

7 Then make us, oh ! make us, Lord, what thou
wouldst have us ;
No power nor goodness have we :
From evil within and without do thou save us ;
We cast ourselves wholly on thee.

State of Blessedness.

HYMN LXVI.

*And God shall wipe away all tears from their
eyes. Rev. vii. 17.*

S E E the saints in heav'n appearing ;
Heav'n that yields them sweet repose :

Nothing wanting, nothing fearing,
Safe from ev'ry storm that blows ;
Free from sorrow, sin, and fear,
Having all they hop'd for here.

2 All their conflicts now are over ;
All their dangers are no more ;
And with joy they now discover
All that lay conceal'd before.
Fill'd with wonder they survey
All the perils of the way.

3 Perils past and gone for ever ;
O how cheering is the thought !
Once we pass through yonder river,
Then we rest, and labour not.
Nothing is to those oppress'd
Grateful as the thought of rest.

4 Rest from toil, and rest from terror ;
Rest from all assaults of foes ;
Rest from those who, loving error,
Hate the Saviour, and oppose ;
Rest from all that causes grief,
Sweet the hope of such relief.

5 Hope of this our toils can lighten ;
Hope has pow'r to cheer the faint ;
Hope of this our gloom will brighten ;
Hope sustains the trembling saint ;
Hope is ours, then farewell fear ;
Hope the darkest hour can cheer.

HYMN LXVII.

I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness. PSALM xvii. 15.

WHAT tongue can tell, what fancy paint
The joys that fill th' enraptur'd saint,
When mix'd with heav'n's triumphant throng,
He shares their bliss, and swells their song ?

- 2 He feels no pain, he fears no want ;
His portion all that God can grant ;
To see the Saviour as he is,
And dwell in heav'n with him and his.
- 3 No darkness now obscures his mind :
The darkness all is left behind ;
And objects lately half conceal'd,
In full resplendence stand reveal'd.
- 4 His love, so cold, so mix'd before,
In heav'n is cold and mix'd no more ;
It gains the region whence it came,
And lives a pure eternal flame.
- 5 He dwells exempt from all alarm :
No world is there to fright or charm ;
No foes to plot against his peace ;
No sin to give their schemes success.
- O may I reach that blest abode,
Where saints obtain their rest in God !
For this, let ev'ry conflict here
As nothing in my sight appear.

HYMN LXVIII.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, &c. 1 COR. ii. 9.

IT has not fully yet appear'd
What blessedness to saints is giv'n :
No eye has seen, no ear has heard,
Nor heart conceiv'd the joys of heav'n.

- 2 In heav'n itself, and there alone,
The joys of heav'n are understood ;
Where saints shall know, as they are known,
And shall behold the face of God.
- 3 The face of him, who, here below,
Appear'd and died, to save his own :
The same who reigns in glory now,
And fills yon bright eternal throne.
- 4 A sight of him his people fills
With transport never known before :
They feel no want, they fear no ills ;
And sin and sorrow are no more.
- 5 They view the Lord, whom angels view,
(He there without a cloud appears ;)
And praise the Lord, as angels do,
With joy, perhaps, exceeding theirs.
- 6 How blest our lot, if we are his !
We too shall dwell with him above ;
Yea, we shall see him as he is,
In yonder world of light and love.

State of Wrath.

HYMN LXIX.

Where their worm dieth not. MARK ix. 44.

WHENCE come those loud and mournful
cries,
That speak a mind bereft of joy ?
They come from him who yonder lies,
Where flames devour, but don't destroy.

- 2 I wonder not that he should fill
The world with loud incessant cries ;
He feels no joy, nor ever will :
His foe the worm that never dies.
- 3 One drop of water ! one ! he cries :
Unhappy wretch ! what woe is thine !
While Justice with a frown replies,
“ It cannot be—the pris’ner’s mine.”
- 4 Beholding such a sight as this,
Let things eternal be my care ;
And never may my case be his,
Whom God abandons to despair.
- 5 I'll keep in view the sinner’s friend,
Whose arms I see extended wide :
At sight of him my terrors end ;
His merit all my guilt will hide.

Christ a King.

HYMN LXX.

The Lord is our King. ISAIAH xxxiii. 22.

T'IS to thee we owe allegiance,
God our Saviour and our King :
May we render true obedience ;
Ev'ry day our tribute bring,
And with rapture,
Of thy love and glory sing.

- 2 May we bow to thy dominion,
Yielding to thy righteous sway ;
Careless of the world's opinion,
May we all thy will obey :
Saviour lead us ;
Lead us in the perfect way.
- 3 Thine is greatness never-wasting :
High thou art, with glory crown'd :
Thine a kingdom everlasting :
Grace and Truth thy throne surround ;
While all others
Vanish, and no more are found.
- 4 Happy they whom thou dost govern !
Great their peace, their honour great ;
Thee beholding, thee their Sov'reign,
Thee enthron'd in royal state :
Happy people
Who before thee ever wait !

5 O may we, through grace unbounded,
 Reach that place, that honour share !
 Thou, on whom our hopes are founded,
 See us needing all thy care :
 O preserve us !
 Thee we serve, and thine we are.

HYMN LXXI.

Hosanna to the Son of David. MATT. xxi. 9.

LO ! he comes, 'tis Zion's king,
 Rejoice ye, whom his grace has savēd ;
 Let the saints together sing,
 " HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID."

2 Though in lowly guise a king,
 And long his people were enslavēd ;
 Freed by him they now may sing,
 " HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID."

3 Strike, ye saints, a cheerful string,
 Your king for you all dangers bravēd ;
 Were ye mute, the stones would sing,
 " HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID."

4 Though the world no plaudits bring,
 The world by Satan still enslavēd ;
 Yet angelic voices sing,
 " HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID."

5 Heav'n's high arches soon shall ring,
 While angels join with all the savēd ;
 And while both together sing,
 " HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID."

HYMN LXXII.

Great is the Lord. Psalm xlviij. 1.

HOW glorious is the King to-day !
 How glorious Israel's King !
 With truth his people thus may say,
 And well his praise may sing.

- 2 He makes his goodness pass before
 His wond'ring people's eyes ;
 And feeds them with a boundless store
 Of satisfying joys.
- 3 He meets them with a smiling face,
 And with a father's voice ;
 He bids them triumph in his grace,
 And in his name rejoice.
- 4 Their praise with favour he receives,
 And hearkens when they pray ;
 Forgives their sins, their wants relieves,
 And leads them in the way.
- 5 To Israel's God be glory giv'n,
 The God whom saints adore,
 On earth, and in the highest heav'n,
 Both now and evermore.

HYMN LXXIII.

Hail ! King of the Jews. John-xix. 3.

JESUS, we hail thee Israel's king ;
 To thee our tribute, Lord, we bring ;
 Nor do we fear to bow the knee ;
 They worship God, who worship *thee*.

- 2 Hail ! Israel's king, enthron'd in light,
 Whose glory never shone more bright
 Than when, by trembling friends betray'd,
 Thy foes insulting homage paid.
- 3 Then did admiring angels see
 Divine forbearance, Lord, in thee ;
 With emphasis pronounc'd thee *good* ;
 And heav'n and earth contrasted stood.
- 4 An object of contempt beneath,
 And judg'd by men to suffer death ;
 By angels own'd, admir'd, ador'd,
 The great, the everlasting Lord !
- 5 Reign, mighty King, for ever reign !
 Thy cause throughout the world maintain ;
 Let Israel's God his triumphs spread,
 And crowns of glory wreath the head !

Christ a High Priest.

HYMN LXXIV.

Having an high priest over the house of God.
 HEB. x. 21.

TH' atoning work is done,
 The victim's blood is shed ;
 And Jesus now is gone,
 His people's cause to plead :
 He stands in heav'n their great high priest,
 And bears their names upon his breast.

- 2** He sprinkles with his blood
 The mercy-seat above ;
 For justice had withstood
 The purposes of love ;
 But justice now objects no more,
 And mercy yields her boundless store.
- 3** No temple made with hands
 His place of service is ;
 In heav'n itself he stands,
 An heav'nly priesthood his :
 In him the shadows of the law
 Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.
- 4** And though awhile he be
 Hid from the eyes of men,
 His people look to see
 Their great high priest again :
 In brightest glory he will come,
 And take his waiting people home.

Christ a Prophet.

HYMN LXXV.

Him shall ye hear. Acts vii. 37.

GREAT Prophet of the ransom'd church,
 Command the light to shine ;
 For stores of wisdom let us search,
 Thy word the sacred mine.

- 2** Jesus, sole oracle of truth,
 O may we learn of thee !
 Receive true wisdom from thy mouth,
 And live from error free.

- 3 Of future things content to know
 As much as thou hast taught ;
 Not idly curious here below,
 In things that profit not.
- 4 One great event, by thee foretold,
 Teach us to keep in view ;
 Thy coming !—when we shall behold,
 And share thy glory too.
- 5 Till then, let all thy people here,
 Walk with increasing light ;
 And when thy glory shall appear,
 Welcome the joyful sight.

HYMN LXXVI.

This is, of a truth, that Prophet which should come into the world. JOHN vi. 14.

“ **T**HIS is, of a truth, the Prophet”
 Promis'd to the church of old ;
 Proofs I see sufficient of it,
 Jesus is that one foretold ;
 He whom all are call'd to hear,
 He whom all are bound to fear.

2 All who hear him not shall perish ;
 ’Tis the purpose of the Lord ;
 Vain the hope that many cherish,
 While unmindful of his word :
 One decree there is for all,
 They who hear him not must fall.

3 Glorious Prophet ! long expected,
 Come to bless the church at last ;
 May we go, by thee directed,
 Till our pilgrimage is past !
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Dwell eternally with thee.

Christ a Shepherd.

HYMN LXXVII.

The Lord is my Shepherd. PSALM xxiii. 1.

JESUS is the Lord my Shepherd,
Then let fear be far away ;
From the lion, and the leopard,
And from ev'ry beast of prey,
He will guard his helpless sheep ;
Jesus loves his own to keep.

- 2 When the foe desir'd to have me,
 Jesus said—“ This sheep is mine,”
And resign'd his life to save me :
 Jesus ! what a love is thine !
All-victorious in its course,
Nothing can withstand its force.
- 3 In the path of life he leads me,
 By the stream that gently flows ;
In the verdant pasture feeds me,
 Where no plant injurious grows ;
There I hear the Shepherd's voice,
There he bids my soul rejoice.
- 4 When through death's dark valley going,
 Fearful though the way appear,
I will dread no evil, knowing
 Thou, my Shepherd, still art near :
When I see thy rod and staff,
Then I know thy sheep is safe.

HYMN LXXVIII.

I am the good Shepherd. JOHN x. 10.

JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy “little flock” in safety keep,
The flock for which thou cam’st from heav’n,
The flock for which thy life was giv’n.

- 2 Thou saw’st them wand’ring far from thee,
Secure, as if from danger free ;
Thy love did all their wand’rings trace,
And bring them to “a wealthy place.”
- 3 O guard thy sheep from beasts of prey !
And keep them that they never stray ;
Cherish the young, sustain the old,
Let none be feeble in thy fold.
- 4 Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream ;
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a shepherd’s eye.
- 5 O may thy sheep discern thy voice !
And in its sacred sound rejoice ;
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but thee.
- 6 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete ;
Then let thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above.

HYMN LXXIX.

And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. LUKE xv. 5.

WHILE I wander'd, Jesus sought me,
This was love, 'twas love indeed ;
To his fold the Shepherd brought me,
With his sheep to live and feed.

- 2 While the Shepherd was pursuing,
Still the foolish sheep would fly,
Bent upon its own undoing,
And that foolish sheep was I.
- 3 When the foolish sheep was flying,
And was still resolv'd to stray,
What could save the sheep from dying,
Had the lion found his prey ?
- 4 But the lion and the leopard
Were not with such terror view'd,
As the good and gracious Shepherd,
Who to save the sheep pursued.
- 5 Yet the Shepherd, constant ever,
Came and bore the sheep away ;
Happy sheep ! but never, never,
From the Shepherd henceforth stray.

HYMN LXXX.

The good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.
JOHN x. 10.

SHEPHERD of the chosen number,
They are safe whom thou dost keep ;
Other shepherds faint and slumber,
And forget to guard the sheep :

Watchful Shepherd !

Thou dost wake while others sleep.

- 2** When the lion came, depending
 On his strength, to seize his prey,
Thou wast there, the sheep defending,
 And didst then thy pow'r display :
 Mighty Shepherd !
Thou didst turn the foe away.
- 3** When the Shepherd's life was needful,
 Or the sheep must else be lost,
Not of thine own safety heedful,
 But of theirs alone thou wast :
 Thou didst save them !
But no tongue can tell the cost.

HYMN LXXXI.

I lay down my life for the sheep. JOHN x. 15.

WE'LL sing of the Shepherd that died,
 That died for the sake of the flock ;
His love to the utmost was tried,
 And immoveable stood as a rock.

- 2** When the blood of a victim must flow,
 The Shepherd, by kindness, was led
To stand between them and the foe,
 And willingly died in their stead.
- 3** Our song then for ever shall be
 Of the Shepherd who gave himself thus ;
No subject so glorious we see,
 And none so affecting to us.
- 4** We'll sing of this subject alone,
 No other our tongues shall employ ;
But better his love will be known,
 In yonder bright regions of joy.

5 'Tis there that we hope we shall be,
 Among the redeem'd to appear ;
 From sin and infirmity free,
 We'll sing as we cannot do here.

The Church of God.

HYMN LXXXII.

For the Lord hath chosen Zion. Ps. cxxxii. 13.

YE who love the cause of Zion,
 Though despis'd of men, and few,
 Arm'd with boldness like the lion,
 Fear not all that men can do :
 What though all the world oppose,
 God is stronger than her foes.

2 Friends of Zion, mark the promise—
 “ Zion shall become a praise ; ”
 Earth and hell would wrest it from us,
 But in vain, our Saviour says—
 Zion's King is “ Lord of Lords ; ”
 His are true and faithful words.

3 Zion's foes may all assemble,
 But their counsel cannot stand ;
 Soon the stoutest heart will tremble,
 When the Lord shall raise his hand :
 Who to her would ruin bring,
 First must vanquish Zion's King.

- 4 Now, ye people walk around her,
 View her walls, and count her tow'rs;
 See how God, her King and founder,
 Keeps her safe from hostile pow'rs:
 Zion's children live secure;
 God has made their "dwelling sure."
- 5 See her firm and deep foundation,
 Zion stands upon a rock;
 God hath call'd her walls "Salvation,"
 Form'd to stand each adverse shock:
 Strength and beauty here unite:
 Zion is the Lord's delight.
- 6 Foes of Zion, fight no longer;
 Here submission will be gain:
 Zion's King will prove the stronger,
 And with pow'r her cause maintain:
 He secures her gates and walls:
 'Tis on you the ruin falls.

HYMN LXXXIII.

*And ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the
 Lord Almighty. 2 COR. vi. 10.*

THREE is a family on earth,
 Whose father fills a throne!
 But though a seed of heav'nly birth,
 To men they're little known.

- 2 Whene'er they meet the public eye,
 They feel the public scorn;
 For men their fairest claims deny,
 And count them basely born.

- 3 But 'tis the King who reigns above,
That claims them for his own ;
The favour'd objects of his love,
And destin'd to a throne.
- 4 The honours that belong to them,
By *men* are set at nought ;
Whatever shines not *they* contemn,
Unworthy of a thought !
- 5 But ah ! how little they reflect !
For mark th' unerring word,
“ That which with men has most respect,
“ Is odious to the Lord.”
- 6 Were honours evident to sense,
Their portion here below,
The world would do them reverence,
And all their claims allow.
- 7 But when the King himself was here,
His claims were set at nought :
Would *they* another lot prefer ?
Rejected be the thought !
- 8 No ! they will tread, while here below,
The path their Master trod ;
Content all honour to forego,
But that which comes from God.
- 9 And when the King again appears,
He'll vindicate their claim ;
Eternal honour shall be theirs ;
Their foes be fill'd with shame.

HYMN LXXXIV.

For the Lord hath chosen Zion, he hath desired it for his habitation. PSALM cxxxii. 13.

ZION is Jehovah's dwelling ;
 There "the King of Kings" appears :
 Her's is glory far excelling
 All the worldling sees or hears.
 Zion's walls are everlasting,
 Form'd through endless years to shine ;
 Strength and beauty never-wasting,
 Shew their origin divine.

2 Zion claims peculiar honour :
 High distinction marks her lot :
 Light eternal shines upon her ;
 Her's a sun that faileth not.
 Zion's city hath foundations :
 God himself has rais'd her walls :
 She survives the wreck of nations :
 Zion stands, whatever falls.

3 Happy they who now discerning
 Zion's glory, thither move !
 Earth with all its honours spurning,
 Zion is the place they love.
 There the Lord, his face disclosing,
 Fills his people's hearts with joy ;
 While, from all their toils reposing,
 Bliss is theirs without alloy.

4 Brethren, let the prospect cheer us ;
 Fair the lot that's cast for us :
 When we call, our God will hear us :
 Happy who are favour'd thus !

Let the timid fear no longer :
 What though earth and hell oppose ?
 He who pleads our cause is stronger,
 Stronger far than all our foes.

HYMN LXXXV.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth even for ever. PSALM cxxv. 2.

ZION stands by hills surrounded :
 Zion kept by pow'r divine :
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine.
 Happy Zion !
 What a favour'd lot is thine !

2 Ev'ry human tie may perish ;
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
 Heav'n and earth at last remove ;
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 Zion's friend in nothing alters,
 Though all others may and do :
 His is love that never falters,
 Always to its object true.
 Happy Zion !
 Crown'd with mercies ever new.

4 If thy God should shew displeasure,
 'Tis to save, and not destroy :
 If he punish, 'tis in measure ;
 'Tis to rid thee of alloy.
 Be thou patient ;
 Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.

5 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright ;
 But can never cease to love thee :
 Thou art precious in his sight :
 God is with thee,
 God thine everlasting light.

HYMN LXXXVI.

And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it. ISAIAH ii. 2.

SEE that mountain high exalted ;
 'Tis the mountain of the Lord ;
 Much expos'd and oft assaulted,
 Lov'd of God, by man abhor'r'd :
 Now it stands above the hills ;
 Now its destin'd place it fills.

2 O ye mountains, vast and tow'ring.
 Boast no more, nor triumph now ;
 Zion's head, sublimely soaring,
 Leaves your summits far below :
 Know ye, this is God's own hill :
 Here Jehovah loves to dwell.

3 Hark ! a cry among the nations—
 “ Come, and let us seek the Lord :
 “ Vain our former expectations ;
 “ Vain the idols we ador'd :
 “ Zion's King is God alone :
 “ Let us bow before his throne.”

- 4 See ! from ev'ry quarter flowing,
 Joyful crowds assemble round :
 Love in ev'ry heart is glowing ;
 Praise is heard in ev'ry sound.
 While Jehovah shews his face,
 Glory fills the sacred place.
- 5 Weapons meant for mutual slaughter,
 Now are instruments of peace :
 They who taste the living water,
 Learn from war and strife to cease.
 Jesus reigns—the earth is still,
 All the nations do his will.

HYMN LXXXVII.

*The portion of Jacob is not like them—The Lord
 of hosts is his name. JER. x. 16.*

- “ **J**ACOB'S portion is the Lord ;”
 What can Jacob more require ?
 What can heaven more afford ?
 Or a creature more desire ?
- 2 “ **J**acob shall not now wax pale ;”
 His is sure a pleasant lot ;
 Jacob's portion cannot fail ;
 'Tis the Lord who changes not.
- 3 Jacob need not look to earth,
 Since his portion is THE LORD :
 Worldly care and worldly mirth,
 With his choice would ill accord.
- 4 Others may their gods display,
 Tell what pleasures they afford ;
 Jacob smiles at all they say ;
 “ Jacob's portion is the Lord.”

- 5 Heav'n and earth shall flee away,
 Sinners with their idols fall ;
 Jacob shall survive the day ;
 Jacob's God is Lord of all.
- 6 Happy Jacob ! fear not thou ;
 Triumph when the Lord appears !
 He who is thy portion now,
 Will be thine through endless years.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

By whom shall Jacob arise ? AMOS vii. 2.

“ **B**Y whom shall Jacob now arise ?”
 For Jacob's friends are few ;
 And (what should fill us with surprise)
 They seem divided too.

2 “ By whom shall Jacob now arise ?”
 For Jacob's foes are strong :
 I read their triumph in their eyes ;
 They think he'll fail ere long.

3 “ By whom shall Jacob now arise ?”
 Can any tell by whom ?
 Say, shall this branch that wither'd lies,
 Again revive and bloom ?

4 Lord, thou canst tell—the work is thine ;
 The help of man is vain :
 On Jacob now arise and shine,
 And he shall live again.

HYMN LXXXIX.

For the house which I am about to build shall be wonderful great. 2 CHRON. ii. 9.

BEHOLD the temple of the Lord !
 The work of God, by man abhor'd,
 Appearing fair and splendid ;
 It lifts its head in spite of foes.
 And though a hostile world oppose,
 The work will yet be ended.

- 2** A building this, not made with hands ;
 On firm foundations, lo ! it stands,
 For God himself has laid them :
 The workmanship of God alone ;
 The rich materials all his own ;
 'Twas he himself that made them.
- 3** He builds it for his glory's sake ;
 Its solid frame no force can shake ;
 However men despise it :
 And time, that other works destroys,
 'Gainst this in vain its pow'r employs,
 The work of God defies it.
- 4** From age to age his work goes on,
 The stones collected one by one,
 Ere long it will be finish'd :
 And when he works his grand design,
 The temple will for ever shine
 With lustre undiminish'd !

Prayer.

HYMN XC.

The fruit of the Spirit is love, &c. GAL. v. 22.

LORD, let thy Spirit from above
Descend, and fill our hearts
With holy joy, and peace, and love,
The gifts which he imparts.

2 We feel our emptiness of good,
And ask for a supply ;
We cannot do the thing we would :
Lord, hear our earnest cry.

3 We cannot love thee as we ought,
Nor can we love at all,
Unless by thine own Spirit taught ;
Then hear, O hear, our call !

4 We cannot serve thee as we should,
With reverence and fear ;
We cannot do it, if we would ;
But thine it is to hear :

5 To hear thy people, when they cry
For power to do thy will ;
Then hear us now ; our wants supply :
Be near thy people still.

6 Inspire our hearts, O Lord, with love ;
With earnest love, and pure ;
That we may live, and faithful prove ;
And to the end endure.

HYMN XCI.

My soul thirsteth for God. PSALM xlvi. 2.

THE Spirit, coming in his pow'r,
Is welcome to our waiting hearts;
We look for the refreshing show'r;
We ask for all that love imparts.

2 Lord, let the windows opened be,
By which thy blessings came at first:
For thee, O Lord, we thirst for thee;
For thee, the living God, we thirst.

3 The cisterns that our hands have made
Are broken alt, and nothing hold:
From thee, the fountain, we have strayed;
And this has been our way of old.

4 The two-fold evil we lament,
Without thy grace we cannot live:
Our sinful folly we repent;
Thy pardon and thy blessing give.

5 Ashamed, and griev'd, and wiser grown,
We come to thee to make us bless'd;
'Tis fellowship with thee alone
Can satisfy, and give us rest.

HYMN XCII.

Oh ! that thou wouldest rend the heavens.
ISAIAH lxiv. 1.

COME, O Lord, the heavens rending,
On our barren souls descending,
Grace and greatness sweetly blending;
Come, O Lord !

2 Thou from guilt and curse hast freed us ;
 With the bread of heaven feed us ;
 In the path of wisdom lead us ;
 Lead us, Lord !

3 From thy throne of mercy hear us ;
 With thy holy presence cheer us ;
 Now and always be thou near us,
 When we call.

HYMN XCIII.

The Spirit—of power and of love.

2 TIM. i. 7.

GRANT us, Lord, thy Holy Spirit,
 Spirit he of power and love,
 Hear us, through the Saviour's merit,
 Hear us from thy throne above ;
 Take away “ the stony heart ; ”
 “ Heart of flesh,” instead, impart :
 Take, oh, take us !
 Lord, and make us
 Such as thou would’st have us be,
 Meet to dwell in heav’n with thee.

HYMN XCIV.

Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost.

1 COR. vi. 19.

LORD, we plead thy promise giv’n ;
 Let the Spirit come from heav’n ;
 Ours to ask, and thine to grant :
 Lord, supply thy people’s want.

2 Kindle in our hearts a flame,
 Pure and vehement—the same

As of old thy people felt,
Those in whom thy Spirit dwelt.

- 3 At thy feet thy servants see ;
Good it is to wait on thee :
Good to wait, and good to pray,
Send us not unblest away.
- 4 Be our bodies thine abode,
Temples of the Lord our God ;
Living, dying, let us be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.

HYMN XCV.

Save, Lord : let the King hear us, when we call. PSALM XX. 9.

SAVIOUR, when we call, oh ! hear us !
In the trying hour be near us,
Lest the foe should prove too strong :
To thy mercy we betake us ;
Never leave us, nor forsake us ;
Power and grace to thee belong.

- 2 Other help than thine we have not ;
Other help than thine we crave not ;
'Tis enough if we have this :
This from ev'ry ill secures us ;
Ev'ry blessing this ensures us ;
More than life thy favour is.
- 3 Keep us on thy strength relying,
In thy name the foe defying ;
Till thy coming brings us peace.
O how sweet the thought, and cheering,
In the day of thine appearing,
Trouble shall for ever cease !

Praise.

HYMN XCVI.

I will sing of mercy. PSALM ci. 1.

SING we praise to God above,
God our Saviour full of grace ;
Sing how Jesus, mov'd by love,
Came from yonder glorious place,
And with men abode a season ;
Sing aloud, for we have reason.

- 2 Let us sing how Jesus came ;
Came in mercy, came to save ;
Saw the cross, despis'd its shame,
Lay with mortals in the grave ;
And in death appear'd victorious :
Sing aloud, the theme is glorious.
- 3 Yes, the Lord triumphant rose ;
Tell, ye saints, his victory ;
How he vanquish'd all his foes,
Captive led captivity ;
And to heav'n return'd with glory ;
Tell, ye saints, the joyful story.
- 4 Soon we hope to be with him,
Soon to see him as he is :
And renew the wondrous theme,
In a place remote from this ;
And with spirits never-wasting,
Sing of mercy everlasting.

HYMN XCVII.

I will sing, and give praise. PSALM cviii. 1.

LET sinners sav'd give thanks, and sing,
Of mercies past, of joys to come :
The Lord their Saviour is, and King ;
The cross their hope, and heav'n their home.

2 *Let sinners sav'd give thanks, and sing,*

Salvation theirs, and of the Lord :

They draw from heav'n's eternal spring,
The living God their great reward.

3 *Let sinners sav'd give thanks, and sing,*

Sweet is the subject of their song,

Who, made the children of a king,
Expect to sing in heav'n ere long.

4 *Let sinners sav'd give thanks, and sing ;*

The Lord has kept in dangers past ;

And, O sweet thought ! the Lord will bring
His people safe to heav'n at last.

5 *Let sinners sav'd give thanks, and sing,*

Of Jesus sing, through all their days :

In heav'n their golden harps they'll string,
And there for ever sing his praise.

HYMN XCVIII.

Praise him all ye people. PSALM cxvii. 1.

TO God our Saviour and our King
Let saints their voices raise :
The people of the Lord should sing,
Since he accepts their praise.

- 2 Yes, he on whom the angels gaze
With wonder, love, and fear,
Disdains not to accept the praise
His people offer here.
- 3 On yonder throne, exalted high,
He reigns, his people's head :
He knows their wants, he hears their cry,
And gives them all they need.
- 4 How sweet to know his name who reigns
Supreme on yonder throne !
His love supplies, his pow'r sustains,
His love and pow'r alone.
- 5 The source from whence we draw our store
Is full, and overflows ;
It yields its treasures to the poor,
Enriching freely those.
- 6 We'll praise the name of him who gives
What worlds could never buy :
He once was dead, but now he lives !
He lives no more to die.
- 7 The name he bears is pow'r and love,
'Tis wisdom, truth, and grace ;
'Tis all that angels know above,
Who see "with open face."
- 8 Let everlasting praise be his,
Whose life for us was giv'n :
His name the greatest, sweetest is,
Of all in earth and heav'n.

HYMN XCIX.

To him be glory. REV. i. 6.

- G**LORY be to Him who sav'd us,
Bore our sins, our sorrows took ;
Long a foreign lord enslav'd us,
Long we wore his iron yoke ;
'Till one stronger
By his pow'r our fetters broke.
- 2** His the undivided glory
Of a day so dearly won ;
Yours, ye saints, to tell the story,
Yours to make his glory known ;
Tell with gladness,
Tell what God our Lord has done.
- 3** Angels thought he must abhor you,
Thought no way was left to save ;
But he wrought deliv'rance for you,
Pitied, rescued, and forgave ;
Jesus sav'd you,
Lov'd the foe, redeem'd the slave.
- 4** Hear it, O ye heav'ns, and wonder :
Be amaz'd, O earth, at this ;
He, whose arm is cloth'd with thunder,
Stoops to save, and mortal is :
Jesus suffers ;
Shame, and death, and sorrow his.
- 5** Jesus for the guilty suffers,
For his foes the Saviour dies ;
And himself he freely offers ;
This is wondrous in our eyes :
Hence our safety,
Hence our hopes and joys arise.

- 6 Saviour, make us what we should be,
 Full of grace and full of love ;
 This, we trust, is what we would be,
 But we have no pow'r to move :
 God our Saviour !
 Raise our souls to things above.

HYMN C.

Praise ye the Lord. Psalm cl.

NOW let us all together sing
 The praise of Zion's glorious King ;
 'Tis he who sits on yonder throne,
 'Tis he who reigns, and reigns alone.

- 2 Great as he is, his people dare
 Approach him, and present their pray'r ;
 He hears his people's cry, and grants
 A full supply for all their wants.
- 3 And many are the wants of those
 Who ev'ry step encounter foes :
 Who nothing of their own possess,
 And oft are plung'd in deep distress.
- 4 For such his grace sufficient is ;
 We need no more ; the word is his :
 'Tis rich with comfort to the poor ;
 His people should complain no more.
- 5 Let those who know his glorious name,
 His grace and majesty proclaim ;
 For Zion's King is God alone ;
 'Tis he who sits on yonder throne.

6 To him be praise, for praise is due
 To him who died, ye saints, for you :
 Sweet is the sense of sins forgiv'n,
 But who can tell the joys of heav'n ?

HYMN CI.

Now unto the King eternal be honour and glory.
 1 TIM. i. 17.

JESUS our Lord is King,
 Come then ye saints, and sing,
 Jesus our theme :
 High over all he is,
 Yonder bright throne is his ;
 Triumph, ye saints, in this,
 Triumph in him.

2 Angels confess his claim,
 Angels exalt his name,
 “ Angels of light ; ”
 Spirits around his throne,
 Blessed in him alone,
 Making his glory known,
 Day without night.

3 High on his throne above,
 His is a throne of love,
 Jesus is seen :
 In yonder glorious place,
 Angels adore his grace,
 Angels behold his face,
 No cloud between.

4 While we remain below,
 “ Only in part we know ; ”
 More is not giv'n :

But there's a day at hand,
 When, at our Lord's command,
 We hope with joy to stand
 Near him in heav'n.

- 5 Then in triumphant songs,
 (Such joy to heav'n belongs,)
 All shall unite ;
 All shall unite to sing
 Jesus our glorious King,
 Then shall all heaven ring,
 Ring with delight.
- 6 While ages roll away,
 Joy suffers no decay,
 Ever the same :
 Let us then praise our King,
 Tribute and homage bring ;
 Lord, 'tis thy name we sing,
 Jesus ! thy name.

HYMN CII.

O Lord, I will praise thee. ISAIAH xii. 1.

WE sing the Saviour's praise,
 The Saviour's praise alone ;
 He stoop'd from heav'n, that he might raise
 A people to his throne.

- 2 For them he suffer'd shame,
 For them he chose to die ;
 No wonder that his precious name
 Should be his people's joy.

- 3** But this the wonder is,
 That with such cause to love,
 The people whom he claims as his,
 Should so unthankful prove.
- 4** To us belongeth shame,
 But glory, Lord, to thee :
 We'll triumph in thy precious name,
 Thy name our boast shall be.
- 5** 'Tis grace, and grace alone,
 Has sav'd, and yet will save ;
 'Tis grace will raise us to a throne,
 Will raise us from the grave.
- 6** To heav'n's exalted King
 The praise of saints be giv'n ;
 His grace, his royal grace we sing,
 The grace that comes from heav'n.
- 7** And when in yonder place
 We join with those above,
 We still shall sing a Saviour's grace,
 Shall sing a Saviour's love.

HYMN CIII.

Praise thy God, O Zion. PSALM cxvii. 12.

SING, sing his lofty praise,
 Whom angels cannot raise,
 But whom they sing ;
 Jesus, who reigns above,
 Object of angels' love,
 Jesus, whose grace we prove,
 Jesus, our King.

- 2 Once upon earth he was,
Sin the mysterious cause ;
 Love brought him down :
Was ever love like his ?
Stronger than death it is ;
Was ever sight like this ?
 His be the crown.
- 3 Jesus the curse sustain'd,
Bitter the cup he drain'd,
 Happy for us :
Angels were fill'd with awe,
When their own King they saw
Honour his holy law,
 Honour it thus.
- 4 Rich is the grace we sing,
Poor is the praise we bring,
 Not as we ought :
But when we see his face,
In yonder glorious place,
Then we shall sing his grace,
 Sing without fault.
- 5 Yet we will sing of him,
Jesus our lofty theme,
 Jesus we'll sing ;
Glory and pow'r are his,
His too the kingdom is ;
Triumph, ye saints, in this,
 Jesus is King.
- 6 Hail our eternal King !
Jesus, whose name we sing,
 Heav'n is thy throne ;

Heav'n, where thine angels are,
 Where all is bright and fair ;
 Reign thou for ever there,
 Reign thou alone.

HYMN CIV.

Let Israel rejoice in him that made him.

PSALM cxlix. 2.

TO Israel's God let praise be giv'n,
 The living God, the God of heav'n ;
 He reigns, let all his people sing ;
 He reigns, our Saviour and our King.

- 2 Our God—what sweetness in the sound !
 Our God—let thankful songs abound :
 Th' eternal God our father is ;
 We trust in him, and we are his.
- 3 The God who sits on yonder throne,
 In dread magnificence alone,
 Our Father, and our God, we style ;
 His frown is death, and heav'n his smile.
- 4 Redeem'd by blood, and heirs by grace,
 We hope to see our Father's face ;
 The prospect cheers us on our way,
 The prospect of that glorious day.
- 5 A day that human thought transcends,
 A glorious day that never ends ;
 The prospect of a day like this
 New strength in ev'ry conflict is.

HYMN CV.

Him hath God exalted—to be a Prince and a Saviour. ACTS v. 31.

OF Jesus we'll sing,
The Saviour and King
Of all who on earth are redeem'd :
 No name is so great,
 No name is so sweet,
However by men disesteem'd.

2 How high was his seat,
 His glory how great,
When sitting on yonder bright throne !
 The object above
 Of wonder and love,
The object of worship alone.

3 But see, from his place,
 In infinite grace
He comes, and appears here below ;
 He leaves all his store,
 And stoops to be poor,
Submitting to want and to woe.

4 No love is like his,
 Unequal'd it is
By that of a mother or friend :
 What tongue cannot teach,
 What thought cannot reach,
'Tis love without measure or end.

5 To Jesus alone,
 Who sits on the throne,
 Be glory, dominion, and pow'r :
 To Jesus be giv'n
 All honour in heav'n,
 By angels and saints evermore.

HYMN CVI.

O God, my heart is fixed, I will sing and give praise. PSALM cviii. 1.

GRACIOUS Lord, my heart is fixed,
 Sing I will, and sing of thee ;
 Since the cup that justice mixed,
 Thou hast drank, and drank for me :
 Great deliv'rer !
 Thou hast set the pris'ner free.

2 Lute and harp awake to praise him !
 All my powr's your tribute bring !
 Though no praise can higher raise him,
 (What can higher raise our King ?)
 Were I silent,
 Ev'n the stones would rise and sing.

3 Many were the chains that bound me,
 But the Lord has loos'd them all :
 Arms of mercy now surround me,
 Favours these, nor few nor small :
 Saviour keep me,
 Keep, oh keep me, lest I fall.

4 Fair the scene that lies before me,
 Life eternal Jesus gives :
 While he waves his banner o'er me,
 Peace and joy my soul receives :

Sure his promise !
I shall live because he lives.

- 5 When the world would bid me leave thee,
Telling me of shame and loss,
Saviour, guard me, lest I grieve thee,
Lest I cease to love thy cross :
This is treasure :
All the rest I know is dross.

HYMN CVII.

Worthy is the Lamb. REV. v. 12.

YE saints, come and join in the praise of
the Lamb,
The theme inexhausted of angels above :
They dwell with delight on the sound of his
name,
And gaze on his glory with rapture and love.

- 2 See, see to what honours the Saviour is rais'd ;
He sits on a throne—'tis the throne of the
sky :

Come let us adore him who ought to be prais'd,
And learn with the angels in glory to vie.

- 3 They sing of the Lamb who to save us was
slain ;
We'll take up the theme which we cannot
improve ;

And “ Worthy the Lamb ” cry again and again,
Till our hearts are inflam'd with the fire of
his love.

- 4 All glory to Jesus, who sits on the throne ;
Let angels and saints spread the sound of
his fame :

We bow to the Lamb, who is worthy alone,
And give him the praise that belongs to his
name.

HYMN CVIII.

Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

PSALM cxlix. 2.

COME and let us praise our King !
He is worthy to be prais'd :
Should his saints refuse to sing,
How would angels stand amaz'd ?
O exalt the sinner's friend !
Let his praises never end.

2 There he dwells whom angels sing ;

Once he bore the cross below ;
Jesus, heav'n's eternal King,
Liv'd on earth a man of woe :
Now he reigns, and reigns above,
Jesus reigns the God of love.

3 Hail, immortal King of Heav'n !

Endless praise surround thy throne ;
Lamb of God for sinners giv'n,
“ Thou art worthy,” thou alone :
Thee we serve, and thee we sing ;
Jesus, hail, eternal King.

HYMN CIX.

Come before his presence with singing. Ps. c. 2.

NOW raise a solemn, cheerful strain,
The noblest, sweetest theme invites,
'Tis he who bore our sin and pain,
And in our welfare now delights.

- 2** 'Tis Jesus high upon his throne,
 The praise of all the hosts above ;
 Who rules the universe alone,
 The God of everlasting love.
- 3** 'Tis Jesus in the form of man,
 And lower than the angels made,
 To execute the gracious plan
 In God's eternal purpose laid.
- 4** 'Tis Jesus hanging on the cross,
 (Mysterious spectacle of woe !)
 For whom his people count but loss
 The richest portion here below.
- 5** 'Tis Jesus risen from the dead,
 And now in heav'n "both Christ and Lord,"
 His people's advocate and head ;
 Their joy, their crown, their blest reward.
- 6** Ah ! Lord, how feeble is our song !
 How much below thy matchless love !
 But by thy grace we hope, ere long,
 To raise a nobler strain above.

HYMN CX.

Praise is comely for the upright. Ps. xxxiii. 4.

HOW pleasant is the sound of praise !
 It well becomes the saints of God ;
 Should they refuse their songs to raise,
 The stones might tell their shame abroad.

- 2** For him who wash'd you in his blood,
 Ye saints, your loudest songs prepare ;
 He sought you wand'ring far from God,
 And now preserves you by his care.

- 3** One string there is of sweetest tone,
 Reserv'd for sinners saved by grace ;
 'Tis sacred to one theme alone,
 And touch'd by one peculiar race.
- 4** Though angels may with rapture see
 How mercy flows in streams of blood,
 It is not theirs to prove, as we,
 The cleansing virtue of this flood.
- 5** While angels praise the heav'ly King,
 And worship him as God alone,
 The saints with exultation sing—
 “ He wears our nature on the throne.”
- 6** Sweet truth ! it yields unceasing cause
 Of wonder and of praise above ;
 That man, who late accursed was,
 Should be the object of such love.
- 7** Great King of angels and of saints !
 (Whose matchless glories far outshine
 What eye beholds, or fancy paints,) .
 Let everlasting praise be thine.

HYMN CXI.

*O God, my heart is fixed, I will sing and give
 praise, even with my glory. PSALM cvii. 1.*

A WAKE our souls ! awake our tongues !
 The subject is divine :
 A Saviour's love demands our songs,
 Let all his people join.

2 This Saviour is the mighty God
 Who fills the throne above ;
 Reveal'd in flesh he shed his blood,
 And thus declar'd his love.

- 3 Jesus, thy love exceeds our thought,
 But this we're giv'n to see,
 That they who feel its pow'r are taught
 To part with all for thee.
- 4 And though thy love be faintly seen,
 What's seen demands our praise ;
 Without this view we still had been
 Engag'd in folly's ways.
- 5 But when we lay this flesh aside,
 And gain the realms of light,
 Obscuring clouds no more shall hide
 Thy glory from our sight.
- 6 Then to the praise of love divine
 We'll strike our golden lyres ;
 With heart and voice we'll sweetly join
 The everlasting choirs.

HYMN CXII.

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, &c.
 REV. iv. 11.

ENDLESS praises
 To our Lord !
 Ever be his name ador'd !

- 2 Angels crown him,
 Crown the Lamb !
 He is worthy—praise his name.
- 3 Saints adore him,
 Sound his fame,
 You he saves from endless shame.
- 4 Saints and angels,
 Jointly sing,
 Glory, glory to our King.

HYMN CXIII.

In the midst of the throne stood a Lamb.

REV. V. 6.

HOPE in Christ our Lord possessing,
 Let us raise a cheerful psalm ;
 Glory, honour, pow'r and blessing,
 Be for ever to the Lamb !
 In the midst of yonder throne,
 Lo ! he stands, he reigns alone.

2 Praise the Lamb—his love unbounded
 Is the theme of praise in heav'n :
 On his death our hopes are founded,
 Yes, we know his life was giv'n ;
 And we trust that by his blood
 We are reconcil'd to God.

3 Praise the Lamb—ye saints adore him,
 You he saves from endless shame :
 See, how angels fall before him,
 How they triumph in his name ;
 His the sceptre, his the crown,
 His yon bright eternal throne.

4 Praise the Lamb—repeat his praises ;
 'Tis a theme, ye saints, for you ;
 When our Lord to heav'n shall raise us,
 There the subject we'll renew ;
 And in yonder glorious place,
 We shall see the Saviour's face.

5 There, with all who liv'd as strangers
 While on earth, we hope to be ;
 Free from toils, from fears, from dangers,
 Happy through eternity ;
 There we hope to see the Lamb,
 And for ever praise his name.

HYMN CXIV.

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory.
REV. iv. 11.

GLORY, glory everlasting
Be to him who bore the cross !
Who redeem'd our souls, by tasting
Death, the death deserv'd by us ;
Spread his glory,
Who redeem'd his people thus.

2 His is love, 'tis love unbounded,
Without measure, without end ;
Human thought is here confounded,
'Tis too vast to comprehend :
Praise the Saviour !
Magnify the sinner's friend.

3 While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we " Everlasting glory
" Be to God, and to the Lamb :"
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to his name.

HYMN CXV.

Sing aloud unto God our Strength. Ps. lxxxii. 1.

SING aloud to God, our strength ;
He has brought us hitherto ;
He will bring us home at length,
This the Lord our God will do :
Doubt not, for his word is stable ;
Fear not, for his arm is able.

- 2** *Sing aloud to God, our strength ;*
 Sing with wonder of his love ;
 Who can tell its breadth and length ?
 Who below, or who above ?
 Who its depth and height can measure ?
 'Tis a rich unbounded treasure !
- 3** *Sing aloud to God, our strength ;*
 He is with us where we go ;
 Fear we not the journey's length,
 Fear we not the mighty foe :
 All our foes shall be defeated,
 And our journey be completed.

HYMN CXVI.

Praise ye the Lord ! PSALM cxiii. 1.

LET us sing, for we have reason ;
 Let us join with those above ;
 Praise is never out of season ;
 Let us praise the God of love :
 We have cause indeed to sing,
 Jesus is our glorious King.

- 2** He whom angels view with wonder,
 He whom angels always sing,
 He who wields the awful thunder,
 Is himself our glorious King :
 O ! how blest his people are !
 Blest who in his glory share.
- 3** When we reach the full enjoyment
 Of the state where sorrows end,
 Praise will be our sweet employment,
 We shall praise the sinner's friend ;
 Him who wash'd us with his blood,
 Sav'd, and brought us nigh to God.

- 4 But how diff'rent then our praises
 From the praise we render now !
 Well our coldness may amaze us,
 When we think how much we owe ;
 But no coldness will remain,
 When that glorious state we gain.
- 5 Yet our Lord accepts our praises,
 Ev'n the praise we offer here ;
 He, on whom th' archangel gazes
 With delight and holy fear,
 Hears his people when they sing,
 And accepts the praise they bring.
- 6 Sing we then our Saviour's praises,
 Sing the praise of him we love ;
 When our Lord to heav'n shall raise us,
 Then we'll join with those above ;
 Then, like them, unwearied sing,
 Glory, glory to our King.

HYMN CXVII.

Who loved me, and gave himself for me.
 GAL. ii. 20.

WE sing of Him who died,
 Who died in love to us ;
 The Lord of life was crucified ;
 He saved his people thus.

- 2 This proof of love he gave ;
 No greater could be giv'n ;
 He shed his precious blood to save
 And bring his saints to heav'n.

- 3 Redeem'd from earth and hell,
 And made the heirs of heav'n ;
 How much they owe, what tongue can tell,
 Whose sins are all forgiv'n ?
- 4 A glorious hope they have ;
 A hope that grace supplies ;
 A hope that looks beyond the grave,
 Of joy that never dies.
- 5 Exalt we then his name,
 Whom all in heaven adore ;
 And let us join to praise the Lamb,
 The Lamb for evermore.

HYMN CXVIII.

The love of Christ, that passeth knowledge.
 EPH. iii. 15.

JESUS gave his life, to save us
 From the foe who else would have us :
 Such the proof of love he gave us,
 Proof indeed !

- 2 Love exceeding that of brothers ;
 Love beyond the love of mothers ;
 Love surpassing far all others ;
 Love itself !
- 3 Praise we then his name for ever ;
 His is love that changes never ;
 And from him no force can sever
 Those he loves !

HYMN CXIX.

Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his.

PSALM XXX. 4.

TO heaven's eternal King,
The praise of saints be giv'n ;
His name, his glorious name, we sing,
Who fills the throne of heaven.

2 He once was found with men,
A man of sorrows he ;
He bore his people's sentence then,
He bore it on the tree.

3 He suffered in their stead ;
He saved his people thus ;
The curse that fell upon his head,
Was due, by right, to us.

4 'Twas love that brought him down,
The purest, strongest love ;
He bore the cross, he won the crown,
And now he reigns above.

5 The praise of saints be giv'n
To him who worthy is ;
He died on earth, he lives in heav'n ;
Eternal praise be his.

HYMN CXX.

He that is our God is the God of salvation.

PSALM lxviii. 20.

PRAISE the God of our salvation ;
Praise him, men of every nation ;

Praise him, all in every station,
Who are his !

- 2** With a price the Lord has bought us,
Claimed us as his own, and taught us ;
To himself the Lord has brought us ;
Good he is !
- 3** In the day of his appearing,
Mourning ends, and doubt, and fearing ;
Sweet the prospect is, and cheering ;
Think on this !

HYMN CXXI.

The Lord reigneth ; he is clothed with majesty.
PSALM xciii. 1.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His kingdom glorious is ;
The world that he sustains
Is his, and only his.
His angels sing ;
They praise their King :
They sing of him who lives for ever,
They sing of him who changes never.
The sight is resplendent,
The glory transcendent.
Come hither, ye ransom'd, your song be it heard,
The song to all others in heaven prefer'd ;
The LAMB is its burthen, the Lamb that was slain ;
The LAMB who redeem'd us, is worthy to reign ;
The kingdom is his, and the glory and pow'r ;
Let angels and saints sing his praise evermore.

HYMN CXXII.

Sing unto the Lord, bless his name.

PSALM xcvi. 2.

WE sing of him who came from heav'n,
Who came to seek and save the lost ;
And blest are they to whom 'tis giv'n,
To know him best and love him most.

- 2 No name in heav'n or earth like his,
'Tis one of grace, and power, and love ;
How precious to the soul it is !
How far all other names above !
- 3 And yet, how little do we taste
Its sweetness, or its virtue prove !
O Lord our God, forgive the past,
And let us henceforth feel thy love !
- 4 To taste the sweetness of thy name,
To feel its sanctifying power,
Be this our one desire and aim,
Both now and to our dying hour.
- 5 And when that awful hour arrives,
Support and strength thy name supplies ;
To those who nothing have, it gives
Assurance of eternal joys.

HYMN CXXIII.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord. Ps. xcvi. 1.

SING of Him who came to save us,
Bore our sin, and then forgave us ;
Him who died and rose again :

- Who can tell how much we owe him ?
Where's the grateful love we shew him ?
'Tis not thus we deal with men.
- 2 Saviour, had we dealt with others,
Be they friends or be they brothers,
As we know we've dealt with thee,
We had lost their love for ever :
Thine is love that changes never ;
Who can owe thee more than we ?
- 3 While we feel and mourn our coldness,
Still we would draw nigh with boldness
To thy throne, thy throne of grace :
There it is thy people find thee,
And of promises remind thee ;
'Tis a safe and blessed place.
- 4 'Tis a place to sinners suited ;
There it is that, though polluted,
We can converse hold with thee :
From it Satan fain would drive us,
And of good would thus deprive us,
But it must not, will not be.
- 5 Satan's power and purpose knowing,
Lord, behold thy people bowing,
Bowing low before thy throne :
Thine it is, O Lord, to save us,
When the mighty foe would have us ;
And to thee we look alone.
- 6 From thyself let nothing take us ;
Never leave us, nor forsake us,
Till we see thy face above :
Thither, when thy power shall raise us,
Then we look to sing thy praises,
Then to sing thy matchless love.

HYMN CXXIV.

While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.
ROM. v. 8.

WE praise and bless the Saviour's name,
His work is wondrous in our eyes ;
From heav'n, in love to man, he came,
And on the cross for man he dies.
We know no other love like this ;
No other love can equal his.

- 2 For man, the rebel and the foe,
He bore the curse upon the tree :
When sunk in guilt, and sunk in woe,
When all was lost, or seem'd to be,
'Twas then the Saviour saw his case ;
'Twas then the Saviour shew'd his grace.
- 3 The theme is sweet, 'tis lofty too :
'Tis far too high for thought to scan ;
For who is he can fully know
The love of God to guilty man ?
Eternity alone will prove
Sufficient to unfold his love,
- 4 'Tis there the Saviour will unfold
The love that brought him down from heav'n ;
Will tell what could not here be told ;
Will give what could not here be giv'n.
How blest are they he owns as his !
Their spring of joy eternal is.

State of Believers, a Warfare.

HYMN CXXV.

He teacheth my hands to war. Ps. xviii. 34.

B ELOV'D associates in the strife
 That ends in blessed peace,
 A life of conflict is our life,
 From war we must not cease.

- 2 The soldiers of the cross must fight,
 Till life itself is past ;
 The foe assails them day and night,
 Assails them to the last.
- 3 But let us still remember this,
 To faith it stands disclos'd,
 The Lord, who saves us, greater is
 Than all who are oppos'd.
- 4 We need not fly, we need not fear,
 Since he who reigns above,
 In all our conflicts will be near
 The people of his love.
- 5 Our foes are strong, and many too,
 Yet why these doubts and fears ?
 For while we keep our Lord in view,
 Our strength is more than theirs.
- 6 If thus we face the adverse pow'rs,
 If thus we meet the strife,
 The victory will then be ours,
 And ours a crown of life.

HYMN CXXVI.

And David put them off him. 1 SAM. xviii. 39.

HAD David done, as Saul advis'd,
And with *his* arms the conflict tried,
His strength might well have been despis'd,
And David, not his foe, had died.

- 2 So we, when call'd to meet the foe,
All human counsel must refuse ;
For man, though wise, can never know
What arms we need, and ought to use.
- 3 Yet are we apt, too apt to try
What arms supplied by man can do ;
But soon we throw such armour by
As useless, and as cumbrous too.
- 4 We learn to go as David went,
Confiding in the Lord of Hosts :
A pebble and a sling, when sent
By him, will silence hostile boasts.
- 5 They who in Israel's God confide
May boldly venture to the field ;
The feeblest arms by him supplied
Are better than the sword and shield.

HYMN CXXVII.

He will deliver me. 1 SAM. xvii. 37.

HE who sav'd us when assaulted
By the lion and the bear,
High on yonder throne exalted,
Stoops to save his people here :
He will save his servants now,
He will lay the giant low.

122 STATE OF BELIEVERS, A WARFARE.

- 2 Who is this that thus defieth
 Those whom God preserves from harm ?
Who is this that thus relieth
 On his arm, his own right arm ?
Short his arm and feeble is,
Feeble in a strife like this.
- 3 With a sword he comes to meet us,
 With a spear and with a shield ;
Thinking quickly to defeat us,
 And to chase us from the field :
Vain his boast, his hope is vain,
He shall lie among the slain.
- 4 In *that* name we come to meet him,
 In that name, high over all ;
In that name we shall defeat him,
 And before it he shall fall :
Vain the shield, the spear, the sword,
Vain his help against the Lord.
- 5 And his people shall with wonder
 Look on him they fear'd before ;
When they see their foe brought under,
 When his strength is now no more :
Then shall Israel sing indeed,
When from fear and danger freed.

HYMN CXXVIII.

Fight the good fight of faith. 1 TIM. vi. 12.

CHRISTIANS an arduous fight maintain,
Nor do they hope or *wish* for peace,
Till they their heav'nly mansion gain,
Then, not before, their conflicts cease.

- 2 Them, whom they now account as foes,
They once without a blush obey'd ;
And liv'd in amity with those,
Who while they wore a smile betray'd.
- 3 Nor did they see the chains they wore ;
Or, if they saw, felt no alarm :
The yoke contentedly they bore,
Till God himself dissolv'd the charm.
- 4 Awaken'd then as from a sleep,
And taught from whence their danger rose,
They flew to arms, resolv'd to keep
No terms with such deceitful foes.
- 5 With earth and hell in arms combin'd,
And with a heart as false as they,
Are saints engaged, nor rest will find,
Till they have reached the realms of day.
- 6 The fight unequal seems, 'tis true ;
It would be so but for *his* grace,
Who arms provides, and courage too,
With which his saints the foe may face.
- 7 He who appear'd on David's side
When match'd with his gigantic foe,
Is still the same, and will provide
For all his struggling saints below.
- 8 And when the last great foe appears,
He'll find them proof against his pow'r ;
For God, *their* God, will quell their fears,
And save them in a dying hour.
- 9 This conflict past, the work is done,
They'll see their enemies no more ;
The final victory is won,
And then they reach the heav'nly shore.

- 10 In robes of white they stand array'd,
 The palm's triumphant branch they bear ;
 Adorn'd with crowns that never fade,
 Before their King they all appear.
- 11 And while they sing before his throne,
 The Lamb, the Lamb inspires their songs ;
 Salvation comes from him alone ;
 To him eternal praise belongs.

HYMN CXXIX.

*For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but
 against principalities, against powers, &c.*
 EPH. vi. 12.

HARK 'tis a martial sound !
 To arms, ye saints, to arms !
 Your foes are gathering round,
 And peace has lost its charms ;
 Prepare the helmet, sword and shield,
 The trumpet calls you to the field.

2 No common foes appear
 To dare you to the fight,
 But such as own no fear,
 And glory in their might :
 The pow'rs of darkness are at hand ;
 Resist, or bow to their command.

3 An arm of flesh must fail
 In such a strife as this ;
 He only can prevail,
 Whose arm immortal is :
 'Tis heav'n itself the strength must yield,
 And weapons fit for such a field.

- 4** And heav'n supplies them too ;
 The Lord, who never faints,
 Is greater than the foe,
 And he is with his saints :
 Thus arm'd they venture to the fight,
 Thus arm'd they put their foes to flight.
- 5** And when the conflict's past,
 On yonder peaceful shore
 They shall repose at last,
 And see their foes no more ;
 The fruits of victory enjoy,
 And never more their arms employ.

HYMN CXXX.

Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. REV. iii. 11.

- O** ISRA'L to thy tents repair !
 Why thus secure on hostile ground ?
 Thy King commands thee to beware,
 For many foes thy camp surround.
- 2** The trumpet gives a martial strain ;
 O Isra'l ! gird thee for the fight ;
 Arise, the combat to maintain,
 And put thine enemies to flight.
- 3** Thou should'st not sleep as others do ;
 Awake ! be vigilant ! be brave !
 The coward, and the sluggard too,
 Must wear the fetters of the slave.
- 4** A nobler lot is cast for thee,
 A kingdom waits thee in the skies :
 With such a hope shall Isra'l flee,
 Or yield, through weariness, the prize ?

5 No ! let a careless world repose,
 And slumber on through life's short day,
 While Isra'l to the conflict goes,
 And bears the glorious prize away.

HYMN CXXXI.

*Help us, O Lord our God ! for we rest on thee,
 and in thy name we go against this multitude.*

2 CHRON. xiv. 13.

MANY foes our march opposing,
 Lord, we turn our eyes to thee,
 All our wants and fears disclosing,
 Helpless to thy pow'r we flee ;
 O protect us !
 Neither skill nor pow'r have we.

2 See our foes with proud defiance
 Call thy people to the fight !
 Lord, on thee is our reliance,
 Thee, whose arm is cloth'd with might :
 Saviour, guard us !
 Let not thine be put to flight.

3 Not of human armour boasting,
 Do we venture to the field ;
 In defence so feeble trusting,
 Soon we should be forc'd to yield :
 God of Israel !
 Be thyself our sword and shield.

4 On thy faithfulness relying,
 We may boldly meet the foe ;
 All his boasted pow'r defying,
 While we come defended so :
 God will save us ;
 This our enemies shall know.

- 5 Let the fainting soul be cheerful,
 Let the timid now be brave :
 Why should they be faint or fearful,
 Whom the Lord delights to save ?
 Whom he rescues,
 Satan can no more enslave.

HYMN CXXXII.

He teacheth my hands to war. Ps. xviii. 34.

- A RISE, ye saints, arise,
 The Lord our leader is ;
 The foe before his banner flies,
 For victory is his.

- 2 Behold ! he leads the way ;
 We'll follow where he goes ;
 We cannot fail to win the day,
 Since he subdues our foes.

- 3 Lead on, Almighty Lord,
 Lead on to victory ;
 Encourag'd by the bright reward,
 With joy we'll follow thee.

- 4 We'll follow thee our guide,
 Our Saviour and our King ;
 We'll follow thee, through grace supplied
 From heav'n's eternal spring.

- 5 We hope to see the day
 When toil and strife shall cease ;
 We then shall cast our arms away,
 And dwell in endless peace.

- 6 This hope supports us here,
 It makes our burdens light ;
 'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer
 Till faith shall end in sight :

7 Till, of the prize possest,
 We hear of war no more ;
 And, O sweet thought ! for ever rest
 On yonder peaceful shore.

HYMN CXXXIII.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things.
 REV. xxi. 7.

IF our warfare be laborious,
 Soon the strife will reach a close :
 Rest is sweet, secure, and glorious,
 That from prosp'rous warfare flows :
 Doubly precious
 After labour is repose.

2 Once our choice was peace inglorious,
 Then we yielded to our foes ;
 Warfare now the most laborious,
 Ev'n with all its toils we choose :
 Glorious warfare !
 Leading to secure repose.

3 Are there many foes before us,
 Standing to oppose our way ?
 Yet they shall not overpow'r us ;
 This with boldness we may say,
 Since Jehovah
 Keeps his people night and day.

4 Are we blind and prone to error ?
 God vouchsafes to be our guide ;
 Are we faint and full of terror ?
 He himself is on our side ;
 'Tis sufficient :
 God our Saviour will provide.

5 When through him we prove victorious,
 Then will strife and labour cease ;
 Then our triumph will be glorious,
 Then his people dwell at ease :
 And their portion
 Will be everlasting peace.

State of Believers, a Pilgrimage.

HYMN CXXXIV.

*For here have we no continuing city, but we seek
 one to come. HEB. xiii. 14.*

“ **W**E’VE no abiding city here,”
 This may distress the worldling’s mind ;
 But should not cost the saint a tear,
 Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 “ We’ve no abiding city here,”
 Sad truth, were this to be our home ;
 But let the thought our spirits cheer,
 “ We seek a city yet to come.”

3 “ We’ve no abiding city here,”
 Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
 Let not the world our rest appear,
 But let us haste from all below.

4 “ We’ve no abiding city here,”
 We seek a city out of sight,
 Zion its name,—the Lord is there,
 It shines with everlasting light.

130 STATE OF BELIEVERS, A PILGRIMAGE.

- 5 "We've no abiding city here ;"
Methinks I hear the worldling say,
"Your hope is vain, ye fools, forbear,
For pleasure lies another way."
- 6 No wonder men should reason thus,
And count our expectation vain ;
But did they know the truth like us,
They'd soon adopt a different strain.
- 7 Did they, like us, by faith discern
The glorious city of our God,
They too, like us, would quickly learn
To walk in Zion's heav'nly road.
- 8 Zion !—Jehovah is her strength !
Secure she smiles at all her foes ;
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.
- 9 O ! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest !
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 10 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine !
The time my God appoints is best :
While here, to do his will be *mine* ;
And *his* to fix my time of rest.

HYMN CXXXV.

*For they that say such things declare plainly that
they seek a country. HEB. xi. 4.*

FROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.

Hallelujah !

We are on our way to God.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound

We haste with songs of joy ;

Where peace and liberty are found,

And sweets that never cloy.

Hallelujah !—&c.

3 Our toils and conflicts cease

On Canaan's happy shore ;

We there shall dwell in endless peace,

And never hunger more.

Hallelujah !—&c.

4 But hark ! those distant sounds

That strike our list'ning ears—

They come from Canaan's happy bounds,

Where God our King appears.

Hallelujah !—&c.

5 There, in celestial strains,

Enraptur'd myriads sing ;

There love in every bosom reigns,

For God himself is King.

Hallelujah !—&c.

6 We soon shall join the throng,

Their pleasures we shall share ;

And sing the everlasting song,

With all the ransom'd there.

Hallelujah !—&c.

7 How sweet the prospect is !

It cheers the pilgrim's breast ;

We're journeying through the wilderness,

But soon shall gain our rest.

Hallelujah !—&c.

State of Believers, a Popage.

HYMN CXXXVI.

So he brought them unto their desired haven.

PSALM cvii. 30.

THE Christian navigates a sea
 Where various forms of death appear ;
 Nor skill, alas ! nor pow'r has he,
 Aright his dang'rous course to steer.

- 2 Why does he venture then from shore,
 And dare so many deaths to brave ?
 Because the land affrights him more
 Than all the perils of the wave.
- 3 Because he hopes a port to find,
 Where all his toil will be repaid ;
 And though unskilful, weak, and blind,
 Yet Jesus bids him nothing dread.
- 4 But though *his* faithful word is giv'n,
 Who does not change, and cannot lie ;
 Yet when his bark by storms is driv'n,
 He doubts, and fears destruction nigh.
- 5 Sometimes there lies a treach'rous rock
 Beneath the surface of the wave ;
 He strikes, but yet survives the shock,
 For Jesus is at hand to save.
- 6 But hark ! the midnight tempest roars,
 He seems forsaken and alone,
 But Jesus, whom he then implores,
 Unseen preserves and leads him on.

- 7 On the smooth surface of the deep,
 Without a fear he sometimes lies ;
 The danger then is lest he sleep
 And ruin seize him by surprise.
- 8 His destin'd land he sometimes sees,
 And thinks his toils will soon be o'er ;
 Expects some favourable breeze
 Will waft him quickly to the shore.
- 9 But sudden clouds obstruct his view,
 And he enjoys the sight no more ;
 Nor does he now believe it true
 That he had ever seen the shore.
- 10 Though fear his heart should overwhelm,
 He'll reach the port for which he's bound ;
 For Jesus holds and guides the helm,
 And safety is where he is found.
- 11 Methinks I view him now at last
 Safe anchor'd in the hav'n of joy ;
 He thinks no more of conflicts past,
 Wonder and love his heart employ.
- 12 He *wonders* much at all he sees ;
 He *loves* the author of his bliss ;
 And cries, while he the scene surveys,
 “ O ! what a glorious land is this ! ”

HYMN CXXXVII.

These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. PSALM cvii. 24.

WE'RE bound for yonder land,
 Where Jesus reigns supreme ;
 We leave the shore at his command,
 Forsaking all for him.

134 STATE OF BELIEVERS, A VOYAGE.

- 2 'Twere easy, did we choose,
 Again to reach the shore ;
But this is what our souls refuse,
 We'll never touch it more.
- 3 We know the state of those
 Who still continue there ;
And fly, that we may shun the woes
 That else our portion were.
- 4 The perils of the sea,
 The rocks, the waves, the wind,
Are small, whatever they may be,
 To those we leave behind.
- 5 Nor have we cause to fear ;
 The God who rules the sea,
In ev'ry danger will be near,
 And our protector be.
- 6 The Lord himself will keep
 His people safe from harm ;
Will hold the helm, and guide the ship
 With his almighty arm.
- 7 Then let the tempests roar,
 The billows heave and swell ;
We trust to reach the peaceful shore,
 Where all the ransom'd dwell.
- 8 And when we gain the land,
 How happy shall we be !
How shall we bless the mighty hand
 That led us through the sea !

HYMN CXXXVIII.

*What manner of man is this, that even the wind
and the sea obey him ? MARK iv. 41.*

WHY those fears ? behold 'tis JESUS
Holds the helm, and guides the ship :
Spread the sails and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

2 Could we stay where death was hov'ring ?

Could we rest on such a shore ?

No, the awful truth discov'ring,

We could linger there no more :

We forsake it

Leaving all we lov'd before.

3 Though the shore we hope to land on

Only by report is known,

Yet we freely all abandon,

Led by that report alone ;

And with Jesus

Through the trackless deep move on.

4 Led by that, we brave the ocean ;

Led by that, the storms defy ;

Calm amidst tumultuous motion,

Knowing that our Lord is nigh :

Waves obey him,

And the storms before him fly.

- 5 Render'd safe by his protection,
 We shall pass the wat'ry waste ;
 Trusting to his wise direction,
 We shall gain the port at last ;
 And with wonder,
 Think on toils and dangers past.
- 6 O ! what pleasures there await us !
 There the tempests cease to roar :
 There it is that those who hate us
 Can molest our peace no more :
 Trouble ceases
 On that tranquil, happy shore.
-

A State of Trial.

HYMN CXXXIX.

Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous. HEB. xii. 11.

TRUE, no chast'ning for the present
 T Bringeth joy, but bringeth grief ;
 Pain has nothing in it pleasant ;
 But the saints obtain relief,
 Knowing that their Father sends
 Ev'ry rod, and good intends.

- 2 Were his people free from trials,
 They might doubt their heav'nly birth ;
 They might justly fear the vials
 Destin'd for the sons of earth :
 Trials are a fruit of love,
 Sent in mercy from above.

- 3 Yes, the true-born sons of heaven
 Feel the chast'ning hand of God ;
Though accepted and forgiven,
 Yet they need their Father's rod ;
Nor, if they should bid him spare,
 Would he hearken to their pray'r.
- 4 Full of pity, full of kindness,
 Yet he makes his children prove
Nothing of parental blindness
 Ever mixes with his love :
When the rod must be applied,
 Truth and wisdom are his guide.
- 5 In affliction's darkest season,
 When their trials sharpest prove,
Saints may smile, for they have reason
 To confess their Father's love :
All is needful, nothing vain ;
 Present loss is future gain.
- 6 Trials prove and strengthen patience,
 Trials purge the dross away,
Trials sweeten expectations
 Of a bright and glorious day ;
When from sin and suff'ring freed,
 Saints shall gain their rest indeed.
- 7 Trials thus, though often bitter,
 Yet are needful in their place ;
Rend'ring ev'ry promise sweeter,
 Adding strength to ev'ry grace :
Thus, whatever grief they bring,
 Blessed fruits from trials spring.

HYMN CXL.

I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord. ZEPH. iii. 12.

“**P**OOR and afflicted,” Lord, are thine,
Among the great unfit to shine ;
But though the world may think it strange,
They would not with the world exchange.

- 2 “Poor and afflicted”—yes, they are ;
They're not exempt from grief and care ;
But he who sav'd them by his blood,
Makes ev'ry sorrow yield them good.
- 3 “Poor and afflicted”—’tis their lot ;
They know it, and they murmur not ;
’Twould ill become them to refuse
The state their Master deign'd to choose.
- 4 “Poor and afflicted”—yet they sing,
For Jesus is their glorious King ;
“Thro' suff'rings perfect,” now he reigns,
And shares in all their griefs and pains.
- 5 “Poor and afflicted”—but, ere long,
They'll join the bright, celestial throng ;
Their suff'rings then will reach a close,
And heav'n afford them sweet repose.
- 6 And while they walk the thorny way,
They're often heard to sigh and say—
“Dear Saviour, come, O quickly come !”
“And take thy mourning pilgrims home.”

HYMN CXLI.

Thy blessing is upon thy people. PSALM iii. 8.

L ORD, if thy people suffer grief,
Yet are their comforts great ;
Nor are they left without relief,
Thy time is never late.

- 2 If, when affliction's waves run high,
Deliv'rance should be slow,
Thy purpose is their faith to try,
And make their patience grow.
- 3 In sorrow's sev'nfold furnace tried,
This thought may yield them joy ;
Thou, Lord, art walking by their side,
Nor can the fire destroy.
- 4 Yea, ev'n the flames' destructive pow'r,
Directed, Lord, by thee,
Shall nothing but their bands devour,
And leave their bodies free.
- 5 All this I know ; but in the hour
Of trial, then I faint ;
And feel that nothing but thy pow'r
Can keep me from complaint.
- 6 Howe'er a mother loves her own,
I know, beyond a doubt,
Her love by thine is far outdone,
Thy love that changes not.
- 7 Whatever light in man may shine,
And guide a father's care,
'Tis but a shadow, Lord, of thine ;
Thy wisdom cannot err.

8 Of this convinc'd, I would "be still,
 " And know that thou art God ;"
 Would give up my rebellious will,
 And kiss thy chast'ning rod.

9 O teach thy worm, whate'er his state,
 Therewith to be content ;
 Thine hand to bless, thy time to wait,
 And leave to thee th' event.

HYMN CXLII.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us, &c. 2 COR. iv. 17.

VYES, 'tis a rough and thorny road
 That leads us to the saints' abode ;
 But when our Father's house we gain,
 'Twill make amends for all our pain.

- 2 And though we feel our present grief,
 In hope we find a sweet relief ;
 For hope anticipates the day
 When all our griefs shall pass away.
- 3 And what is all we suffer now,
 Or all we can endure below,
 To that bright day when Christ shall come,
 And take his weary pilgrims home ?

4 Then let us walk, without complaint,
 The thorny road, and never faint ;
 Though now by weariness opprest,
 The end is everlasting rest.

5 And when we gain the saints' abode,
 We'll oft look back upon the road ;
 The recollection of the past
 Will sweeten our repose at last.

A State of Joyful Hope.

HYMN CXLIII.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. REV. vii. 17.

YE saints, whose tears now often flow,
 (And will while ye are here below,)
 Rejoice that in a few short years,
 Your God will wipe away your tears.

- 2 Your conflicts then will end in peace,
 And ev'ry cause of sorrow cease ;
 The purest joys will fill your hearts,
 Such joys as God himself imparts.
- 3 When landed on the heav'nly shore,
 You'll see your enemies no more ;
 The limit of their pow'r is such,
 That sacred place they cannot touch.
- 4 "An evil heart of unbelief"
 Will then no more occasion grief ;
 And base desires of flesh and mind
 For ever will be left behind.
- 5 The world, or lov'd or fear'd before,
 Can charm or threaten then no more ;
 And Satan, baffled in his schemes,
 Retires indignant, and blasphemers.
- 6 'Tis thus the Lord has fix'd a day
 To wipe his people's tears away,
 Their toils, and griefs, and conflicts past,
 He'll bring them to himself at last.

7 O ! happy state, where purest joy
 For ever reigns without alloy ;
 O ! happy saints, ordain'd to prove
 The fulness of this joy above.

HYMN CXLIV.

For all things are yours. 1 COR. iii. 21.

E V'R Y good possessing
 In our Saviour's blessing,
 Let us live to celebrate his grace !

- 2 Mean the worldling's treasure !
 Short his boasted pleasure !
 They alone are blest who know the Lord.
- 3 Sweet the scene before us !
 We shall join the chorus
 Of the saints and angels round his throne.
- 4 Let the prospect cheer us ;
 Here our Saviour's near us,
 But in heav'n we see him as he is.
- 5 Till we reach our station,
 Let his great salvation
 Be the glorious subject of our songs !

HYMN CXLV.

For from the top of the rocks I behold him.

NUMBERS xxiii. 9.

METHINKS I stand upon the rock
 Where Balaam stood, and wond'ring look
 Upon the scene below :
 The tents of Jacob goodly seem,
 The people happy I esteem,
 Whom God has favour'd so.

- 2 The sons of Isra'l stand alone,
Jehovah claims them for his own,
 His cause and their's the same :
He sav'd them from the tyrant's hand,
Allots to them a pleasant land,
 And calls them by his name.
- 3 Their toils have almost reach'd a close,
And soon they're destin'd to repose
 Within the promis'd land :
Ev'n now its rising hills are seen,
Enrich'd with everlasting green,
 Where Israel soon shall stand.
- 4 O ! Isra'l, who is like to thee ?
A people sav'd, and call'd to be
 Peculiar to the Lord !
Thy shield ! he guards thee from the foe ;
Thy sword ! he fights thy battles too ;
 Himself thy great reward !
- 5 Fear not, though many should oppose,
For God is stronger than thy foes,
 And makes thy cause his own :
The promis'd land before thee lies,
Go up, and take the glorious prize
 Reserv'd for thee alone.
- 6 In glory there the King appears ;
He wipes away his people's tears,
 And makes their sorrows cease :
From toil and strife they there repose,
And dwell secure from all their foes,
 In everlasting peace.
- 7 Fair emblem of a better rest,
Of which believers are possest,
 Beyond material space !

Methinks I see the heav'nly shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more ;
And long to reach the place.

- 8 Nor shall I always absent be
From him my soul desires to see,
Within the realms of light ;
Ere long my Lord will rend the veil,
And not a cloud shall then conceal
His glory from my sight.

- 9 Sweet hope ! it makes the coward brave ;
It makes a freeman of the slave,
And bids the sluggard rise ;
It lifts a worm of earth on high,
It gives him wings, and makes him fly
To worlds beyond the skies.
-

A State of Security.

HYMN CXLVI.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. PSALM xc. 1.

HAPPY they who trust in Jesus !
Sweet their portion is, and sure ;
When the foe on others seizes,
He will keep his own secure.
Happy people !
Happy, though despis'd and poor.

- 2 Ye whom God has sav'd from error,
Ye “ who know the joyful sound,”
Fear ye not the nightly terror ;
Arms of mercy close you round :

Dread no evil;
God will all your foes confound.

3 Since his love and mercy found you,
Ye are precious in his sight ;
Thousands now may fall around you,
Thousands more be put to flight ;
But his presence
Keeps you safe by day and night.

4 Lo ! your Saviour never slumbers,
Ever watchful in his care ;
Though ye cannot boast of numbers,
In his strength secure ye are :
Sweet their portion,
Who our Saviour's kindness share.

5 As the bird beneath her feathers
Guards the objects of her care,
So the Lord his children gathers,
Spreads his wings, and hides them there ;
Thus protected,
All their foes they boldly dare.

Christian Intercourse.

HYMN CXLVII.

Touching the King. PSALM xlv. 1.

THE Saviour's people, when they meet,
With wonder and with joy may sing ;
For lofty is their theme, and sweet ;
It touches heav'n's eternal King.

- 2 It touches Him, who mov'd by love,
 Though prais'd by yonder shining host,
 In mercy left his throne above,
 And stoop'd to save what else were lost.
- 3 It touches Him who suffer'd pain,
 And shame, and death, that they might live ;
 That they might grace and glory gain,
 And all that God himself can give.
- 4 The theme is sweet and lofty too ;
 It moves our wonder and our love :
 The theme is great, and ever new ;
 It yields unceasing joy above.
- 5 It animates the soul with hope,
 With hope, the spring of many joys ;
 It holds the fainting spirit up,
 And ev'ry day new strength supplies.
- 6 Preserv'd through grace in wisdom's ways,
 May we with yonder shining host
 At length be join'd, and sing the praise
 Of Him who came to save the lost.

HYMN CXLVIII.

Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us. PSALM iv. 6.

BLEST intercourse ! when Christians meet,
 And speak of Him who died for them ;
 They sit at the Redeemer's feet,
 And care not if the world condemn.

- 2 The world knows nothing of the joys
 That Christian fellowship supplies ;
 Enamour'd of their glittering toys,
 Our hope seems nothing in their eyes.

- 3 But we can witness what we know,
 And speak aloud, nor care who hears ;
 Our joys from heav'nly sources flow,
 And would be ill exchang'd for theirs,
- 4 One day in wisdom's sacred ways
 Is better than a thousand, spent
 As thoughtless worldlings spend their days,
 From pleasure far, and sweet content.
- 5 We envy not the great and wise ;
 We count ourselves more blest than they :
 We're taught their honours to despise,
 And from their joys to turn away.
- 6 'Twill soon appear who serve the Lord,
 And, who are they who serve him not ;
 Then let us hold his faithful word,
 And ours shall be a glorious lot.

HYMN CXLIX.

Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another. MALACHI iii. 16.

WHY should believers, when they meet,
 Not speak of Christ, the King they own,
 Who gives them hope that they shall sit
 With him for ever on his throne ?

- 2 Is any other name so great
 As His who bore the sinner's load ?
 Is any subject half so sweet,
 So blessed as the love of God ?
- 3 'Tis this that charms reluctant man,
 That makes his opposition cease ;
 Beholding love's amazing plan,
 He drops his arms, and sues for peace.

- 4 'Twas so with us ; we once were foes—
 Were foes to Him who gave us breath ;
 But He, whose mercy freely flows,
 Has sav'd us from eternal death.
- 5 We look with hope to that great day,
 When Jesus will with clouds appear ;
 A sight of him will well repay
 Our labours and our sorrows here.
- 6 Of Him then let us speak and sing,
 Whose glory we expect to share :
 In heav'n we shall behold our King,
 And yield a nobler tribute there.

HYMN CL.

*Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than
 in the time that their corn and wine increased.*

PSALM iv. 7.

FAR from us be grief and sadness,
 Farther still unhallow'd mirth ;
 Zion's sons may sing with gladness,
 Theirs are joys of heav'nly birth :
 Jesus owns them :
 He is Lord of heav'n and earth.

- 2 All the worldling's mirth is madness ;
 All his labour fruitless toil ;
 'Tis the saints that taste of gladness,
 Though the world their choice revile :
 Sweet their portion !
 Life is in the Saviour's smile.
- 3 Worlds would seem as nothing to us,
 Balanc'd with a Saviour's love ;
 Since the Lord in mercy drew us,
 Drew our souls to things above,

Earthly objects
Can no longer greatly move.

- 4** Once the world was all our treasure,
Then the world our hearts possest ;
Now we taste sublimer pleasure,
Since the Lord has made us blest :
We can witness
Jesus gives his people rest.

HYMN CLI.

Exhorting one another, and so much the more as ye see the day approaching. HEB. x. 25.

WHILE in the world we still remain,
We only meet to part again ;
But when we reach the heav'nly shore,
We then shall meet to part no more.

- 2** The hope that we shall see that day
Should chase our present griefs away ;
A few short years of conflict past,
We meet around the throne at last.
- 3** Then let us here improve our hours,
Improve them to a Saviour's praise,
To him with zeal devote our pow'rs,
And run with joy in wisdom's ways.
- 4** Let all our meetings now be made
Subservient to each other's good ;
For worldly joys must quickly fade,
Nor can they yield substantial food.
- 5** Whene'er required to part from those
With whom the truth unites us here,
We'll call to mind the joyful close
When Christ the Saviour will appear.

6 Then shall his saints all meet again,
 For so his word of promise says,
 With him for ever to remain,
 And sing his everlasting praise.

HYMN CLII.

Let your speech be always with grace. COL. iv. 6.

SWEET and solemn be the season,
 When the friends of Jesus meet ;
 Let the worldling boast his reason,
 While he fills the scorner's seat :
 Heav'nly wisdom
 Leads us to the Saviour's feet.

2 Far be idle jesting from us !
 Sacred themes to us belong :
 Ours the cross, and ours the promise,
 Subjects these for endless song ;
 Subjects worthy
 To employ the Christian's tongue.

3 Time is precious, we'll improve it,
 Worldlings talk of worldly things ;
 Leave the world to those who love it,
 'Tis not thence our comfort springs :
 Jesus owns us,
 Jesus is the King of kings.

HYMN CLIIL.

Unto you therefore which believe, he is precious.
 1 PET. ii. 7.

IF worldly thoughts so much employ,
 And worldly themes yield so much joy,
 While God is yet unknown,

With what delight we now should speak
 Of him who came from heav'n to seek,
 And claim us as his own !

- 2 From us his glory long lay hid,
 We lov'd the world as others did,
 No portion else had we ;
 But he who first sent forth the light,
 The Lord remov'd our mental night,
 He gave us eyes to see.

- 3 His love supplies a boundless theme,
 Then let us think and speak of him,
 Who saves his people thus ;
 He came in mercy from above,
 He came upon the wings of love,
 And gave himself for us.

- 4 Dear Saviour, let us never be,
 Before the world, asham'd of thee,
 Nor shrink from duty's call :
 Our work to do thee service here,
 Our hope in glory to appear,
 Where thou art all in all.

HYMN CLIV.

Nor foolish talking nor jesting, which are not convenient. EPH. v. 4.

ENAMOUR'D of their golden dreams,
 Let worldlings talk of worldly themes ;
 This should not be when Christians meet,
 The world should lie beneath their feet.

- 2 And do *they* want a nobler theme,
 Whom Jesus suffer'd to redeem ?
 That love that bore the cross should throw
 A shade on ev'ry thing below.

- 3 The cross!—its burden, O how great!
 No strength but his *could* bear its weight;
 No love but his *would* undertake
 To bear it for the sinner's sake.
- 4 His saints can never want a theme,
 How can they, when they think of Him?
 For love like his, so rich, so strong,
 Is theme enough for endless song.
- 5 Come then, and let us talk of him,
 Who died the sinner to redeem;
 The joyful theme we'll still pursue,
 'Tis sweet, 'tis rich, 'tis ever new.
- 6 Let idle jests be far from us,
 It suits us not to trifle thus:
 We'll leave it to the sons of earth,
 And meet for profit, not for mirth.

HYMN CLV.

They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom.
 Ps. cxlv. 11.

SUBJECTS of the King of heaven,
 We can talk on glorious themes;
 Happy they to whom 'tis given,
 To despise the worldling's dreams!
 Subjects of the King of kings,
 We can speak of real things.

- 2 Of his kingdom, and his glory,
 We can speak since we are his;
 Mighty kingdoms famed in story,
 Nothing are compared to this:

All that makes a kingdom great,
Here alone is found to meet.

- 3** Other thrones, however splendid,
Yield to time's destructive pow'r ;
Human glory soon is ended,
God appoints its final hour ;
But the throne at which we bow,
Time can never overthrow.
- 4** While the kingdoms round us vanish,
(What that's human can endure ?)
Ev'ry sad reflection banish,
God has made *his* kingdom sure ;
Other thrones may shake and fall,
But *his* throne survives them all.
- 5** Good it is for us and pleasant,
To converse on themes like these ;
When with God his saints are present,
Then they see him as he is ;
Till that day we'll talk of him,
Heav'n supplies no richer theme.

HYMN CLVI.

Unto you therefore which believe he is precious.
1 PET. ii. 7.

WE'LL speak of Christ, nor heed we who
Should disapprove the theme ;
When he is precious in our view,
'Tis sweet to speak of him.

- 2** And he is precious in the sight
Of all who know his voice ;
'Twas he who brought them to the light,
And taught them to rejoice.

- 3 'Tis he who cheers them by his smile,
 And guards them by his pow'r,
 Who keeps them safe from force and guile,
 In ev'ry trying hour.
- 4 'Tis he who will conduct them home,
 Beyond the reach of ill,
 Where all the ransom'd people come,
 Where saints for ever dwell.
- 5 Let glory wreath his blessed head,
 Who once was crown'd with thorns ;
 Whose blood upon the cross was shed,
 Whom man reviles and scorns.
- 6 And let his people make their boast
 Of him, and him alone,
 Who came from heav'n to save the lost :
 The praise be all his own.

HYMN CLVII.

I have set the Lord always before me. Ps. xvi. 8.

O H! how many subjects draw us
 From that sweet, that sacred theme,
 Of his love, who, when he saw us
 In our sins, and far from him,
 Form'd a wondrous plan to save,
 And himself for sinners gave.

- 2 Were the Saviour, as he should be,
 Always set before our eyes,
 This would never be, nor could be,
 Other themes we should despise ;
 What our hearts desire and seek,
 'Tis of that we love to speak.

- 3 Saviour, let thy great salvation
 Be the theme of our delight,
Subject of our meditation,
 Till our faith shall end in sight ;
Till before thee we appear,
And behold thy glory near.

HYMN CLVIII.

What do ye more than others ?. MATT. v. 47.

A ND do we hope to be with Him
Who on the cross resign'd his breath ;
Who died a victim to redeem
His people from eternal death ?

- 2 Then should the question oft recur,
 What do we more than others do ?
How do we show that we prefer
 The things above to those below ?
- 3 Where is that holy walk that suits
 The name and character we bear ?
And where are seen those heav'nly fruits
 That shew we're not what once we were ?
- 4 Allied to Him who bore the cross,
 And call'd the people of the Lord,
The world to us should seem but loss,
 And worthless all it can afford.
- 5 As pilgrims on their journey home,
 'Tis thus his people should be found ;
Who seek a city yet to come,
 And cannot rest on earthly ground.

6 'Tis thus his people prove their birth,
 'Tis thus they glorify their Lord ;
 To others they resign the earth,
 And hasten to their bright reward.

HYMN CLIX.

And he said, come in, thou blessed of the Lord.
 GEN. xxiv. 31.

WELCOME hither, friends beloved,
 Ye, to whom our Lord is dear ;
 They who are by him approved,
 Ever shall be welcome here :
 'Tis our privilege to know
 Those who serve our Lord below.

2 Welcome, brethren, welcome hither,

In our Saviour's name we meet ;
 While we now remain together,
 May our fellowship be sweet :
 We will speak of things above,
 All our theme a Saviour's love.

3 Thanks to Him, by whose permission,

We can meet without alarm ;
 Free from human opposition,
 Sav'd from ev'ry hostile arm :
 Though our foes are all around,
 Jesus makes our peace abound.

4 'Tis to Him we owe our treasure,

All we have, and hope to have ;
 Come, ye saints, unite with pleasure,
 Sing of Jesus, strong to save :
 Join the happy hosts above,
 Celebrate the God of love.

The Gospel.**HYMN CLX.**

Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound.

PSALM lxxxix. 15.

SWEET sounds of grace are heard abroad,
The sinner is surpris'd and charm'd ;
He feels the conqu'ring pow'r of God,
He feels it, and is straight disarm'd.

2 Till now to vain desire a prey,
Nor peace nor pleasure could he find ;
But see, old things are past away !
New objects occupy his mind.

3 A Saviour's love, a Saviour's death;
(Fit themes for sinful man to hear,)
Not heard before, or not in faith,
Now captivate his list'ning ear.

4 The world no longer keeps his heart,
His chains dissolve before the cross ;
His choice is now the better part,
And former gain appears but loss.

5 'Tis thus the Gospel wins its way ;
It brings good tidings to the poor ;
And those who nothing have to pay,
Are welcome to its richest store.

HYMN CLXI.

Sinners, of whom I am chief. 1 TIM. i. 15.

THE Gospel comes with welcome news
To sinners lost like me ;
Their various schemes let others choose,
Saviour ! I come to thee.

- 2** Of sinners sure I am the chief,
 But grace is rich and free ;
 This welcome truth affords relief
 To *sinners*, ev'n to me.
- 3** Of merit now let others speak,
 But merit I have none ;
 For merit 'tis in vain to seek ;
 I'm sav'd by grace alone.
- 4** 'Twas grace my wayward heart first won,
 'Tis grace that holds me fast ;
 Grace will complete the work begun,
 And save me to the last.
- 5** Then shall my soul with rapture trace
 What God has done for me,
 And celebrate redeeming grace
 Throughout eternity.

HYMN CLXII.

I will sing of mercy. PSALM ci. 1.

I HEAR a sound that comes from far,
 It fills my soul with joy and love ;
 Not seraphs' voices sweeter are,
 That echo through the courts above.

- 2** 'Tis mercy's voice that strikes my ear,
 From Calvary it sounds abroad ;
 It soothes my soul and calms my fear,
 It speaks of pardon bought with blood.
- 3** And is it true that many fly
 The sound that bids my soul rejoice ;
 And rather choose with fools to die,
 Than turn an ear to mercy's voice ?

- 4 Alas for those ! the day is near
 When mercy will be heard no more ;
 Then will they ask in vain to hear
 The voice they would not hear before.
- 5 With such I own I once appear'd,
 But now I know how great their loss ;
 For sweeter sounds were never heard,
 Than mercy utters from the cross.
- 6 But let me not forget to own
 That if I differ aught from those,
 'Tis due to sov'reign grace alone,
 That oft selects its proudest foes.

HYMN CLXIII.

And the truth shall make you free. JOHN viii. 32.

WELCOME news the Gospel brings,
 Welcome news from heaven above,
 Tidings from the King of kings,
 Tidings full of grace and love.

- 2 O ye sons of men, give ear !
 Listen to the “joyful sound,”
 Better news ye cannot hear :
 In the Gospel truth is found.
- 3 Truth, that makes the simple wise,
 Truth, on which the hungry feed,
 Truth, the minister of joys,
 Truth, that makes us free indeed.
- 4 Welcome news the Gospel brings,
 Welcome to the poor and vile,
 Gladden'd by these glorious things,
 Guilt and poverty may smile.

Addresses to Unbelievers.

HYMN CLXIV.

A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself ; the simple pass on, and are punished.

PROV. xxii. 3.

TO the ark away, or perish,
Sinners, to the ark away ;
Vain the hope, that thousands cherish,
Of deliv'rance in that day,
When destruction
Cometh, that no arm can stay.

2 Sinners, be advised, and haste ye
To the ark that open lies ;
Why, O why, in folly waste ye
Precious time that quickly flies ?
Soon your laughter
Will be turn'd to mournful cries.

3 Hear the Lord himself invite you
To his arms, a refuge sure ;
O believe him, lest he smite you
With a curse that none can cure :
When he thunders,
Who his anger can endure ?

4 They are safe, and none beside them,
Who the Saviour's word obey ;
They are safe, for he will hide them
In the dark and gloomy day ;
He will hide them
Till the storm has pass'd away.

5 Then a bright and glorious season
 Shall succeed, and never end ;
 Hear him then, for there is reason,
 Jesus is the sinner's friend ;
 Safe his people :
 Nothing shall his saints offend.

HYMN CLXV.

Doth not wisdom cry ? PROV. viii. 1.

SINNERS, hear, for God hath spoken ;
 'Tis the God that reigns on high,
 He, whose law the world has broken,
 Sends you tidings of great joy ;
 Hear his message,
 Hear it, sinners, lest ye die.

2 'Tis of Jesus, God's own equal,
 Blessed ere the world began ;
 Sinners, mark th' important sequel,
 Cloth'd in flesh, he died for man :
 'Tis the Gospel
 Brings to light love's gracious plan.

3 Hear the Gospel, sinners hear it,
 Joyful news from heav'n it brings ;
 Here's a fountain, O draw near it !
 Open'd by the King of kings ;
 Living water
 Thence in streams eternal springs.

4 Hear the Gospel, slaves of pleasure,
 Here are joys that never end ;
 Ye, whose God is earthly treasure,
 Why for nought your labour spend ?

Boundless riches
See in Christ the sinner's friend.

- 5 Ye who with the wise are number'd,
Here may learn what wisdom is ;
All by worldly cares encumber'd,
Come and find your rest in this :
'Tis the Gospel
Shews the road to heav'nly peace.
- 6 Sinners, hear, why will ye perish ?
Death to life O why prefer ?
Why your vain delusions cherish ?
Why from truth persist to err ?
Wisdom calls you,
Happy they who learn of her.

HYMN CLXVI.

When the poor and needy seek water, I the Lord will hear them. ISAIAH xli. 17.

SINNERS, come, though poor and needy,
Jesus will relieve the poor ;
He declares, " All things are ready,"
And what Jesus says is sure :
O believe him !
Take of mercy's boundless store.

- 2 Hear how God himself beseeches—
‘ Sinners, be ye reconcil'd ; ’
Jesus in the Gospel teaches
How a foe becomes a child ;
When he suffer'd,
Love prevail'd and justice smil'd.

- 3 See his sacred body broken !
 Broken on th' accursed tree ;
 Hear the words the Lord hath spoken—
 “ Sinners live, beholding me ; ”
 Hopeless sinner,
 Thus the Saviour speaks to thee.
- 4 Should you slight his great salvation,
 Can you stand when he appears ?
 When the Judge shall take his station,
 What will then avail your tears ?
 Seek, O seek him !
 While the Lord in mercy hears.

HYMN CLXVII.

Why will ye die ? EZEK. xviii. 31.

SINNER, wilt thou still go on ?
 Fear'st thou not eternal death ?
 Think how ev'ry hope is gone,
 When the sinner yields his breath.

- 2 Did some earthly int'rest call,
 Wouldst thou, couldst thou careless be ?
 Think of thine eternal all !
 Sinner, what's the world to thee ?
- 3 Can the world remove thy sin ?
 Can it set thy conscience free ?
 Can it give thee peace within ?
 Sinner, what's the world to thee ?
- 4 Why, ah why provoke the Lord !
 Is thine arm omnipotent ?
 Why despise his gracious word ?
 Why upon destruction bent ?

- 5** Canst thou still of sin make light,
 Nor suppose the danger great ?
 See the cross ! for there's a sight
 Well explains thy awful state.
- 6** See the Lamb of God in pain !
 Pain like his has never been ;
 This, in language clear and plain,
 Speaks the true desert of sin.
- 7** But while justice gives the wound,
 Mercy's voice is heard to say,
 " See the ransom I have found !
 Jesus is the living way."
- 8** Sinner, here is hope for thee,
 Jesus bore the sinner's shame ;
 This is thy sufficient plea,
 Life is in his saving name.

HYMN CLXVIII.

But when thou makest a feast, call the poor.
 LUKE xiv. 13.

THE King has made a feast,
 Where choice with plenty vies ;
 'Tis furnish'd with the best
 His rich domain supplies :
 Its varied store
 Is for the poor ;
 Then haste, ye poor, and come away,
 The King invites, why now delay ?

- 2** Why should the poor refuse
 A banquet spread for them ?
 Deride the joyful news,
 The proffer'd good contemn ?

'Tis madness all
To slight his call ;
Then haste, &c.

- 3 This King is Lord of all,
And Jesus is his name ;
If you neglect his call,
Your portion will be shame ;
But they are bless'd
Who share his feast ;
Then haste, ye poor, and come away,
'Tis Jesus calls, why now delay ?

HYMN CLXIX.

What will ye do in the day of visitation ? EZEK.

SINNERS, living without God,
Hear the voice of sov'reign mercy,
Else expect to feel the rod,
In the day of controversy ;
When the Saviour comes again,
Comes from heav'n to plead with men.

- 2 Though conceal'd from mortals now,
Jesus will appear in glory ;
God pronounces all below
Fading, vain, and transitory :
All we see at last shall fall.
Destin'd to destruction all.

- 3 Why then fight with God above ?
Why persist your hearts to harden ?
O be wise, nor slight his love,
While the Gospel speaks of pardon ;
Pardon through a Saviour's blood,
Pardon freely giv'n of God.

HYMN CLXX.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, &c. ISAIAH iv. 1.

A DAM'S ruin'd sons and daughters,
Hear the voice of God, and live;
Come ye, come ye to the waters,
Come, for God will freely give :
Here the spring of life is found,
Streams of mercy here abound.

- 2 Why your substance vainly spending
To procure what is not food ?
To the Saviour's voice attending,
You will find substantial good :
Jesus is the Saviour giv'n,
Jesus is the bread from heav'n.
- 3 Hear the Saviour, O ye thoughtless !
They who hear him not must fall :
Will ye trust your schemes as faultless,
While the Lord condemns them all ?
O be wise, and hear the Lord !
Fight no more against his word.

HYMN CLXXI.

Ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain. ACTS ii. 23.

SEE the Saviour, sinners slew him ;
Yet for sinners he was slain ;
Sinners now are welcome to him,
Such compose the Saviour's train ;
Sinners ransom'd by his blood,
Sinners reconcil'd to God.

- 2 See the holy victim suff'ring,
 Sinners here's a sight for you ;
 Here's an all-sufficient off'rning,
 O believe the record true !
 See the Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Ev'ry other hope is vain.
- 3 'Tis a true and joyful saying,
 Jesus came to save the lost ;
 Grace and truth at once displaying,
 God the Saviour, true and just :
 Sinners, hear his gracious voice,
 In his saving work rejoice.

HYMN CLXXII.

But now commandeth all men every where to repent, &c. ACTS xvii. 30.

WHAT a day of awful terror,
 When the Saviour shall appear !
 Ye who, led away by terror,
 See no danger, own no fear,
 O bethink you !
 Now to wisdom's voice give ear.

- 2 Simple ones, though oft admonish'd,
 Still pass on—no fear have they ;
 But they learn at length, when punish'd,
 What it is to go astray :
 Awful lesson !
 They can never find the way.
- 3 See the fatal end of scorning
 The reproof by wisdom sent ;
 O be wise, and take the warning ;
 'Tis a voice in mercy meant :

Be admonish'd ;
God commands you to repent.

- 4** Grace and justice meet together
In the Saviour's work of love ;
Whither will ye fly, ah whither,
When he cometh from above,
Should you slight him,
Should his counsel fruitless prove ?
-

Effects of the Gospel.

HYMN CLXXIII.

To turn them from darkness to light.

ACTS xxvi. 18.

BOUNDLESS glory, Lord, be thine !
Thou hast made the darkness shine ;
Thou hast sent a cheering ray ;
Thou hast turn'd our night to day.

- 2** Hither is the Gospel come ;
'Tis "the pow'r of God" to some ;
O let such in praise unite
To the Lord who gives them light.
- 3** Darkness long involv'd us round,
Till we knew "the joyful sound ;"
Then our darkness fled away,
Chas'd by truth's celestial ray.
- 4** *They* are bless'd, and none beside,
They who in the truth abide ;
Clear the light that marks their way,
Leading to eternal day.

- 5 Ye who walk this heav'ly road,
 Hasting to the saints' abode,
 See how bright it shines above !
 There appears the God of love.
- 6 Soon your stronger sight will bear
 To behold that glory near ;
 Light that *now* would but destroy,
Then will yield sublimest joy.

HYMN CLXXIV.

*And thou shalt speak and say, a Syrian ready
 to perish was my father, &c, DEUT. xxvi. 5.*

- “ **R**EADY to perish,” Lord, we lay,
 And only for destruction meet ;
 Yet unconcern’d we seem’d to say,
 “ Disgrace is pleasant, ruin sweet.”
- 2 Foolish in mind, deprav’d in will,
 The vilest, basest slaves were we ;
 And such we had continued still,
 Had not thy mercy set us free.
- 3 Yes, Lord, we’ll tell what thou hast done,
 And if we boast, we’ll boast in thee ;
Thine arm the victory has won,
 For none were greater foes than we.
- 4 A light surpris’d us on the way,
 When flying we were found of thee ;
 Thus, Lord, may all thy people say,
 But none with greater truth than *we*.
- 5 And, though we have no perfect rest,
 Till we attain our place above,
 Yet *here* we count thy people bless’d,
 As favour’d objects of thy love.

- 6 Ev'n here, from Canaan's fertile fields,
 Some earnest of the fruits we share ;
 And if the taste such pleasure yields,
 How sweet to be for ever there !
- 7 Lord, let the years roll swiftly on,
 That we may take our place above,
 May *there* proclaim what thou hast done,
 And sing thine everlasting love.

HYMN CLXXV.

When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Ps. cxxvi. 1.

WHEN Jesus broke the chains that bound me,
 I hardly could believe it true ;
 All nature seem'd to smile around me,
 And brightest prospects cheer'd my view.

- 2 It seem'd like some enchanting vision,
 That charms awhile, but cannot last ;
 And much I fear'd some sad transition,
 Some change that all my hopes would blast.
- 3 But when my doubts and fears had vanish'd,
 I felt a joy unknown before ;
 Like one restor'd who had been banish'd,
 Restor'd, to leave his home no more.
- 4 Thus ancient Isra'l saw with wonder,
 How God had set his people free ;
 When those who long had kept them under,
 At his command resign'd their prey.
- 5 And now to sin no more a servant,
 O may I live to God alone !
 Blameless in life, in spirit fervent,
 In me may all his will be done.

6 And when my work on earth is over,
 The work assign'd me here to do,
 In heav'n my Lord will then discover,
 His matchless glories to my view.

HYMN CLXXVI.

Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing, &c. PSALM xxx. 11.

God has turn'd my grief to gladness,
 He has made my heart rejoice ;
 I who lately pin'd in sadness,
 Now can raise my thankful voice :
 Sweet it is the saints to join,
 Sweet to call their Saviour mine.

2 O how short is his displeasure !
 As a moment it appears ;
 But his love is without measure,
 Still the same through endless years :
 Weeping may the night employ,
 But the morning beams with joy.

3 Jesus smiles, and from his favour,
 Life and joy are found to flow ;
 O for faith that does not waver !
 Lord, on me this faith bestow :
 Since thy promise changes not,
 Grant that I may never doubt.

4 Help me now, ye saints, to praise him ;
 Join, ye angels, while we sing ;
 Though our efforts cannot raise him,
 (What can raise our glorious King ?)
 Praise should never cease to flow ;
 'Tis the tribute that we owe.

HYMN CLXXVII.

And Jesus asked him, what is thy name, and he said, Legion. LUKE viii. 30.

WELL might he be callēd *Legion*,
 Who my soul did occupy ;
 Round about through all the region
 None was more possess'd than I :
 Satan held me till one stronger
 Came and set the pris'ner free ;
 Satan then could reign no longer,
 Jesus made him yield his prey.

2 'Mong the dead the Saviour found me ;

There it was I lov'd to dwell ;
 Solemn vows had often bound me ;
 What could bonds like these avail ?
 As when Samson, rous'd from slumber,
 Broke with ease the chains he wore,
 So my vows, whate'er their number,
 Yielded to the tempter's pow'r.

3 They who in my madness knew me,

Gaze and wonder at the change ;
 At the Saviour's feet they view me,
 And confess the matter strange :
 Many think the change a sad one,
 Look upon it as a curse ;
 Though the case was once a bad one,
 Yet they think the present worse.

4 Fearful of the world's derision,

Eager too to see his face,
 Oft I ask'd the Lord's permission,
 With himself to take my place ;

But whene'er I ask'd this favour,
 'Twas his word, or seem'd to be,
 " Go and spread the truth's sweet savour,
 " Tell what God has done for thee."

- 5** Be it so, since thou hast said it,
 Be this world awhile my place ;
 And may those who hear me credit
 What I tell them of thy grace !
 Soon I hope to stand before thee,
 Soon to join the hosts above,
 There for ever to adore thee,
 And proclaim thy matchless love.

HYMN CLXXVIII.

O Lord our God, other Lords beside thee have had dominion over us, &c. ISAIAH xxvi. 13.

ONCE to other Lords we bow'd,
 None were more enslav'd than we ;
 Once we join'd the thoughtless crowd,
 Saviour, now we come to thee.

- 2** Long, too long, alas ! we were
 Slaves of sin and foes to thee ;
 Now with truth we can declare,
 None owe more to grace than we.

- 3** Lord, we now confess with shame,
 How we slighted all thy love ;
 How we long withheld thy claim,
 And against thy mercy strove.

- 4** Henceforth we desire to be
 Thine alone, for ever thine ;
 Thou hast set the pris'ners free,
 Saviour, on thy people shine.

5 Let us walk with thee below,
 Thee on whom our hopes depend,
 Then with all thy people go
 Thither, where our conflicts end.

HYMN CLXXIX.

He brought me up also out of an horrible pit.
 PSALM xl. 2.

 R ESCU'D from the lake infernal,
 Sav'd from yonder dark abyss,
 Jesus gives us life eternal,
 Now we live since we are his ;
 Now we hope with him to be
 Happy through eternity.

2 O how great our former danger,
 When we walk'd in folly's ways !
 He who lives to God a stranger,
 Far from peace and safety strays.
 Under guilt, enslav'd by sin,
 All is dark and foul within.

3 Long, too long, our hearts were harden'd,
 We despis'd the truth of God,
 But the Lord our sin has pardon'd,
 He has wash'd our souls with blood,
 Blood of him who fills a throne,
 Blood of Christ, the Holy One.

4 Let us bow and fall before him,
 Let us bow before our King ;
 Lo ! the hosts of heav'n adore him,
 All above his praises sing :
 Much they owe him, more we owe,
 Sinners sav'd from endless woe.

HYMN CLXXX.

*While we look not at the things which are seen,
but at the things which are not seen.*

2 COR. iv. 18.

THINGS unseen engage us now,
Glorious things to faith reveal'd ;
Yes, through grace, 'tis ours to know
Things that were before conceal'd.

- 2 Things of high importance too,
Things connected with our peace ;
Yes, from these our comforts flow,
All our chief delights from these.
- 3 Since we've known his precious name,
Who on earth sustain'd the cross,
Pomp and pleasure, wealth and fame,
All the world is counted loss.
- 4 Better things appear in view,
Drawing us away from earth ;
Shall we stoop then to pursue
Objects of inferior worth ?
- 5 No : we'll leave the world behind,
Once the object of our love,
And be satisfied to find
Rest among the saints above.

Reproach of the Cross.

HYMN CLXXXI.

I go to prepare a place for you. JOHN xiv. 2.

AND art thou, gracious Master, gone,
A mansion to prepare for me?
Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
And there for ever sit with thee?
Then let the world approve or blame,
I'll triumph in thy glorious name.

- 2 Should I, to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its harmless frown,
Refuse to countenance thy cause,
And make thy people's lot my own,
What shame would fill me in that day,
When thou thy glory wilt display !
- 3 And what is man, or what his smile ?
The terror of his anger what ?
Like grass he flourishes awhile,
But soon his place shall know him not :
Through fear of such a one shall I
The Lord of heav'n and earth deny ?
- 4 No : let the world cast out my name,
And vile account me, if they will ;
If to confess the Lord be shame,
I purpose to be viler still :
For thee, my God, I all resign,
Content if I can call thee mine.

- 5 What transport then shall fill my heart,
 When thou my worthless name wilt own ;
 When I shall see thee as thou art,
 And know as I myself am known !
 From sin, and fear, and sorrow free,
 My soul shall find its rest in thee.

HYMN CLXXXII.

*Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men,
 him will I confess also before my Father.*

MATTHEW x. 22.

THEY who confess the Saviour here
 Must count upon the worldling's sneer ;
 Must reckon on his malice too,
 Nor fear to stand among *the few*.

- 2 How many, through the fear of shame,
 Refuse to own the Saviour's name !
 Lest fools the question should renew,
 And cry, “ Are ye deceivēd too ? ”
- 3 The fear of man thus brings a snare,
 For few his frown and scorn can bear,
 But they should think what Jesus says,
 “ Them who confess me I'll confess.”
- 4 Ah Lord ! with truth we all may tell
 That we have lov'd the world too well ;
 O make us valiant in thy cause !
 And careless of the world's applause.
- 5 While we despise its utmost scorn,
 Let all our works thy truth adorn !
 And when thy glorious day we see,
 O let us be confess'd of thee !

HYMN CLXXXIII.

Despising the shame. HEB. xii. 2.

SHALL I be ashamed of Jesus?
Who so true a friend as he?
He whose offer'd life appeases
Wrath, that else had fall'n on me;
Jesus, when he shed his blood,
Sav'd me from the wrath of God.

- 2** Few would die to save another,
Yet there might be love like this;
Some, to save a friend or brother,
Might resign their life for his;
But the Lord his kindness shows,
While he dies to save his foes.
- 3** Others may profess to love us,
And may seem to be our friends;
But when trials come to prove us,
Then, alas! their friendship ends:
Jesus is what others seem;
Shall I be ashamed of him?
- 4** Lord, thou know'st how oft already
I have been ashamed of thee;
False I've been, and most unsteady,
From the cross too prone to flee:
Yes, my Lord, I tell my shame,
Oft I've blush'd to own thy name.

- 5** O forgive the past, nor let me
Ever be so base again;
When temptation shall beset me,
Lord be near, be near me then;
Teach me to confess thy name,
Careless who approve or blame.

Death of Believers.

HYMN CLXXXIV.

Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory.

1 COR. xv. 57.

COME, look here, ye sons of science,
 Look upon the dying man ;
On the cross is his reliance,
 Faith does more than reason can ;
Read his triumph in his eyes,
 Thus it is the Christian dies.

- 2 **B**oast no more, ye sons of science,
 Death was never foil'd by you ;
To your arms he bids defiance,
 Safe from all that you can do ;
Death comes smiling, when he sees
 Arms against him such as these.
- 3 **D**avid once, by wisdom guided,
 Threw such arms as yours away,
And with other arms provided,
 Sought the foe, and won the day ;
His no sword, nor spear, nor bow,
 Yet he laid the mighty low.
- 4 **I**srael's God the youth directed
 How to aim the deadly blow,
And with arms by him selected,
 David fought and slew the foe ;
Israel's God is still the same,
 Saving those who know his name.

- 5 Happy they, who still confiding
 In the strength of Israel's God,
 And with arms of his providing,
 Meet the haughty foe unaw'd ;
 Though the conflict prove severe,
 They prevail, for God is near.

HYMN CLXXXV.

We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. 2 COR. v.1.

THE tedious pilgrimage is past,
 The forty years have reach'd a close,
 And happy Isra'l now at last
 Is destin'd to enjoy repose.

2 Through toils and death their journey lay,
 And many did their march oppose ;
 But he who led them by the way
 Was mighty to subdue their foes.

3 He took them from the tyrant's hand,
 He led them safely through the deep,
 He promis'd them a fruitful land,
 And will not God his promise keep ?

4 How pleasant, after so much toil,
 To see the land where rest is found ;
 To tread in hope the sacred soil,
 With everlasting verdure crown'd !

5 Thus Isra'l stood on Jordan's banks,
 And view'd the land on th' other side,
 While pleasure spread thro' all his ranks,
 And joy was felt, till then denied.

- 6 And thus the saints, with heav'n in view,
 Rejoice and triumph at the last ;
 Their pilgrimage is ended too,
 And all the storms of life are past.
- 7 This frame dissolves, but well they know
 A nobler house is theirs on high ;
 With pleasure from the world they go
 To meet the Saviour in the sky.

HYMN CLXXXVI.

*And deliver them who through fear of death were
 all their life-time subject to bondage.*

HEB. ii. 15.

NOW come on, thou king of terrors ;
 Once I fear'd thy threat'ning frown ;
 Rescued from my former errors,
 Lo ! my former fears are gone :
 Subject of a greater now,
 To thy pow'r no more I bow.

2 Well thou know'st the name of Jesus ;
 'Tis a sound excites alarm ;
 His I am, and him it pleases
 To defend me from thine arm :
 Death, of terrors once the king,
 Tell me " where is now thy sting ? "

3 When I see the Saviour near me,
 Nothing do I fear from thee :
 He, I know, will kindly hear me,
 He will give me victory :
 On his truth my soul relies,
 And through him thy pow'r defies.

HYMN CLXXXVII.

O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? 1 COR. xv. 55.

LE^T reason vainly boast her pow'r
To teach her children how to die,
The sinner, in a dying hour,
Needs more than reason can supply ;
A view of Christ, the sinner's friend,
Alone can cheer him in his end.

- 2** When nature sinks beneath disease,
And ev'ry earthly hope is fled,
What then can give the sinner ease,
And make him love a dying bed ?
Jesus, thy smile his heart can cheer,
He's blest ev'n then if thou art near.
- 3** The Gospel does salvation bring,
And Jesus is the Gospel theme ;
In death *redeemēd* sinners sing,
And triumph in the Saviour's name :
“ O death, where is thy sting ? ” they cry,
“ O grave, where is thy victory ? ”
- 4** Then let me die the death of those
Whom Jesus washes in his blood,
Who on his faithfulness repose,
And know that he indeed is God :
Around his throne we all shall meet,
And cast our crowns beneath his feet.

HYMN CLXXXVIII.

*Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,
for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.*

LUKE ii. 29, 30.

WHAT pleasure fill'd old Simeon's breast,
While he his infant Lord caress'd,
And gaz'd upon his face !
As he the glorious child survey'd,
He recogniz'd the promis'd seed,
The God of truth and grace.

- 2 How welcome to his eyes the sight !
But one could yield him more delight,
 And that he now enjoys ;
 'Tis Jesus dwelling in the light,
 Whose glory infinitely bright
 The praise of heav'n employs.
- 3 " According to thy gracious word,"
 He cries, " now take thy servant, Lord,
 " For I have seen thy grace ;
 " What more can I expect beneath ?
 " O let me cease on earth to breathe,
 " That I may see thy face !"
- 4 'Tis thus, hope beaming in his eyes,
 The aged saint, before he dies,
 Declares his joy aloud ;
 In death may we prove conqu'rors too,
 And after death the Saviour view
 Reveal'd without a cloud.

HYMN CLXXXIX.

*Having a desire to depart and be with Christ,
which is far better. PHILIP. i. 23.*

WHEN a believer yields his breath,
I follow him with eyes of faith
Where sense can see no more ;
Methinks I see him spread his wings,
And soar above material things,
To yon celestial shore.

- 2 No tongue can tell, no fancy paint,
What transport fills th' enraptur'd saint,
Of paradise possest ;
His wants abundantly supplied !
His wishes fully satisfied !
 Himself supremely blest.
- 3 But what occasions so much joy ?
Or what can now his pow'rs employ,
That yields him such delight ?
'Tis Jesus on his heav'nly throne,
Who sav'd and claim'd him for his own ;
 What object half so bright ?
- 4 How far is what he saw below,
Or all he had the pow'r to know,
By what he sees, excell'd !
The clouds that interpos'd before
Obstruct his clearer view no more,
 And Jesus stands reveal'd.
- 5 But see ! he joins the ransom'd throng,
And swells the grand triumphant song
 “ Of Moses and the Lamb ; ”

JESUS, the object of their praise,
 The LORD, who deign'd such worms to raise,
 Th' unsearchable "I AM!"

- 6 O may we know the Saviour's grace,
 And then in heav'n behold his face,
 On wings angelic borne !
 For this let men our hope contemn !
 Well pleas'd we'll smile and pity them,
 And haste beyond their scorn.

HYMN CXC.

It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory.
 1 COR. xv. 43.

WHEN the appointed hour is come
 That Jesus takes his people home,
 The body sinks to dwell below,
 And lets th' imprison'd spirit go.

- 2 The paradise of God receives
 The saint, when he the body leaves ;
 Where Jesus gives him purest joys,
 Till the last trumpet's awful voice.
- 3 Then shall his body rise again,
 Exempt from all disease and pain ;
 In weakness and dishonour sown,
 The Lord will raise it like his own.
- 4 A pris'n no more, a mansion fair,
 And form'd the spirit's joys to share !
 In perfect union now they meet,
 And dwell in happiness complete.

HYMN CXCI.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.
REV. xiv. 13.

HARK! a voice, it cries from heaven,
“ Happy in the Lord who die !”
Happy they to whom ’tis given
From a world of grief to fly !
They indeed are truly blest,
From their labour then they rest.

- 2** All their toils and conflicts over,
Lo ! they dwell with Christ above ;
O what glories they discover
In the Saviour whom they love !
Now they see him face to face,
Him who sav’d them by his grace.
- 3** ’Tis enough, enough for ever,
'Tis his people's bright reward ;
They are blest indeed who never
Shall be absent from the Lord :
O that we may die like those
Who in Jesus then repose !

HYMN CXCII.

And the spirit shall return to God who gave it.
ECCLES. xii. 7.

A WAY ! thou dying saint, away !
Fly to the mansions of the blest ;
Thy God no more requires thy stay,
He calls thee to eternal rest.

- 2 Thy toils at length have reach'd a close,
No more remains for thee to do ;
Away, away to thy repose,
Beyond the reach of evil go.
- 3 Away to yonder realms of light,
Where multitudes, redeem'd with blood,
Enjoy the beatific sight,
And dwell for ever with their God.
- 4 Go, mix with them, and share their joy,
In heav'n behold the sinner's Friend ;
In pleasures share that never cloy,
In pleasures that will never end.
- 5 And may our happy portion be,
To join thee in the realms above,
The glory of our Lord to see,
And sing his everlasting love.

HYMN CXIII.

For what is your life ? it is even a vapour.
JAMES iv. 14.

WHAT is life ? 'Tis but a vapour,
Soon it vanishes away ;
Life is like a dying taper,
O my soul, why wish to stay ?
Why not spread thy wings, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy ?

- 2 See that glory, how resplendent !
Brighter far than fancy paints,
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

- 3 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love.
Through the heav'ns his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 4 Go, and share his people's glory,
'Midst the ransom'd crowd appear ;
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

HYMN CXCIV.

ON THE DEATH OF ONE MUCH BELOVED AND REGRETTED.

My flesh also shall rest in hope. Ps. xvi. 9.

- A WAY ! he calls thee hence away,
Before thy Lord with joy appear ;
We cannot, do not bid thee stay,
Though loth to part with one so dear.
- 2 The storm is hush'd, and all is still,
Her conflicts are for ever past ;
And now, beyond the reach of ill,
She waits the trumpet's final blast,
- 3 The signal of our Lord's return,
When all his saints shall rise again,
The mark no more of human scorn,
But glorious like their Master then.
- 4 The people of the Lord may say,
The friends we mourn are gone before,
And soon we hope to see the day,
When we shall meet, to part no more.

- 5 How sweet, how blessed thus to see
 The last great foe bereft of pow'r!
 'Tis Jesus sets his people free,
 And gilds with light their final hour.
- 6 O teach us, Lord, to follow those
 Who run the heav'nly race, and win !
 That when our mortal life shall close,
 Our life of glory may begin.
-

Commencing and Concluding Worship.

HYMN CXCV.

I cried unto thee, save me. PSALM cxix. 146.

GOD of our salvation, hear us,
 Bless, O bless us, ere we go ;
 When we join the world, be near us,
 Lest thy people careless grow :
 Saviour, keep us,
 Keep us safe from ev'ry foe.

2 Let us live in view of heaven,
 Where we hope to see thy face ;
 Save us from unhallow'd leaven,
 All that might obscure thy grace ;
 Keep us walking
 Each in his appointed place.

3 As our steps are drawing nearer
 To the place we call our home,
 May our view of heav'n grow clearer,
 Hope more bright of joys to come ;
 And when dying,
 May thy presence cheer the gloom.

4 In the day of thine appearing,
 When the trump of God shall sound,
 May we hear it, nothing fearing,
 Though all nature sinks around,
 By our Saviour
 Rais'd, and then with glory crown'd.

HYMN CXCVI.

Speak, for thy servant heareth. 1 SAM. iii. 10.

IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
 We, thy people, now draw near ;
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
 Speak, and let thy servants hear,
 Hear with meekness,
 Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
 May we give them, Lord, to thee !
 Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
 May we run, nor weary be,
 Till thy glory
 Without clouds in heav'n we see.

3 There in worship purer, sweeter,
 Thee thy people shall adore ;
 Tasting of enjoyment greater
 Far, than thought conceiv'd before ;
 Full enjoyment,
 Full, unmix'd, and evermore.

HYMN CXCVII.

Early will I seek thee. PSALM lxiii. 1.

LORD, we come to seek thee early,
Hear, O hear us when we cry !
Thou hast bought thy people dearly,
Thou hast brought the strangers nigh :
God our Saviour !
All thy people's wants supply.

- 2 Lord, we bless thee, that invited
We draw near and seek thy face ;
Once the privilege we slighted,
Ours was then a fearful case :
God our Saviour !
We adore thy sov'reign grace.
- 3 Through the desert safely guide us,
Cheer us, when by toil oppress ;
Though the world around deride us,
Thine, we know, are truly blest ;
Soon thy people
Shall from all their labours rest.
- 4 In the midst of foes and strangers
Keep thy people safe from harm ;
While they pass through toils and dangers,
Hold them with thy mighty arm,
And convey them
There, where foes no more alarm.

HYMN CXCVIII.

Make us to go in the path of thy commandments.
PSALM cxix. 35.

KEEP us, Lord, O keep us ever !
 Vain our hope, if left by thee ;
 We are thine, O leave us never,
 Till thy face in heav'n we see,
 There to praise thee
 Through a bright eternity !

- 2 All our strength at once would fail us,
 If deserted, Lord, by thee ;
 Nothing then could aught avail us,
 Certain our defeat would be ;
 Those who hate us
 Thenceforth their desire would see.
- 3 But we look to Thee as able
 Grace to give in time of need ;
 Heav'n, we know, is not more stable
 Than the promise which we plead ;
 'Tis thy promise
 Gives thy people hope indeed.
- 4 Lead us then a way we know not,
 Make the darkness round us light ;
 When thy will thy people do not,
 Pardon, cleanse, and set them right,
 Till in glory
 All in joyful songs unite.

HYMN CXCIX.

For he hath said I will never leave thee.

HEB. xiii. 5.

NEVER leave us nor forsake us,
 Thou on whom our souls rely ;
 Till thou shalt for ever take us
 To behold that glory nigh,
 Which, though distant,
 Fills thy people's hearts with joy.

- 2 They are blest, and none beside them,
 They who hope, O Lord, in thee ;
 They are blest, though all deride them,
 They, whom grace and truth make free ;
 Joys await them :
 Where thou art, they hope to be.
- 3 Joys await them without measure,
 Theirs, conferr'd by royal grant ;
 Rivers of eternal pleasure,
 For which now thy people pant,
 Shall supply them,
 And they then shall feel no want.
- 4 'Tis the hope of this that charms them
 From the love of all below ;
 Hope of this with boldness arms them
 To oppose the mighty foe :
 Hope of glory
 Sweetens toil and lightens woe.

HYMN CC.

I will be with thee in trouble. PSALM xcii. 15.

O H! our Saviour, be thou near us,
 While we live, and when we die ;
 From thy throne of mercy hear us,
 When from day to day we cry ;
 Let our conflicts
 End in everlasting joy.

2 Many trials here await us,
 'Tis thy people's lot we know ;
 In the midst of those who hate us
 We shall be while here below ;
 But thy presence
 Cheers us when oppress'd by woe.

3 Precious is thy word of promise,
 Precious to thy people here ;
 Never take thy mercy from us,
 O! our Saviour, still be near ;
 Living, dying,
 May thy name our spirits cheer !

HYMN CCI.

Seek ye me, and ye shall live. AMOS v. 4.

T O thee we come, our God, to thee,
 We come to seek thy face ;
 Before thy throne thy people see,
 Before thy throne of grace.

2 We bring thy promise, and we plead
 Thy mercy and thy name ;
 To our petitions, Lord, give heed,
 And put us not to shame.

- 3** Subdue the foes that are within,
 Our mighty foes subdue ;
O ! break in us the pow'r of sin,
 And make us, Lord, anew.
- 4** We know, in such a strife as this,
 How vain are mortal pow'rs ;
 No strength but thine sufficient is,
 Against such foes as ours.
- 5** In us thy pleasure, Lord, fulfil,
 The work of faith with pow'r ;
 That we may do and love thy will,
 Nor leave thee from this hour.

HYMN CCII.

Watching daily at my gates. PROV. viii. 34.

FEW we are, but though still fewer,
 Yet would God incline his ear ;
 Well we know that we are slower
 Far to ask, than he to hear ;
 Thus encourag'd,
 Let us to his throne draw near.

- 2** Happy they who wait his leisure,
 Who in faith and patience wait ;
 Happy they, to whom 'tis pleasure
 To attend at wisdom's gate ;
 Good awaits them,
 And the peace they have is great.
- 3** They who know not God are strangers
 To the joys his people have ;
 In the midst of fears and dangers,
 He is near to help and save ;
 And his presence
 Renders even the coward brave.

4 Let us then in faith and patience
 Wait on him who hears our cry ;
 He fulfils our expectations,
 He will all our wants supply ;
 He will give us
 Present and eternal joy.

HYMN CCIII.

O Lord, make haste to help me. Ps. xl. 13.

THANKS to Him who thus permits us
 In his gracious name to meet ;
 Who for conflict arms and fits us,
 Else for such a strife unfit ;
 In his service
 Loss is gain, and pain is sweet.

2 O! our Saviour, be thou near us,
 When we join the world again ;
 In the time of trouble hear us,
 Nor forsake thy people then ;
 O preserve us,
 Lest we learn to “ walk as men.”

3 Thine we are, and thine we would be,
 Lord, we would be thine alone ;
 What thou doest is what should be,
 This is to thy people known ;
 Teach us always
 Thus to say “ Thy will be done.”

4 In our way through life supply us,
 Lord, with grace to live to thee ;
 In the hour of death stand by us,
 Grant us then the victory,
 And hereafter
 Let us all thy glory see.

HYMN CCIV.

Hear my prayer, O Lord. Ps. xxxix. 12.

THANKFUL for thy kind permission
 To appear before thy throne,
 Lord, we come with our petition,
 Tho' with claim and merit none ;
 All we ask for
 Is the fruit of grace alone.

2 Yet this grace sufficient ever
 For thy people's need is found ;
 Sweet assurance ! never, never,
 Let us leave this solid ground ;
 This supports us
 When our wants and fears abound.

3 Lord, we plead with thee for pardon ;
 Who can need it more than we ?
 Make us as a water'd garden,
 Fruitful let thy people be ;
 'Tis thy pleasure
 That thy people live to thee.

4 Keep us in a world of sorrow,
 When we call, O hear our pray'r ;
 Let us trust thee for the morrow,
 Free from boasting, free from care ;
 When they trust thee,
 Happy then thy people are.

HYMN CCV.

Waiting at the posts of my doors. PROV. viii. 34.

SWEET are the seasons when we wait
 To hear what God our Lord will say ;
 For they who watch at wisdom's gate
 Are never empty sent away,

- 2** Behold us, Lord, a few of thine,
 Who hither come to seek thy face ;
In mercy on thy people shine,
 And let thy presence fill the place.
- 3** How sweet, how blessed is the thought
 That thou dost hear thy people's cries !
And whether thou dost give or not,
 'Tis love that grants, and love denies.
- 4** O teach us, Lord, to wait thy will,
 To be content with all thou dost ;
For us thy grace sufficient still,
 With most supplied when needing most.
- 5** Till life shall end, thus let it be,
 And, O sustain us in that hour ;
That conflict past, we hope to see
 The Saviour whom we here adore.
- 6** We hope at length to take our part
 With yonder host, through trouble brought :
We hope to see thee as thou art,
 And then to praise thee as we ought.

HYMN CCVI.

Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace. ROM. xv. 13.

GOD of hope and consolation,
 Sweeten ev'ry bitter cup ;
Thine a great, a free salvation,
 Thou canst hold thy people up.
Great thou art in operation,
 Thou art rich in grace and love ;
O fulfil our expectation,
 Lead us safe to joys above.

- 2** Never can we taste enjoyment
 Pure and full, till thou appear ;
 Praise thy people's blest employment,
 Praise, that day, unmix'd with fear.
 When thou comest, Lord, what gladness
 Will be felt by all thy friends !
 Then they bid adieu to sadness,
 Then their night of trouble ends.
- 3** Through a world of sorrow going,
 Keep us from the evil, Lord ;
 'Tis thine arm we trust to, knowing
 Nought but this can hope afford :
 When the sharpest trials prove us,
 Be thou near, and hold us fast ;
 Keep us, Lord, that nought may move us,
 Till the stormy day is past.
- 4** Then thy people sorrow never,
 Then the storm is heard no more ;
 Peace and joy are ours for ever,
 When we land on yonder shore :
 Fear and hope alike are banish'd,
 And thy saints are fully blest ;
 All that caus'd them fear has vanish'd,
 All they hop'd for is possess'd.

HYMN CCVII.

Cause thy face to shine. Ps. lxxx. 3.

MAKE thy face to shine upon us,
 O ! our Saviour and our king ;
 Then, tho' all should scorn and shun us,
 We are blest, and we may sing ;
 From thy favour
 Life, and hope, and gladness spring.

- 2 Smile thou, and thy people heed not
 Though the world around revile ;
 Smile thou, and thy people need not
 Fear, tho' match'd with force and guile ;
 Foes ten thousand
 Cannot harm them if thou smile.
- 3 Smile thou then, O smile from heaven,
 They are blest who wait on thee ;
 Let this grace to us be given,
 Thee to know, and thine to be,
 Here to serve thee,
 And in heav'n thy face to see.
- 4 There to tell the wondrous story
 Of the grace that made us thine ;
 There with all thy saints in glory
 As the stars of heav'n to shine ;
 And for ever
 In thy praise with angels join.

HYMN CCVIII.

Be of good cheer, it is I. MATT. xiv. 27.

L ORD, when thou thyself art present,
 Then it is thy people say,
 "Praise our God, for praise is pleasant,"
 Then it is thy people pray ;
 'Tis thy presence
 Turns the darkest night to day.

- 2 Be thou present then to cheer us,
 All thy people ask is this ;
 We are safe when thou art near us,
 Where thou art, there safety is ;

Keep thy people,
And no foe shall make them his.

3 Often, Lord, our hearts we harden,
And forget how much we owe;
See, we come to thee for pardon,
Bid us not unblest to go;
For thy favour
Better is than life we know.

4 Love like thine has pow'r to soften
Hearts like ours, though hard as stone;
To thy cross, O! bring us often,
Be its pow'r to us made known;
There thy people
Learn to live, and there alone.

5 From this sight let nothing move us,
From this mournful, joyful sight;
And when trials come to prove us,
Trials, needful all and right,
May they find us
Arm'd, and ready for the fight.

HYMN CCIX.

Where two or three are met in my name, there am I. MATT. xviii. 20.

HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
And come according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee;
Ah Lord, behold us at thy feet!
Let this the “gate of heaven” be.

- 3 "Chief of ten thousand," now appear,
 That we by faith may see thy face!
 Oh speak, that we thy voice may hear,
 And let thy presence fill this place!
- 4 Lord, thou hast cast a pleasant lot
 For those whom thou hast call'd thine own;
 'Tis true the world esteems them not,
 But thou wilt place them on thy throne.
- 5 Then let the worldling boast his joys!
 We've meat to eat he knows not of;
 We count his treasures worthless toys,
 While we possess a Saviour's love.
- 6 Lord, let thy people's views be clear,
 And let their hearts be fill'd with love;
 O may their light to all appear,
 And prove their doctrine from above.

HYMN CCX.

*Wherfore come out from among them and be ye
 separate, saith the Lord. 2 COR. vi. 17.*

LORD, behold us few and weak,
 Humbly at thy feet we fall:
 See, we come thy face to seek;
 Deign, O deign to hear our call.

- 2 When we lay in sin and death,
 Thou didst pass and bid us live,
 Thou didst give thy people faith,
 Thou didst all our sin forgive.
- 3 Jesus, thou didst shed thy blood,
 On this rock our hope we raise;
 Thou hast brought us nigh to God,
 Thine the work and thine the praise.

- 4 'Tis thy will that we should be
 Separate from all around ;
 Let our will with thine agree,
 Let thy people thus be found.
- 5 Teach us, Lord, to walk with thee,
 Teach us to adorn thy cause ;
 Let us live in unity,
 Hating pride and self-applause !
- 6 Let us bear each other's load,
 Faithful to each other prove,
 Till we gain the saints' abode,
 Till we take our place above.
- 7 There to see without a cloud,
 There without fatigue to sing ;
 Mix with heav'n's triumphant crowd,
 And for ever praise our King.

HYMN CCXI.

Cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.

PSALM LXXX. 19.

L ORD, we esteem the favour great,
 And give the praise to thee,
 That we can thus together meet,
 And none to make us flee.

- 2 But all our meetings barren prove,
 Except thou shew thy face ;
 Come then, dear Saviour, from above,
 And consecrate this place.
- 3 O let the visits of thy love
 The purest joys impart !
 Let all our deadness now remove,
 And zeal fill ev'ry heart :

4 Zeal to confess thy glorious name,
 In spite of earth and hell,
 Thy loving kindness to proclaim,
 And all thy goodness tell !

5 Lord, let thy people's light so shine,
 That all the world may see,
 And own its origin divine,
 And give the praise to thee.

HYMN CCXII.

I will instruct thee and teach thee. Ps. xxxii. 8.

LORD, behold thy people here
 Come to learn what thou wilt say ;
O in mercy now draw near !
 Meet thy people when they pray ;
 Thou art God, and thou alone,
 Lord, we worship at thy throne.

2 Jesus, 'tis on thee we call,
 Isra'l's Saviour, Isra'l's King ;
 Low before thy feet we fall,
 Thine, whom angels love to sing ;
 Saviour, lead us in the way,
 Only thee would we obey.

3 Teach us what we do not know,
 Lord, instruct us in thy will ;
 What we learn, O may we do !
 To thy voice obedient still ;
 Close to thee may we abide,
 Thee, our Saviour and our guide.

HYMN CCXIII.

And he shall give you another comforter—even the Spirit of truth. JOHN xiv. 16.

JESUS is gone up on high,
But his promise still is here,
“ I will all your wants supply ;
“ I will send the Comforter.”

2 Let us now his promise plead,
Let us to his throne draw nigh,
Jesus knows his people’s need,
Jesus hears his people’s cry.

3 Who can boast a lot like theirs
Whom the Lord vouchsafes to own ?
Jesus listens to their prayers,
What they ask in faith is done.

4 Saviour, this is our request,
“ On us make thy face to shine ; ”
Grant us this, and for the rest,
All is ours when we are thine.

5 Send us, Lord, the Comforter,
Pledge and witness of thy love,
Dwelling with thy people here,
Leading them to joys above.

6 Till we reach the promis’d rest,
Till thy face unveil’d we see,
Of this blessed hope possest,
Teach us, Lord, to live to thee.

HYMN CCXIV.

I will instruct thee and teach thee. Ps. xxxii. 8.

GRANT us, Lord, thy gracious presence,
While we worship at thy throne ;
Teach our souls important lessons,
Lessons learn'd of thee alone.
While we pray, and sing and hear,
In the midst do thou appear ;
Sin reproving,
Fear removing,
Light to all our minds impart,
Love convey to every heart.

HYMN CCXV.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised.
PSALM lxxxviii. 1.

PRAISE the Saviour, ye who know him,
Jesus well deserves your praise :
O ye careless, turn ye to him,
Turn from folly's fatal ways ;
In the Gospel
Jesus all his grace displays.

2 Saviour, full of love and pity,
Grant repentance to thy foes ;
Till thy saints in heav'n are with thee,
Let them on thine arm repose,
And grow stronger,
Till their arduous strife shall close.

HYMN CCXVI.

For the Gospel is preached unto us. HEB. iv. 2.

PRAISE we him, by whose kind favour
 Heav'ly truth has reach'd our ears ;
 May its sweet reviving savour
 Fill our hearts, and quell our fears !
 TRUTH—how sacred is the treasure !
 Teach us, Lord, its worth to know ;
 Vain's the hope, and short the pleasure,
 Which from other sources flow.

2 What of truth, we've now been hearing,
 Lord, to ev'ry heart apply ;
 In the day of thine appearing,
 May we share thy people's joy !
 Till thou take us hence for ever,
 Saviour, guide us with thine eye ;
 This our aim, (O leave us never !)
 Thine to live, and thine to die.

HYMN CCXVII.

Shew me a token for good. PSALM lxxxvi. 17.

OF thy love, some gracious token
 Grant us, Lord, before we go ;
 Bless thy word which has been spoken,
 Life and peace on all bestow,
 When we join the world again,
 Let our hearts with thee remain ;
 O direct us,
 And protect us !
 Till we gain the heav'nly shore,
 Where thy people want no more.

HYMN CCXVIII.

Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.

JOHN xvi. 33.

SAVIOUR, be thou with us, going
 With the world to mix again ;
 'Tis thy strength we trust to, knowing
 We are weak as other men ;
 If thou keep us,
 We are safe, and only then.

2 Precious is thy word of promise,
 Precious to thy people here ;
 Though the foe would wrest it from us,
 Thou hast bid us nothing fear ;
 In our trials,
 Thou hast said thou wilt be near.

3 In thy strength we bid defiance
 To the world, its smile or frown ;
 On thy strength our whole reliance,
 On thy strength, and not our own ;
 Happy are we
 When we trust to thee alone.

4 May we thus, till life is over,
 Trust in thee, and valiant prove ;
 Ev'ry day fresh cause discover,
 Cause of wonder, joy, and love ;
 And victorious
 To our place in heav'n remove.

5 There to see our Saviour's glory,
 There to serve him without fear ;
 There to tell the wondrous story
 Of the grace that found us here ;
 And for ever
 Praise the name to sinners dear.

HYMN CCXIX.

Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.
PSALM cxliv. 15.

L ORD, dismiss us hence with gladness,
Be thy people's lot our choice ;
'Tis thy foes have cause of sadness,
But thy people may rejoice ;
Who shall harm them,
While they hear and know thy voice ?

2 From thy word with food provided,
May we feed thereon and grow ;
And by thee, our Saviour, guided,
Through the pathless desert go ;
While the Gospel
Charms our hearts from all below.

3 Saviour, keep all evil from us,
Go before us in the way ;
Till we reach the land of promise,
Be thy word our guide and stay :
Joy and triumph
Shall be ours in that bright day.

4 Then thy people's griefs are over ;
Then thy people cease to fight ;
In that day thou wilt discover
All thy glory to our sight :
God our portion,
God our everlasting light.

HYMN CCXX.

Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I, &c. MATT. xviii. 20.

WHEN two or three together meet,
In his great name who reigns above,
Their fellowship and work is sweet ;
They meet, and they depart in love.

- 2 The Lord is with his people there,
Wherever they are met to pray ;
He listens to their feeble pray'r,
And sends them not unblest away.
- 3 O be it, Lord, to us this day,
According to thy gracious word !
And send us not unblest away,
But pardon, peace, and strength afford.
- 4 We nothing have, but all is thine ;
While thou art rich we cannot want ;
Thine ear, O Lord, to us incline,
And what thy people pray for, grant.
- 5 To love and serve thee better, Lord,
Is all the favour that we seek ;
Thine all-sufficient help afford,
And then we shall be strong, tho' weak.
- 6 Thus arm'd to conflict we may go,
And boldly meet the adverse pow'r's ;
Thus arm'd, we need not fear the foe,
For everlasting strength is ours.

HYMN CCXXI.

I cried unto the Lord with my voice.

PSALM iii. 4.

O OUR God ! we call upon thee ;
 Thou art God, and thou alone ;
 Though the world around us shun thee,
 Lord, we bow before thy throne :
 They are blessed,
 They, to whom thy grace is known.

2 Nothing, Lord, have we to boast of,
 Nothing we can call our own ;
 Strength and wisdom they have most of,
 Who depend on thee alone :
 O our Saviour !
 Thee as “ Lord and Christ ” we own.

3 Thou art glorious ; we are wretched ;
 Yet possess’d of all in thee ;
 When we see thine arm outstretched ,
 Then our foes in fear we see ;
 Then a thousand
 At the sight of one shall flee.

4 To thy name we now betake us,
 To thy name, a refuge sure ;
 Never leave us nor forsake us,
 Us, so helpless and so poor,
 Till our trials
 End, and foes molest no more.

HYMN CCXXII.

The Lord shall bless thee out of Zion.

PSALM CXXVIII. 5.

TO thee, O Lord our God, we come,
For thou art great, and thou art good ;
Within thy house we know there's room,
And on thy table richest food.

- 2 For mercy, Lord, we come to thee,
For grace to help in time of need :
Thy promise is our only plea,
And this with confidence we plead.
- 3 No goodness, Lord, or strength have we ;
We live upon our Saviour's grace ;
Nor would we less dependent be ;
We do not ask a higher place.
- 4 'Tis sweet to know, that all we need
Is found in Him by whom we live ;
Then grant us that for which we plead,
Increase our faith, our sin forgive.
- 5 Before we go, thy servants bless,
For they whom thou dost bless, are blest ;
Of everlasting righteousness,
And everlasting strength possess'd.

HYMN CCXXIII.

NOW may the Spirit from above
Impart his holy fire !
And cause our hearts to glow with love,
And vehement desire.

- 2 The sweet desire of holy things,
 That finds its element
 In converse with the King of kings,
 With nought but this content.
- 3 The pledge of sacred joys to come,
 Anticipation bless'd
 Of heav'n, our everlasting home ;
 Of heav'n, our place of rest.
- 4 A feeling not to be express'd,
 But sweetly known to those
 Who lean upon the Saviour's breast,
 Who on his truth repose.
- 5 To us the Comforter be giv'n,
 Whose presence better is
 Than life itself, than all but heav'n ;
 We ask no grace but this.
-

For a Revival.

HYMN CCXXIV.

My word shall not return unto me void.
 ISAIAH lv. 11.

S AVIOUR, follow with thy blessing
 Truths deliver'd in thy name,
 Thus the word, thy pow'r possessing,
 Shall declare from whence it came :
 Mighty let the Gospel be,
 All subduing, Lord, to thee.

- 2** Let the word be food to nourish
 Those whom thou hast call'd thine own ;
 Let thy people's graces flourish,
 Flourish to thy praise alone :
 Thou who mad'st the sinner live,
 Further life alone canst give.
- 3** Let the sinner see his danger,
 Shew him, Lord, his fearful state,
 While he lives to thee a stranger,
 Loving what his soul should hate ;
 Let him now thy truth receive,
 Let him now repent and live.

HYMN CCXXV.

The sure mercies of David. ISAIAH lv. 3.

SOUNDS of mercy come from heaven,
 In the Gospel strike our ears ;
 Happy he to whom 'tis given
 To believe the truth he hears !
 Then the Saviour
 Precious in his sight appears.

- 2** O our God ! let thousands hearing
 Of thy love in every place,
 Though till now as foes appearing,
 Foes to thee, the God of grace,
 Turn them to thee,
 And begin to seek thy face.
- 3** Lord, remove the sinner's blindness,
 Give him eyes that he may see ;
 And let many, won by kindness,
 Leave the world to follow thee ;
 Mighty Saviour,
 Set the captive sinner free.

HYMN CCXXVI.

He sendeth out his word. PSALM cxviii. 18.

SAVIOUR, bless the word to all,
Quick and powerful let it prove ;
O let sinners hear thy call !
And thy people grow in love.

2 Thine own gracious message bless,
Follow it with pow'r divine,
Give the Gospel great success,
Thine the work, the glory thine.

3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice,
Send, O send thy truth abroad !
Let the nations hear thy voice,
Hear it, and return to God.

HYMN CCXXVII.

The entrance of thy word giveth light.

PSALM cxix. 130.

O MAY the Gospel's conq'ring force
Be felt by all who hear its sound !
So shall it prove its heav'nly source,
And praise shall to our God redound,

2 Lord, let thy mighty voice be heard,
Speak in the word, and speak with pow'r,
So shall thy glorious name be fear'd
By those who never fear'd before.

3 O pity those who lie in sin !
Preserve them from the sinner's doom ;
Open the ark and take them in,
And save them from the wrath to come.

4 So shall thy people joyful be,
 The angels too will louder sing,
 And both ascribe the praise to thee,
 To thee the everlasting King.

HYMN CCXXVIII.

*For God, who commanded the light to shine out
 of darkness, hath shined in our hearts.*

2 COR, iv. 6.

THOU who didst command the light
 First upon the world to shine,
 Put the shadows, Lord, to flight,
 By the beams of truth divine ;
 Let the sinner turn to thee,
 Let him now thy glory see.

2 Darkness reigns till thou art known ;
 Darkness can no longer reign ;
 Vain delusive hope is gone,
 When the joyful truth is seen ;
 Sweet the hope the Gospel gives,
 Blest the sinner who believes.

3 Saviour, all our prayer fulfil,
 Let thy people too be blest,
 On their hearts more deeply still
 Let the truth be now imprest ;
 Let them go from strength to strength,
 Till they come to heav'n at length.

HYMN CCXXIX.

*For the word of God is quick and powerful,
sharper than any two-edged sword. HEB. iv. 12.*

“ **Q**UICK and powerful is the word,
“ Sharper than a two-edg'd sword ;”
In the Lord Jehovah's hand,
Nothing can its force withstand.

- 2 How its pow'r was felt of old,
They who felt its pow'r have told;
Many were the wonders wrought,
Multitudes were fed and taught.
- 3 Mighty God, whose word it is,
Hear our pray'r, and grant us this,
What thy pow'r has done before,
Now descend and do once more.
- 4 Give the word, let many speak,
Many hear, and many seek,
Seek thy face, whom angels praise,
Love thy truth and learn thy ways.
- 5 Happy days when God descends !
When his pow'r the word attends,
Then the truth its beauty shows,
Charms and conquers all its foes.

HYMN CCXXX.

*For our Gospel came not unto you in word only,
but also in power. 1 THESS. i. 5.*

MAY the pow'r that brings salvation,
Still exerted in the word,
By its quick'ning operation,
Life impart and joy afford !

Life to sinners,
Joy to those who know the Lord.

- 2** Hark the voice of love proclaiming
 Mercy through a Saviour's blood !
Vain the schemes of human framing,
 This alone is own'd of God ;
 'Tis the Gospel
Points to heav'n, and shows the road.

HYMN CCXXXI.

Let all that are round about him bring presents unto him that ought to be feared. Ps. lxvi. 11.

SINNERs we, but sinners savēd,
(Praise to sov'reign grace alone !)
Now approach thee, Son of David,
 Thee who fill'st yon heav'nly throne :
When we turn our eyes around us,
 Thousands perishing we see ;
Thou who brak'st the chains that bound us,
 Set our friends and neighbours free.

- 2** Though we can't but fear for many,
 So unthinking they appear,
Why should we despair of any,
 When we know what once *we* were ?
Bound with twice ten thousand fetters,
 Thou hast set thy servants free ;
Sure there's none can greater debtors
 Be to sov'reign grace than we.

- 3** What thou hast for us effected
 Shows us what thy pow'r can do ;
We, whom grace has thus selected,
 Would have others savēd too !

Thoughtless sinners, Lord, awaken,
 Let them see their fearful state,
 Lest their souls be snar'd and taken,
 And they mourn at length too late.

- 4 Grant thy people too a blessing,
 Lord, revive thy work in them ;
 Peace and joy in thee possessing,
 Let them glorify thy name :
 Still of thee their Master learning,
 Let them grow in mutual love ;
 And the world, their grace discerning,
 Own the power from above.

HYMN CCXXXII.

The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind.

PSALM cxlvii. 8.

SAV'D ourselves by Jesu's blood,
 Let us now draw nigh to God ;
 Many round us blindly stray,
 Mov'd with pity let us pray,
 Pray that they who now are blind,
 Soon the way of truth may find.

- .2 Lord, awaken all around,
 Let them know the joyful sound ;
 Slaves to Satan heretofore,
 Let them now be slaves no more ;
 Lord, we turn our eyes to thee,
 Set the captive sinner free.

- 3 Glorious things of thee are told,
 What thine arm has wrought of old ;
 Thousands once its pow'r confess'd,
 O for seasons like the past !

Lord, revive the former days,
Thine the pow'r, and thine the praise.

HYMN CCXXXIII.

He was lost and is found. LUKE xv. 24.

WE were lost, but God has found us,
God, who seeks and saves the lost ;
Let us pray for those around us,
Thousands by the world engross'd ;
Though they seem from God to fly,
God has pow'r to bring them nigh.

- 2 Lord, behold the sinner wand'ring
Far from thee, and far from peace :
All his precious substance squand'ring
In pursuit of earthly bliss ;
Show him, Lord, that none can be
Truly blest till brought to thee !
- 3 Let thy word go forth with power,
Spread abroad "the joyful sound,"
O ! our light, our strength, our tower,
Make thy glory known around ;
Let the truth's resistless force
Stop the sinner in his course.
- 4 Of their Master's honour jealous,
Let thy people plead thy cause,
In thy service bold and zealous,
Let them scorn the world's applause ;
Whether men approve or blame,
Let them own thy glorious name.

Lord's Day.

HYMN CCXXXIV.

Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord. JOHN xx. 20.

COME, let us all rejoice to-day,
 The day the Saviour rose,
 And sent confusion and dismay
 Among his vanquish'd foes.

- 2 His people's fears unfounded prov'd,
 (Though much his people fear'd,)
 But all their doubts were straight remov'd,
 When he again appear'd.
- 3 Their joy was great, 'twas greater than
 Than had they felt no dread,
 To see their Master's face again
 Was joy, 'twas joy indeed.
- 4 If we are his and hear his voice,
 As they did so we do ;
 We think like them, like them rejoice,
 Like them we suffer too.
- 5 Like them too we shall see a day
 When grief and labour end,
 When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
 And Jesus shall descend :
- 6 Descend, and bear his people hence
 To dwell with him above,
 Where they shall see his face, and whence
 They never shall remove.

HYMN CCXXXV.

Make thee two silver trumpets—that thou mayest use them for the calling of the assemblies.

NUMB. x. 2.

THE day of rest once more comes round,
 A day to all believers dear ;
 The silver trumpets seem to sound,
 That call the tribes of Isra'l near ;
 Ye people all
 Obey the call,
 And in JEHOVAH's courts appear.

2 Obedient to thy summons, Lord,
 We to thy sanctuary come ;
 Thy gracious presence here afford,
 And send thy people joyful home.
 Of thee, our King,
 O may we sing,
 And none with such a theme be dumb !

3 O hasten, Lord, the day when those
 Who know thee here shall see thy face ;
 When suff'ring shall for ever close,
 And they shall reach their destin'd place ;
 Then shall they rest,
 Supremely blest,
 Eternal debtors to thy grace.

HYMN CCXXXVI.

And shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, &c. ISAIAH lviii. 13.

EV'RY thought should be directed
 Heav'nward through this hallow'd day ;
 Worldly themes should be rejected,
 Themes that draw the soul away ;

'Tis the day of sacred rest,
 'Tis the day the Lord has blest.

- 2** O what glorious themes invite us,
 When we look on mercy's plan !
 These are themes may well delight us,
 Themes of joy to guilty man ;
 Full of sweetness, full of grace,
 Suited to the sinner's case.
- 3** Why should we grow weary thinking
 Of the Saviour's grace and love ?
 From these springs his people drinking,
 Get a taste of joys above ;
 O 'tis good the Lord to know !
 'Tis our heav'n begun below.

HYMN CCXXXVII.

*And call the Sabbath the holy of the Lord,
 honourable.* ISAIAH I. 13.

I FAIN would love the day of rest,
 Would still esteem this day the best,
 But oft, alas ! I've need to say,
 “ How barren is my soul to-day !”

- 2** True—I frequent the house of pray'r,
 I go and sit with others there ;
 I hear, and sing, and seem to pray,
 But oft my mind is call'd away.
- 3** I fain would see the Saviour near,
 Of him would think and speak and hear ;
 But vain and sinful thoughts intrude,
 And draw my soul from what is good.

- 4 Redeem'd from earth by Jesus' blood,
 I fain would give the day to God ;
 But, seldom to my purpose true,
 'Tis mine to plan, but not to do.
- 5 Of sinners, Lord, I am the chief ;
 O bring thy worthless worm relief !
 Revive thy work within my soul,
 And all my thoughts and pow'rs control.

HYMN CCXXXVIII.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.

PSALM LXXXIV. 18.

WHEN I can see the Saviour's grace,
 And call the Saviour mine,
 I feel content in ev'ry place,
 The darkness seems to shine.

- 2 In such a frame I greatly prize
 The day the Saviour claims ;
 Nor envy then the great and wise,
 Their joys and golden dreams.
- 3 With those who love the Saviour's name
 I choose to have my part ;
 And, if my portion should be shame,
 I'll bind it to my heart.
- 4 With saints I'll sanctify the day
 The Lord has call'd his own ;
 I'll go where they are wont to pray,
 And worship at his throne.
- 5 And O ! may ev'ry Sabbath prove
 An earnest of that rest,
 Of which, when we arrive above,
 We hope to be possess'd.

HYMN CCXXXIX.

There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God. HEB. iv. 9.

SWEET day of rest ! for thee I'd wait,
 Emblem and earnest of a state
 Where saints are fully blest !
 For thee I'd look, for thee I'd sigh ;
 I'd count the days till thou art nigh,
 Sweet day of sacred rest !

- 2 But oft (with shame I will confess)
 My privilege my burden is,
 No joy, alas ! have I ;
 When I would take my harp and sing,
 I find it oft without a string,
 And lay it coldly by.
- 3 But while I thus confess my shame,
 'Tis right that I should praise *his* name,
 Who makes me sometimes sing ;
 Yes, Lord, (I'll speak it to thy praise,)
 My cheerful song I sometimes raise,
 And triumph in my King.
- 4 O ! let the case be always so,
 My song no interruption know,
 Till death shall seal my tongue ;
 In heav'n a nobler strain I'll raise,
 And rest from ev'ry thing but praise,
 My heav'n an endless song.

HYMN CCXL.

This is the day the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it. PSALM cxviii. 24.

A NOTHER week begins,
This day we call the Lord's ;
This day he rose, who bore our sins,
For so his word records.

2 Hark how the angels sing !
Their voices fill the sky ;
They hail their great victorious King,
And welcome him on high.

3 We'll catch the note of praise,
Their joys in part we feel ;
With them our thankful song we'll raise,
And emulate their zeal.

4 We cannot sing too loud,
Whom God has deign'd to call ;
To other gods we lately bow'd,
But he has pardon'd all.

5 Come then, ye saints, and sing
Of Christ our risen Lord ;
Of Christ the everlasting king,
Of Christ th' incarnate word.

6 This is the sacred theme
On which the angels dwell ;
How pleasant should the subject seem
To sinners sav'd from hell !

- 7 Hail, mighty Saviour, hail!
 Who fill'st the throne above ;
 Till heart and flesh together fail,
 We'll sing thy matchless love.
- 8 And when these tongues no more
 On any theme can move,
 We hope to sing thy love and pow'r
 With other tongues above.
- HYMN CCXLI.
- Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*
- 1 SAM. vii. 12.
- A NOTHER week is past and gone,
 Rejoice, we're nearer home,
 Our gracious Lord has led us on ;
 And thus far have we come.
- 2 Our Ebenezer here we'll raise—
 The Lord our help has been :
 We'll publish to our Saviour's praise,
 The things our eyes have seen.
- 3 We've seen our foes before us flee,
 They turned and fled apace :
 To God alone the glory be ;
 We'll sing his pow'r and grace.
- 4 We've seen the timid lose their fears,
 And valiant wax in fight ;
 We've seen the mourners dry their tears,
 And put their griefs to flight.
- 5 We've seen the pris'ners burst their chains,
 And walk at liberty ;
 We've seen the guilty lose his stains,
 And without blemish be.

- 6 All this we've seen, and more than tais,
 “ The goings of our King : ”
 The praise be his, and only his,
 Whose pow'r and grace we sing.
- 7 His word, on which we rest, is true,
 Himself a faithful friend :
 And he, who kept us hitherto,
 Will keep us to the end.

HYMN CCXLII.

But now is Christ risen from the dead.

1 COR. xv. 20.

THIS is the day, the sacred day
 When Jesus left the grave :
 Of Him we sing, and well we may,
 His arm is strong to save.

- 2 'Tis sweet to know that by his death
 We live—this grace is sweet :
 The Saviour with his dying breath,
 Proclaim'd his work complete.
- 3 He lives, he reigns the God of love,
 He reigns for evermore :
 His throne, all other thrones above ;
 His name, all names before.
- 4 To Him who died and rose again,
 The Lord of earth and heav'n :
 To him, by angels and by men,
 Be endless glory giv'n.
- 5 The glory due to Him alone,
 Who reigns in heav'n above :
 Who fills the everlasting throne ;
 The God of grace and love.

HYMN CCXLIII.

I was in the spirit on the Lord's day. REV. i. 10.

SACRED be the hours to-day !
 Sacred to our risen Lord ;
 He has borne our sins away :
 Ever be his name ador'd.

2 Sweet it is to think of Him,
 Sweet to speak, and sweet to sing :
 Never can we want a theme,
 Since our Lord himself is king.

3 This is he who reigns above ;
 This is he who reigns below :
 And his people, mov'd by love,
 To his royal sceptre bow.

4 Glad this day, the first of sev'n,
 Glad we sing, "the Lord is ris'n ;"
 Christ our King, the Lord from heav'n,
 Rose this day, and left his pris'n :

5 Left the grave, awhile his pris'n,
 Left it, to return no more :
 Sing we then, " the Lord is ris'n,"
 Sing his name, whom saints adore.

6 Since he rose, his saints shall rise ;
 Since he lives, his saints shall live :
 Theirs are everlasting joys,
 All is theirs that grace can give.

HYMN CCXLIV.

It is Christ that died ; yea, rather, that is risen again. ROM. viii. 34.

THREE'S joyful news for us to-day,
The Lord is ris'n indeed ;
The Surety bore our sins sway,
And we from guilt are freed.

2 It well becomes us then to sing,
For who such reason have ?

Ascribe ye glory to our King ;
His arm is strong to save.

3 Through death he vanquished him who had
The power of death before ;
And now he makes his people glad :
They live for evermore.

4 How glorious is our risen Lord !
His conflict finished is :

And now he goes to his reward,
The crown and sceptre his.

5 Ascribe ye glory to our King ;
Your hearts and voices raise ;
Let all the saints their tribute bring,
The tribute of their praise.

HYMN CCXLV.

And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread. ACTS xx. 7.

THE week's first day is that on which
The Saviour left the grave :
We sing of him in mercy rich ;
His arm is strong to save.

- 2 He drank a bitter cup for us,
How bitter, who can tell?
'Twas thus he paid our debt, and thus
He saved our souls from hell.
- 3 We hail the day, the week's first day,
The day the Saviour rose:
The Lord, he bore our sins away;
From this our comfort flows.
- 4 From this there flows a rich supply
Of all we can require;
'Tis pardon, peace, and holy joy—
What more can we desire?
- 5 What more, but that we may sustain
Untired the holy strife;
And then, with all the victors, gain
A crown, the crown of life?

HYMN CCXLVI.

If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain.
1 COR. xv. 17.

THE day that Jesus rose should be
Remembered by his friends;
Upon his rising, all agree,
Their hope of heaven depends.

- 2 If Jesus rose not from the dead,
His people's hope is vain;
He then would have no pow'r to save,
Nor should they live again.
- 3 But now is Jesus ris'n indeed,
And he "the first fruits" is;
The first fruits of the ransomed seed,
Of those he claims as his.

- 4 As he is ris'n, so they shall rise ;
 As he lives, so shall they :
 A dwelling theirs beyond the skies,
 And theirs a glorious day.
- 5 That day when Jesus shall appear,
 And take his saints to heav'n ;
 To dwell with him for ever there :
 This grace to saints is giv'n.

HYMN CCXLVII.

Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together. HEB. x. 25.

ON this day, the first of seven,
 Sinners we, through grace forgiven,
 Come before the God of heaven :
 Saviour, let us hear thy voice.

- 2 From our hearts remove all sadness ;
 Fill us, Lord, with holy gladness :
 All the worldling's mirth is madness ;
 But thy people should rejoice.
- 3 Of thy love for ever tasting,
 Theirs are pleasures everlasting ;
 Theirs a treasure never wasting,
 Which nor moth nor rust destroys.
- 4 Trusting to thy faithful promise,
 Joy and gladness well become us :
 Who shall wrest the blessing from us,
 Who that force or guile employs ?

HYMN CCXLVIII.

BLESSED day, the first of sev'n !
 'Tis the day when Jesus rose ;
 And, with him, the heirs of heav'n :
 Blessed day, when saints repose.

- 2 Blessed day, when Christians meet,
 Breaking bread in peace and love ;
 Sitting at the Saviour's feet,
 Drawing comforts from above.
- 3 Jesus died and rose again ;
 Jesus took his place above :
 Heaven was filled with rapture then ;
 All was wonder, joy, and love.
- 4 Sing we then of him who died,
 Him who rose again and lives ;
 Sing of Jesus glorified,
 Him who all our sin forgives ;
- 5 Him who saves us by his grace,
 Keeps us till the final day ;
 Gives us then a glorious place :
 Sing of him, for well we may,
-

Missionary.

ON HEARING THE LATE HAPPY NEWS FROM THE SOUTH-SEA
 ISLANDS.

HYMN CCXLIX.

I will talk of thy doings. Ps. lxxvii. 2.

JOY to all the friends of Zion !
 Joy to thousands, joy to us !
 He whose promise we rely on,
 Wondrous is, and wonders does ;
 Praise our Saviour,
 Who revives his people thus.

- 2 Tidings from a distant quarter,
 Full of joy, demand our praise ;
 Is Jehovah's arm now shorter
 Than it was in ancient days ?
 Or his mercy,
 Is it less the fall'n to raise ?
- 3 Joyful let us raise our voices ;
 God, our God, is still the same,
 Still in mercy he rejoices,
 Still he puts his foes to shame ;
 And his people
 Still have cause to bless his name.
- 4 Still the same, and doing wonders ;
 In the whirlwind, in the flame,
 In the storms, and in the thunders,
 In the still small voice the same ;
 Sing with gladness,
 Hallow'd be our Saviour's name.
- 5 What his arm has wrought already
 Shews us what his pow'r can do ;
 Zealous in his cause and steady,
 Let his people onward go ;
 So our Saviour
 Greater wonders yet will shew.

HYMN CCL.

And the tongue of the dumb sing. Isa. xxxv. 6.

HARK ! the sound of distant voices,
 Sweet and solemn is the strain ;
 'Tis the savage—he rejoices,
 Not as once, with joy profane ;
 'Tis the Saviour's praise he sings,
 “ Glory to the King of kings.”

- 2 Whence this change, so great so blessed?
 Tell it through the world abroad;
'Tis the work of God confessēd,
 God himself, the living God;
He has wrought a work so strange,
 He has made this wondrous change.
- 3 Ye who thought the arm contracted,
 That was wont to save of old,
Now behold! a scene is acted,
 Such as God's own word has told;
Yes, a mighty work is done,
 And the hard fought day is won.
- 4 Ye who, round his throne assembling,
 Long have look'd for such a day,
Now rejoice, "Rejoice with trembling,"
 Be not proud, but "watch and pray:"
Much is done, but much remains,
 Ere our Lord his right obtains.
- 5 Though the foe has now retreated,
 Soon he'll come with strength renew'd,
Foil'd in fight and oft defeated,
 Hostile still and unsubdued;
They who fight with such a foe
 Must not sleep as others do.
- 6 Yet rejoice, the cause is glorious,
 His it is who reigns in light,
And his arm will prove victorious,
 For his arm is cloth'd with might;
Soon the foe will lose his pow'r,
 Soon he'll fall to rise no more.

HYMN CCLI.

Cry aloud, spare not. ISAIAH lviii. 1.

SOUND, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Far over sea and land,
('Tis our Lord's own command,) Bear ye his name;

Bear it to ev'ry shore,
Regions unknown explore,
Enter at ev'ry door,
Silence is shame.

3 Speed on the wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;

They who his message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear,
He will their friend appear,
He will be nigh.

4 When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep

Stay'd on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand,
Jesus their Lord.

5 Ye who, forsaking all
 At your lov'd Master's call,
 Comforts resign ;
 Soon will your work be done,
 Soon will the prize be won,
 Brighter than yonder sun
 Then shall ye shine.

HYMN CCLII.

What have I to do any more with idols ?
 HOSEA xiv. 8.

SEE, how many lately bowing
 To their idols, wood and stone,
 Now, a blessed change avowing,
 Bow before the Saviour's throne,
 And with gladness
 Praise the Saviour's name alone.

2 This is cause of joy and wonder,
 God has set the captives free,
 He has burst their bonds asunder,
 Happy they and glorious he ;
 God our Saviour !
 Who can be compar'd to thee ?

3 When thou workest, who shall stay thee ?
 Who shall stay the work begun ?
 Lord, go on, thy people pray thee,
 Till the glorious day is won :
 And the gospel
 Takes its circuit like the sun.

HYMN CCLIII.

Sing unto the Lord. ISAIAH xii. 5.

HARK ! how the distant nations sing,
The mountains and the valleys ring ;
And while they welcome Jacob's star,
With joy we listen from afar.

- 2 'Tis Jacob's star that sheds its light
On lands till now involv'd in night,
And gives the promise of a day,
Whose glories never fade away.
- 3 For joy of this, the people sing,
For joy of this, the mountains ring ;
A cheerful and a blessed sound,
'Twill spread, ere long, the world around.
- 4 A day of promise such as this
The cause of joy and wonder is ;
We wonder, and we praise the Lord,
We own the triumphs of his word.
- 5 The God of Isra'l glorious is,
The kingdom and the pow'r are his ;
While foes, ere long, must own his claim,
His friends shall triumph in his name :
- 6 Shall triumph in his name that day
When heav'n and earth shall pass away ;
God's chosen and appointed heirs,
The bright inheritance is theirs.

HYMN CCLIV.

Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice. Ps. xxxii. 11.

T'TIS a joyful day we live in,
God is doing wondrous things ;
See the foe before him driven,
Hark ! the ransom'd captive sings ;
Sings with gladness,
Glory to the King of kings.

2 Favour'd spot, the spot we live in,
Mercies in our lot abound ;
Chiefly that to us 'tis given
To convey the joyful sound,
To convey it
To the nations all around.

3 They to whom this grace is granted
Should be strong—should valiant prove,
In the face of foes undaunted,
Full of zeal and full of love ;
God is with them,
God, who reigns supreme above.

4 Though a hostile world oppose it,
God's own cause must yet prevail ;
True this is, and he who knows it
May persist, when others fail ;
May be valiant,
When the rest through fear grow pale.

5 "God is with us," this may cheer us
In the darkest day that is ;
"God is with us," and will hear us,
For the cause we plead is his ;
"God is with us,"
All we need is found in this.

HYMN CCLV.

The isles and the inhabitants thereof.

ISAIAH xlvi. 10.

HARK ! the sounds of gladness
 From a distant shore ;
 Like relief from sadness,
 Sadness, now no more :
 'Tis the Lord has done it,
 He has won the day,
 His own arm has won it,
 Joyful let us say.

2 Idols lately bow'd to
 Lie by all abhorr'd ;
 And the people crowd to
 Temples of the Lord :
 What a change ! how glorious !
 Lord, thine arm is strong,
 Thou hast prov'd victorious,
 Though the fight was long.

3 Long the foe resisted,
 Loth to yield his prey ;
 Ev'ry pow'r enlisted,
 And maintain'd the day :
 But his arm is shatter'd,
 And the slaves are free ;
 All his force is scatter'd ;
 Glory, Lord, to thee.

4 Hence those sounds of gladness
 From a distant shore ;
 Then away with sadness,
 And despont no more :

Ye who mourn with Zion,
 And her welfare seek,
 Think of Judah's lion,
 Never faint nor weak.

- 5** When he wakes from slumber,
 And puts on his might,
 What is force or number
 Match'd with him in fight ?
 When his foes assemble,
 Hoping to prevail,
 Soon the valiant tremble,
 And the mighty fail.

HYMN CCLVI.

But thou art the same. Ps. cii. 27.

NOW may the mighty arm awake,
 That wonders wrought in ancient days,
 That Babylon's proud walls may shake,
 And God his own fair temple raise.

- 2** Art thou not still the same, O God ?
 The same to hear, the same to save,
 As when thy servant mov'd his rod
 At thy command, and cleft the wave ?
- 3** Is any thing too hard for thee,
 For thee whose arm is cloth'd with might?
 Then let thy waiting people see
 Thy pow'r display'd, a wondrous sight.
- 4** The pow'r that sets the pris'ner free,
 That wipes the mourner's tears away ;
 The pow'r that makes the blind to see,
 And turns the darkest night to day.

5 Shine, Lord, upon the world around,
 To sinners let thy grace be giv'n ;
 So shall thy people's songs abound,
 And angels feel new joy in heav'n.

HYMN CCLVII.

Thy light is come. ISAIAH lx. 1.

THE friends of truth unite, resolv'd,
 By grace from heav'n to spread the light,
 Throughout the world too long involv'd
 In deepest shades of mental night.

- 2 The night was dark, but now a ray
 Is sent to cheer us with its light,
 It comes, the harbinger of day,
 'Tis day begun—a blessed sight.
- 3 Rejoice, ye people far away ;
 Ye islands of the sea, be glad !
 The day is come, the joyful day,
 The day that God himself has made.
- 4 A light by you unseen, unknown,
 Unheard of, comes to you from far :
 Celestial light ! that never shone
 On you before—THE MORNING STAR.
- 5 The long dark night has clos'd at length,
 Auspicious is the early dawn ;
 The sun shall soon in all its strength
 Arise, and be no more withdrawn.
- 6 The objects of a Saviour's love,
 Though now divided, shall unite
 In yonder distant world above ;
 The Lord, their everlasting light.

7 Then joy to you on whom the morn
 Already sheds its dawning ray ;
 And joy to thousands yet unborn,
 Whose eyes shall see the “ perfect day.”

HYMN CCLVIII.

*Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye
 see. LUKE x. 23.*

THE day is come, the golden day,
 That prophets long foretold should be ;
 And we who see it well may say,
 We see what others wish'd to see.

2 We've seen the Spirit, like a dove,
 (Or seem'd to see) with placid wings
 Descend, inspiring peace and love,
 An earnest of still greater things ;

3 Perhaps an earnest of that day,
 When all the people of the Lord,
 In ev'ry place at length shall say,
 “ We'll seek our God with one accord ;”

4 When party strife, now too much known,
 Shall yield to love's pacific sway,
 And all the saints on earth shall own
 At length, one Lord, one faith, one way.

HYMN CCLIX.

But the word of God is not bound. 2 TIM. ii. 9.

THE word of God now runs indeed,
 'Tis glorified in ev'ry place,
 And captives, from their bondage freed,
 Now sing of grace, of sov'reign grace.

- 2** We hear the song, or seem to hear,
 It comes from earth's remotest bound,
 It sweetly vibrates on the ear,
 A solemn and a cheerful sound :
- 3** A sound of praise, the praise of Him
 Who came from heav'n to save the lost,
 A Saviour's love their only theme,
 A Saviour's death their only boast.
- 4** How glorious is our King to-day !
 At his approach the idols fall ;
 The distant people own his sway,
 And join to crown him " **LORD OF ALL.**"
- 5** This day a day of triumph is,
 Of triumph to the Saviour's friends ;
 The joy is ours, the glory his,
 The Saviour's kingdom never ends.
- 6** His scatter'd people soon shall be
 Collected round his throne above,
 They then shall all his glory see,
 And sing his everlasting love.

HYMN CCLX.

For his name's sake they went forth. 3 JOHN 7.

WHOO are those that go with gladness,
 Far from friends and native land ?
 By the world 'tis counted madness,
 But they do not understand :
 God is with them,
 And they go at his command.

2 These are citizens of Zion,
 Once they lov'd the world alone ;
 Now his promise they rely on,
 Who has claim'd them as his own ;

And he bids them
Go, and make his mercy known.

3 Theirs are toils and theirs are dangers,
While they traverse land and sea ;
Far from home, midst foes and strangers
Is their lot ordain'd to be,
While they publish
Grace to sinners, rich and free.

4 Grace be with them, truth and mercy,
In the work they have to do ;
Theirs an awful controversy,
Awful and yet glorious too :
Grace be with them,
To whatever clime they go.

5 Blessings from the Saviour speed them,
And make ev'ry burden light ;
May the hand of mercy lead them
Safe to yon celestial height,
Where for ever
All is pure and all is bright.

HYMN CCLXI.

Freely ye have received, freely give.

MATT. x. 8.

G O forth, and plant the sacred tree,
The tree of life, 'tis God's command ;
For health and healing it shall be,
A blessing meant for ev'ry land.

2 In ev'ry soil and clime it grows,
Beneath the sun its fruit is found ;
It thrives amidst the winter snows,
When all is waste and dead around.

- 3 Speed then your way to ev'ry land,
 Convey to all the gift of heav'n ;
 We thus obey our Lord's command,
 We freely give what's freely giv'n.
- 4 And, O may he, whose gift it is,
 A blessing on the word bestow ;
 And all the praise be his alone,
 Who saves the lost and ruin'd so.

HYMN CCLXII.

Conquering, and to conquer. Rev. vi. 2.

BEHOLD how the Lord
 Has girt on his sword,
 And from conquest to conquest proceeds ;
 How happy are they
 Who live in this day,
 And witness his wonderful deeds !

- 2 He sends his word forth
 From the south to the north,
 From the east to the west it is heard ;
 The rebel is charm'd,
 The foe is disarm'd,
 No day like this day has appear'd.
- 3 Our voices we'll raise,
 We'll sing and give praise
 To him, who from yonder bright throne
 Dispenses his grace
 In every place,
 We'll sing of his glory alone.
- 4 How glorious is he !
 How blessed are we,
 Ascribing salvation to him !

His footsteps we trace,
His triumphs of grace,
And joyfully dwell on the theme.

- 5** To JESUS alone,
Who sits on the throne,
Salvation and glory belong ;
All hail the blest name !
For ever the same,
Our boast, and the theme of our song.

HYMN CCLXIII.

It shall blossom abundantly. ISAIAH xxxv. 2.

PROPHEtic vision is fulfill'd,
The long neglected soil is till'd,
A skilful and a mighty hand
Is breaking up the fallow land.

- 2** Beneath its culture, yet awhile,
The desert shall be seen to smile ;
And where the thorns and briars spread,
The rose shall soon its fragrance shed.
- 3** Where all is dry, and all is dead,
The cypress soon shall rear its head ;
Where plants injurious flourish now,
The myrtle and the pine shall grow,
- 4** A thousand springs, at God's command,
Shall bless the dry and thirsty land ;
And streams of living water flow,
Where all is parch'd and wither'd now.
- 5** Go on, thou God of pow'r and grace,
Go on, and gladden ev'ry place ;
Nor let a spot, the world around,
Untill'd, or without fruit be found.

HYMN CCLXIV.

And so all Israel shall be saved. ROM. xi. 26.

VES, we hope the day is nigh,
 When many nations, long enslavēd,
 Shall break forth, and sing with joy,
 “Hosanna to the Son of David.”

- 2 Abrah'm's seed, cast off so long,
 Shall then appear among the savēd,
 Shall arise, and join the song,
 “Hosanna to the Son of David.”
- 3 Jews and Gentiles shall unite,
 By Satan's power no more enslavēd,
 And shall sing with great delight,
 “Hosanna to the Son of David.”
- 4 But a brighter day is nigh,
 When Jesus shall collect his savēd,
 Men and angels then shall cry,
 “Hosanna to the Son of David.”

HYMN CCLXV.

Come, behold the works of the Lord.

PSALM xlvi. 8.

COME and see what God is doing,
 His are works of pow'r and grace;
 Round the world his word is going,
 Giving light to ev'ry place;
 'Tis a day expected long,
 Theme of old prophetic song.

- 2** While the nations are contending,
 And the tumult louder grows,
 Through the earth our God is sending
 News of peace to heal our woes ;
 Sounds of mercy sweeter are,
 Heard amidst the din of war.
- 3** Long the nations were benighted ;
 And the darkness had been still,
 But the lamp that God has lighted
 Now is set upon a hill ;
 Many now enjoy the light,
 And with rapture hail the sight.
- 4** Higher still and higher place it,
 Shew it to the world around ;
 Never should we cease to raise it,
 While a nation still is found,
 One to whom it is not giv'n
 To enjoy the light of heav'n.

HYMN CCLXVI.

Every man heard them speak in his own language.
 ACTS ii. 6.

HOW many things combine to shew
 The joyful day is near at hand,
 When truth shall spread, and sinners know
 The Saviour's name in ev'ry land ?

- 2** When did the friends of truth unite
 With so much zeal as now they do,
 To spread abroad its glorious light,
 And bring its excellence to view ?

- 3** Mark how in this auspicious time,
 A time by prophets not unsung,
 The people hear, of ev'ry clime,
 The gospel in their native tongue.
- 4** It runs, it flies through ev'ry land,
 We mark its progress with delight,
 And bless his name at whose command
 A day has ris'n so fair, so bright.
- 5** Nor should his people give him rest,
 Or cease their earnest cry to raise,
 Until Jerusalem be blest,
 And thro' the earth become "a praise."

HYMN CCLXVII.

We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard. ACTS iv. 20.

WE have heard the joyful news,
 Now let others hear it ;
 Bear the tidings to the Jews,
 To the nations bear it :
 They who know the joyful sound
 Never should conceal it,
 But to all the world around
 Far and wide reveal it.

2 Joyful news the Gospel is,
 And to thought confounding ;
 Wonder, O ye heav'ns, at this,
 Sing of grace abounding :
 Grace like this was never known,
 God our nature wearing,
 Making human guilt his own,
 And our sorrows bearing.

3 Spread abroad the joyful sound,
 Fly in all directions ;
 Speak to men the world around,
 Men of all complexions :
 All are sinners needing grace,
 God's own word has said it,
 Go with speed to ev'ry place,
 And unwearied spread it.

4 And may he, whose grace it is,
 Give the word a blessing,
 Make the conquer'd nation his,
 Ev'ry ill redressing ;
 May he take the veil away
 All the earth o'erspreading,
 And his mighty pow'r display,
 All our hopes exceeding.

HYMN CCLXVIII.

Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened.

ISAIAH lix. 1.

LORD, arise, and crush the foe,
 Conqu'ring and to conquer go ;
 See thy people wait and pray,
 Looking for a promis'd day ;
 Yes, thy people wait with reason,
 Looking for a glorious season.

2 Where is now thy gracious ear,
 Is it deaf, and cannot hear ?
 Where the arm that smote the wave,
 Is it weak, and cannot save ?
 Lord, arise, thy people pray thee :
 When thou workest, who shall stay thee ?

- 3 Lord, arise, the pow'r is thine,
 Let thy light from Zion shine ;
 Glorious thou in all thy ways,
 Work as in the ancient days,
 When thine arm thy people guided
 Through the sea, for them divided.
- 4 As when in a thirsty land,
 Water flow'd at thy command,
 Water to refresh thine own,
 Water from the flinty stone ;
 And thy people saw with wonder
 Rocks and mountains cleave asunder.
- 5 God of Isra'l, still the same,
 For the glory of thy name,
 Let thy people now behold
 Mighty works like those of old ;
 Works of pow'r, the mountains moving,
 Works of grace, thy kindness proving.

HYMN CCLXIX.

Lo, I am with you always. MAT. xxviii. 20.

LET the friends of Jesus boldly
 Plead the cause he owns as his,
 Ill it would become them coldly
 To maintain a cause like this ;
 He who owns it
 Lord of life and glory is.

- 2 They who plead the cause of error,
 Labour in the work they love ;
 And shall they, who know the terror
 Of the Lord, less zealous prove ;
 And less gladly
 In their Master's service move ?

3 Long we were, as those who car'd not,
 While the nations went astray ;
 Or as those, we seem'd, who dar'd not
 Meet the foe and take the prey ;
 Henceforth zealous,
 Let us mourn the long delay.

4 Though the world around be strangers
 To the truth, and will oppose ;
 Let us go, nor shrink from dangers,
 Though we meet ten thousand foes ;
 'Tis sufficient ;
 Jesus with his people goes.

HYMN CCLXX.

When thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness.

ISAIAH XXVI. 9.

LET those who are agreed
 That Jesus is THE LORD,
 The sinner's hope indeed,
 His people's blest reward,
 Unite in one
 To make him known,
 And spread abroad, in ev'ry place,
 The tidings of a Saviour's grace.

2 What day like this has been
 So promising and fair ?
 How many signs are seen—
 That shew the season rare !
 And bid us fly
 With eager joy,
 To spread abroad, in ev'ry place,
 The tidings of a Saviour's grace.

3 The judgments of our God
 That shew his mighty arm
 Are in the earth abroad,
 And fill it with alarm ;
 A time like this
 Propitious is,
 To spread abroad, in ev'ry place,
 The tidings of a Saviour's grace.

4 The doors now open stand,
 That lately all were barr'd,
 Unlock'd at his command,
 To whom no work is hard ;
 He points the way,
 Let us obey,
 And spread abroad, in ev'ry place,
 The tidings of a Saviour's grace.

HYMN CCLXXI.

Worship him all ye Gods. Ps. xcviij. 7.

FALL, ye idols, fall before him,
 Lo, the living God appears ;
 All ye gods around, adore him,
 Tremble and confess your fears ;
 Prostrate, from your places hurl'd,
 Own the God that made the world.

2 Long he seem'd as one forgetting,
 Or as one who lay asleep,
 Or as one who car'd not, letting
 All the nations stray like sheep ;
 Only seem'd—He slumber'd not,
 Nor was heedless, nor forgot.

3 But he seems to sleep no longer,
 Lo, he comes to meet his foes ;
 Soon to prove whose arm is stronger,
 His, or theirs, who dare oppose ;
 When his arm is lifted up,
 Who or what his work shall stop ?

HYMN CCLXXII.

This day is a day of good tidings, &c.

2 KINGS vii. 9.

SPREAD the news, go spread it wide,
 Spread the joyful story ;
 Tell how Jesus liv'd and died,
 Spread the victor's glory :
 He is now by angels crown'd,
 He, whom man rejected ;
 Tell to all the nations round
 What he has effected.

2 Having heard the joyful news,
 Let us not conceal it ;
 Rather let his people choose
 Boldly to reveal it :
 'Tis the joyful news, when known,
 Takes away our sadness ;
 This it is, and this alone,
 Fills the heart with gladness.

3 Let us then with zeal engage
 In a work so glorious ;
 Knowing, though the foe should rage,
 Truth will prove victorious.
 'Tis a cause that must prevail,
 Let who may desert it,
 Since the arm that cannot fail
 Will with pow'r assert it.

HYMN CCLXXIII.

Because that for his name's sake they went forth.

3 JOHN 7.

WHILE in the general joy we share,
 And learn the Lord to bless,
 Who makes our native land his care,
 And gives her arms success :

- 2 On other deeds we fix our eyes,
 On deeds of higher boast,
 On deeds whose mem'ry never dies,
 Whose good is never lost.
- 3 On those we look, who, distant far
 From friends and native land,
 To meet the pow'rs of darkness dare,
 At God's supreme command.
- 4 They face the perils of the wave,
 The perils of the land,
 The perils of the clime they brave,
 A chosen faithful band.
- 5 A voluntary service theirs,
 Their work a work of love ;
 'Tis love that dissipates their fears,
 And makes them constant prove.
- 6 The world knows nothing of their deeds,
 Or if it knows, disdains ;
 But God above, their labour heeds,
 And shares in all their pains.
- 7 Be patient then, ye champions bold,
 Nor weary in the strife ;
 Your Master you will soon behold,
 And gain a crown of life.

HYMN CCLXXIV.

And they caused great joy to all the brethren.
ACTS xv. 3.

GLAD we hear, from day to day,
What the Lord is doing,
How the Gospel wins its way,
Sinners' hearts subduing :
What a glorious work is his !
Work, for ever lasting ;
Ev'ry other work but this
Fading is and wasting.

- 2 While the judgments of the Lord
Heav'n and earth are shaking,
Rous'd from slumber by his word,
Thousands are awaking :
Swiftly flies "the joyful sound,"
Heav'nly truth declaring,
To a guilty world around,
News of pardon bearing.
- 3 Saviour, let thy message run,
Message of salvation,
Take its circuit like the sun,
Visit every nation.
Earth has long been overspread,
Overspread with sadness ;
Let the day-spring come with speed,
Bringing light and gladness.

HYMN CCLXXV.

Let God arise. PSALM lxviii. 1.

LE T God arise,
The only wise,
And let his foes before him fly ;
At his command
Let ev'ry land
Be fill'd with light and sacred joy.

2 The dawning ray
Of that bright day,
Whose sun shall gladden ev'ry place,
A light imparts
That cheers our hearts,
And bids us toil and danger face.

3 The Lord has said
His truth shall spread,
And all the earth his glory see ;
Arise, O Lord,
Fulfil thy word,
And thine alone the honour be.

4 Thy people wait
With hope elate ;
Not distant far the day appears,
When war shall cease,
And heav'ly peace
Shall wipe away ten thousand tears.

5 Then Abrah'm's seed,
From bondage freed,
Shall taste of liberty and joy ;
From home long driv'n,
But now forgiv'n,
The waster shall no more destroy.

6 This day is light,
 But far more bright
 The day when Jesus will return ;
 He'll wipe away
 All tears that day,
 His people never more shall mourn.

HYMN CCLXXVI.

The Lord shall reign for ever, even thy God, O Zion. PSALM cxlvii. 11.

ZION'S King shall reign victorious,
 All the earth shall own his sway,
 He will make his kingdom glorious,
 He will reign through endless day :
 What though none on earth assist him ?
 God requires not help from man ;
 What though all the world resist him ?
 God will realize his plan.

2 Nations now from God estrangēd,
 Then shall see a glorious light,
 Night to day shall then be changēd,
 Heav'n shall triumph in the sight :
 See the ancient idols falling !
 Worshipp'd once, but now abhorr'd ;
 Men on Zion's King are calling,
 Zion's King by all ador'd.

3 Then shall Isra'l, long dispersēd,
 Mourning seek the Lord their God,
 Look on him whom once they piercēd,
 Own and kiss the chast'ning rod :
 Then all Isra'l shall be savēd,
 War and tumult then shall cease,
 While the greater Son of David
 Rules a conquer'd world in peace.

4 Mighty King, thine arm revealing,
 Now thy glorious cause maintain,
 Bring the nations help and healing,
 Make them subject to thy reign :
 Angels, in their lofty station,
 Praise thy name, thou only wise ;
 O let earth, with emulation,
 Join the triumph of the skies.

HYMN CCLXXVII.

Then thou shalt say in thine heart, who hath begotten me these. ISAIAH xlix. 21.

“ GIVE us room that we may dwell,”
 Zion’s children cry aloud ;
 See their numbers how they swell,
 How they gather like a cloud ;
 Go and tell the joyful story,
 ’Tis the day of Zion’s glory.

2 O how bright the morning seems !
 Brighter from so dark a night ;
 Zion is like one that dreams,
 Fill’d with wonder and delight ;
 Zion’s night of grief is ended,
 Zion of her God befriended.

3 Zion, now arise and shine,
 Lo ! thy light from heav’n is come ;
 These that crowd from far are thine,
 Give thy sons and daughters room ;
 Sorrow from thy cup is taken,
 Thou shalt be no more forsaken.

4 Lo ! thy sun goes down no more,
 God himself will be thy light ;
 All that caus'd thee grief before
 Buried lies in endless night :
 Earthly pomp is short and wasting,
 Thine is glory everlasting.

HYMN CCLXXVIII.

Cry aloud, spare not. ISAIAH lviii. 1.

MEN of God, go take your stations,
 Darkness reigns throughout the earth ;
 Go, proclaim among the nations
 Joyful news of heav'nly birth ;
 Bear the tidings
 Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

2 Of his Gospel not ashamed,
 As "the pow'r of God to save,"
 Go, where Christ was never named,
 Publish freedom to the slave !
 Blessed freedom !
 Such as Zion's children have.

3 What though earth and hell united
 Should oppose the Saviour's plan ?
 Plead his cause, nor be affrighted,
 Fear ye not the face of man ;
 Vain their tumult,
 Hurt his work they never can.

4 When expos'd to fearful dangers,
 Jesus will his own defend ;
 Borne afar midst foes and strangers,
 Jesus will appear your friend,
 And his presence
 Shall be with you to the end.

HYMN CCLXXIX.

To proclaim liberty to the captives. ISA. lxi. 1.

NOW let the trumpet's cheerful sound
 Make known the welcome news abroad,
 And to the world's remotest bound
 Proclaim the Jubilee of God ;
 The day appears,
 To dry all tears ;
 The day to break th' oppressor's rod.

- 2** Ye slaves throughout the world give ear,
 Ye who have sold yourselves for nought,
 In Zion's sacred gates appear,
 And see what Zion's King has wrought ;
 Behold he reigns !
 He breaks your chains,
 And sends you liberty unsought.
- 3** Come home, ye wand'rers, now come home,
 Receive th' inheritance you sold ;
 The year of jubilee is come,
 The year by prophets long foretold ;
 The truth believe,
 The gift receive ;
 'Tis yours again, unbought with gold.
- 4** And now let cheerful songs arise
 From th' utmost limits of the earth ;
 The jubilee a theme supplies,
 A joyful theme of heav'nly birth ;
 Let songs abound
 The world around,
 The season calls for sacred mirth.

HYMN CCLXXX.

Let the earth hear. ISAIAH xxxiv. 1.

O 'TIS a sound should fill the world !
The sound of mercy through the LAMB ;
Lo ! Satan from his seat is hurl'd,

Unable to withstand *his* name ;
From heav'n like lightning see him fall,
Struck by the arm that conquers all.

- 2 Lord, give the word !—and wak'd by thee,
Let many tongues thy vict'ry tell ;
That hopeless sinners now may see
That thou hast vanquish'd death and hell ;
Sound, sound the joyful truth abroad !
Let sinners now draw nigh to God.

- 3 And thou, victorious Lord, all hail !
Immortal honours shade thy brow !
When death and hell thy friends assail,
They find in thee a refuge now ;
Thy name shall furnish them with arms,
And free their souls from all alarms.

HYMN CCLXXXI.

*How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of
him who bringeth good tidings. ISA. lii. 7.*

O N the mountain's top appearing,
Lo ! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands ;
Mourning captive !
God himself will loose thy bands.

- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd ?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmov'd ?
 Cease thy mourning ;
 Zion still is well belov'd.
- 3 God, thy God will now restore thee :
 He himself appears thy friend ;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,
 Here their boasts and triumphs end ;
 Great deliv'rance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
 All thy wrongs shall be redress'd ;
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,
 In thy Maker's favour bless'd ;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

HYMN CCLXXXII.

*Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty,
 with thy glory and thy majesty. Ps. xlv. 3.*

JESUS, immortal King, go on,
 The glorious day will soon be won ;
 Thine enemies prepare to flee,
 And leave a conquer'd world to thee.

- 2 Gird on thy sword, victorious Chief !
 The captive sinner's sole relief ;
 Cast the usurper from his throne,
 And make the universe thine own.

- 3 Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,
And mark the conquests of thy grace ;
Finish the work thou hast begun,
And let thy will on earth be done.
- 4 Then shall contending nations rest,
For love shall reign in every breast ;
Weapons for war design'd shall cease,
Or then be implements of peace.
- 5 Hark ! how the hosts triumphant sing,
“ The Lord omnipotent is King ; ”
Let all his saints rejoice at this,
The kingdoms of the world are his.

Hallelujah ! Amen !

HYMN CCLXXXIII.

I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west ; I will say to the north, give up, and to the south, keep not back, &c.

ISAIAH xliii. 5, 6.

MY soul, with sacred joy survey
The glories of the latter day ;
Its dawn already seems begun,
Sure earnest of the rising sun.

- 2 The friends of truth assembled stand,
(A chosen, consecrated band,)
The standard of the cross display,
And cry aloud, “ Behold the way ! ”
- 3 “ Behold the way to Zion’s hill,
“ Where Isra’l’s God delights to dwell ;
“ He fixes there his lofty throne,
“ And calls the sacred place his own.”

- 4 "Behold the way!" Ye heralds, cry,
Spare not, but lift your voices high ;
Convey the sound from shore to shore,
And bid the captive sigh no more.
- 5 Swift on the wings of heav'nly zeal
They fly, nor seem their toils to feel ;
But faithful to their master's will,
Their sacred ministry fulfil.
- 6 The north "gives up," the south no more
"Keeps back" her consecrated store ;
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.
- 7 Auspicious dawn! thy rising ray
With joy I view, and hail the day ;
Thou sun, arise, supremely bright,
And fill the world with purest light.

HYMN CCLXXXIV.

Thou shalt cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound. LEV. xxv. 9.

HARK! the solemn trumpet sounding,
Loud proclaims the jubilee ;
'Tis the voice of grace abounding,
Grace to sinners rich and free ;
Ye who know the joyful sound,
Publish it to all around.

- 2 Is the name of Jesus precious?
Does his love your spirits cheer?
Do you find him kind and gracious,
Still removing doubt and fear?
Think that what he is to you,
Such he'll be to others too.

3 Were you once at awful distance,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ?
Could no arm afford assistance,
Nothing save but Jesu's blood ?
Think how many still are found
Strangers to the joyful sound.

4 Brethren, join in supplication,
Join to plead before the Lord ;
'Tis his arm that brings salvation,
He alone can give the word ;
Father, let thy kingdom come,
Bring thy wand'ring outcasts home.

5 Brethren, let us freely offer,
All we have is from above ;
Let us *give*, and *act*, and *suffer* ;
What is this to Jesu's love ?
Did he die our souls to save ?
Then we're his, and all we have.

6 Hark ! the saints' triumphant chorus,
“ Worthy is the Lamb,” they cry ;
They have gain'd the prize before us,
Soon we hope to share their joy ;
But while here, remember still,
They who love him, do his will.

7 Till we reach the wish'd-for vision,
Till we see him as he is,
Let us scorn the world's derision,
Let us prove that we are his ;
Let us sound through all the earth
Christ's inestimable worth.

HYMN CCLXXXV.

And the isles shall wait for his law.

ISAIAH xlii. 4.

SHINE, Lord, on this dark land of ours,
Forth from thy sanctuary shine ;
Send out thy word with all its pow'rs,
And make this people henceforth thine.

- 2 Where superstition's iron chain
Has long been worn with deep disgrace,
Let glorious liberty now reign,
Such liberty as saints possess.
- 3 Let men anointed from above,
Faithful, affectionate, and bold,
Go through the land, proclaim thy love,
And bring the wand'rers to thy fold.
- 4 Though many obstacles appear,
Since nothing can withstand thy pow'r,
We'll look in hope, and wait in pray'r,
Till thou shalt bring the glorious hour.
- 5 Then shall this happy island smile,
When truth's fair light shall shine from heav'n,
When Satan shall no more beguile,
Nor spread abroad his fatal leav'n.

HYMN CCLXXXVI.

HARK ! the loud triumphant strains,
God, the King of Glory, reigns ;
All the kingdoms own his sway,
Hail the happy, happy day ;
Hail the day by God appointed,
Jesus reigns, the Lord's anointed.

- 2 Hark ! the sound of sacred mirth,
 Jesus reigns throughout the earth ;
 War, and strife, and tumult cease,
 'Tis the time of love and peace ;
 See his people rest enjoying,
 In his mountain none destroying.
- 3 Zion's King makes known his name,
 He asserts his lawful claim ;
 His the kingdom, his the pow'r,
 Hail, ye saints, the happy hour ;
 Worldly maxims cease to govern,
 Jesus reigns, supreme and sov'reign.

HYMN CCLXXXVII.

Prepare ye the way of the Lord, &c.

ISAIAH xl. 3.

LO He comes ! Let all adore him,
 'Tis the God of grace and truth !
 Go, prepare the way before him,
 Make the rugged places smooth ;
 Lo ! he comes, the mighty Lord,
 Great his work, and his reward.

- 2 Let the valleys all be raisēd,
 Go, and make the crooked straight ;
 Let the mountains be abasēd,
 Let all nature change its state ;
 Through the desert mark a road,
 Make a highway for our God.

- 3 Through the desert God is going,
 Through the desert waste and wild ;
 Where no goodly plant is growing,
 Where no verdure ever smiled ;

But the desert shall be glad,
And with verdure soon be clad.

- 4** Where the thorn and brier flourish'd,
 Trees shall there be seen to grow,
Planted by the Lord, and nourish'd,
 Stately, fair, and fruitful too ;
They shall rise on ev'ry side,
They shall spread their branches wide.
- 5** From the hills, and lofty mountains,
 Rivers shall be seen to flow ;
There the Lord will open fountains,
 Thence supply the plains below :
As he passes, ev'ry land
Shall confess his pow'rful hand.

HYMN CCLXXXVIII.

God reigneth over the Heathen. Ps. xlvi. 8.

KING of Zion, give the order,
 Send thy light and truth abroad,
O let Zion stretch her border,
 Zion favour'd of her God.

- 2** Thou canst form the zealous preacher,
 Thou canst light and love impart ;
Send thy word to ev'ry creature,
 Send it to the sinner's heart.
- 3** **O** let many now be ready
 To go forth, at thy command,
Men of faith, approv'd and steady,
 Leaving all at thy command.
- 4** Send thy truth to ev'ry region,
 Let the distant people hear ;
Let them turn from false religion,
 And to truth alone give ear.

- 5 Thou art God : who would not fear thee,^{*}
 Who that knows thy glorious pow'r ?
 O that all the world may hear thee,
 And be slaves of sin no more.

HYMN CCLXXXIX.

I have raised him up in righteousness, &c.
 ISAIAH xlvi. 13.

THUS saith God of his anointed,
 He shall let my people go,
 'Tis the work for him appointed,
 'Tis the work that he shall do ;
 And my city
 He shall found, and build it too.

2 He whom man with scorn refuses,
 Whom the favour'd nation hates,
 He it is Jehovah chooses,
 Him the highest place awaits ;
 Kings and princes
 Shall do homage at his gates.

3 He shall humble all the scorners,
 He shall fill his foes with shame ;
 He shall raise and comfort mourners,
 By the sweetness of his name ;
 To the captives
 He shall liberty proclaim.

4 He shall gather those that wander'd ;
 When they hear the trumpet's sound,
 They shall join his sacred standard,
 They shall come and flock around ;
 He shall save them,
 They shall be with glory crown'd.

HYMN CCXC.

We also believe, and therefore speak.

2 COR. iv. 13.

ARISE, ye saints, arise and tell
The great good news come down from
God ;
Arise, and with devoted zeal
Convey th' intelligence abroad.

- 2 To sit at ease would ill become
The people whom the Lord has bless'd ;
Let those who make the world their home
Be silent, and remain at rest.
- 3 But let us rise, and speak aloud,
And tell the world the things we know,
How God the heav'ns in mercy bow'd,
And liv'd a man of grief below.
- 4 O yes ! the God who reigns above
Was once on earth a man of grief ;
Ye nations hear it, " God is love,"
And brings a ruin'd world relief.
- 5 In streams of blood his mercy flows,
The blood of him who bore the cross,
Who suffer'd death, and then arose,
And lives to plead the sinner's cause.
- 6 Now let the idols fall around,
And be the Saviour's name ador'd ;
His Gospel through the world resound,
And all the nations call him Lord.

HYMN CCXCI.

Let God arise, &c. PSALM ix. 1.

LE^T God arise, and let his foes
Be scatter'd wheresoe'er he goes ;
As wax dissolves before the sun,
Let all his foes his presence own.

- 2 Let all the pow'rs of darkness fly
Before the God who reigns on high ;
And when his ark appears, let all
The idols of the nations fall.
- 3 Let men from opposition cease,
Lay down their arms, and sue for peace ;
From refuges of lies be driv'n,
Confess their sin, and be forgiv'n.
- 4 Let God arise, and win the day ;
The mighty God his sceptre sway,
The golden sceptre of his grace,
Through ev'ry land, in ev'ry place.
- 5 And let his name, who shed his blood,
To bring the guilty nigh to God,
Be great in all the earth, and sung
In ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

HYMN CCXCII.

The Lord hath made bare his holy arm, in the eyes of all the nations. ISA. lii. 10.

YES, we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand,
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word, in ev'ry land ;

- Mark his progress,
Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 Let us hail the joyful season,
Let us hail the rising ray ;
When the Lord appears, there's reason
To expect a glorious day ;
At his presence,
Gloom and darkness fly away.
- 3 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad ;
Ev'ry language
Soon shall tell the love of God.
- 4 O ! 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear each day
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way ;
Those enlight'ning
Who in death and darkness lay.
- 5 Babylon's proud walls are falling,
All her wise men are perplex'd ;
'Tis in vain we hear them calling
On their gods ; her cup is mix'd ;
She must drink it,
God himself her doom has fix'd.
- 6 'Tis a time of expectation,
Awful signs are seen around ;
Nation rising against nation,
Kingdoms falling to the ground ;
Ancient kingdoms
Perish, and no more are found.

7 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
 Let thy people see thy hand ;
 Let the gospel be victorious,
 Through the world, in ev'ry land ;
 Let the idols
 Perish, Lord, at thy command.

HYMN CCXCIII.

In that day there shall be a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness. ZECH. xiii. 1.

SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
 Streams of living water flow ;
 God has open'd there a fountain,
 That supplies the world below ;
 They are blessed,
 Who its sov'reign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
 Streams of mercy find their way ;
 Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
 Making all around look gay ;
 O ye nations !
 Hail the long-expected day.

3 Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,
 All-enriching as it goes,
 Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,
 Buds and blossoms as the rose ;
 Ev'ry object
 Sings for joy where'er it flows.

4 Trees of life, the banks adorning,
 Yield their fruit to all around ;
 Those who eat are sav'd from mourning,
 Pleasure comes, and hopes abound :

Fair their portion,
Endless life with glory crown'd.

HYMN CCXCIV.

And the desert shall rejoice. ISA. xxxv. 1.

SEE ! the wilderness rejoices,
Lately 'twas a barren spot ;
Let us raise our thankful voices,
Let us own what God has wrought :
Who could think of such a thing,
God has made the waste to sing !

- 2 Here, where nought but thorns and briars
Lately grew and wildly spread,
Lo ! the cedar now aspires,
Lo ! the cypress lifts its head ;
Lord, we own the work divine,
All the glory, Lord, be thine.
- 3 See the trees thine hand has planted,
Watch them with a constant care ;
O let our request be granted,
Make them fruitful, make them fair ;
Keep, O keep them still in view,
Let them live and flourish too !
- 4 Further, Lord, 'tis our desire,
(Turn not thou away thine ear,)
Root out ev'ry thorn and brier,
In their place let *trees* appear ;
Thus from plants injurious freed,
Shall the desert smile indeed.

HYMN CCXCV.

These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. Ps. cvii. 24.

SPED thy servants, Saviour speed them,
Thou art Lord of winds and waves ;
They were bound, but thou hast freed them,
Now they go to free the slaves ;
Be thou with them :
'Tis thine arm alone that saves.

2 Friends, and home, and all forsaking,
Lord, they go at thy command ;
As their stay thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land ;
O be with them !
Lead them safely by the hand.

3 Speed them through the mighty ocean,
In the dark and stormy day ;
When the waves in wild commotion
Fill all others with dismay,
Be thou with them,
Drive their terrors far away.

4 When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,
Be thou with them :
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

5 When they think of home, now dearer
Than it ever seem'd before,
Bring the promis'd glory nearer ;
Let them see that peaceful shore,

- Where thy people
Rest from toil, and weep no more.
- 6 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain :
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again.
- 7 In the midst of opposition,
Let them trust, O Lord, in thee ;
When success attends their mission,
Let thy servants humbler be ;
Never leave them,
Till thy face in heav'n they see :
- 8 There to reap in joy for ever,
Fruit that grows from seed here sown,
There to be with Him who never
Ceases to preserve his own,
And with triumph
Sing a Saviour's grace alone.

HYMN CCXCVI.

Because they came not to the help of the Lord.
JUDGES v. 23.

YE people away,
Nor talk of delay ;
The time for exertion is come ;
The summons is giv'n,
The Lord calls from heav'n :
Let no man now tarry at home.

- 2 The Lord, in his might,
 Is gone to the fight ;
 And if we should shrink from the toil,
 The day will be won,
 The work will be done,
 And others will gather the spoil.
- 3 And should we decline,
 His standard to join,
 Our slackness will meet its reward ;
 A woe they will find,
 Who tarry behind,
 Nor go to the help of the Lord.
- 4 Then cast off delay,
 “ To arms,” and away ;
 To arms—’tis the Lord gives the word :
 With sword and with shield,
 Away to the field ;
 “ Away to the help of the Lord.”

HYMN CCXCVII.

For a great and effectual door is opened unto me.
 1 COR. xvi. 9.

NOW let “a great effectual door”
 Be open’d to our labours, Lord !
 That open’d shall be shut no more,
 A door of entrance to thy word.

2 O touch their lips with hallow’d fire,
 Who to the world unfold thy plan ;
 Their hearts with sacred love inspire,
 The love of God, the love of man.

3 O animate thy servants, Lord,
 With zeal that nothing can repress ;
 And while they seek to spread thy word,
 Their counsels and their labours bless.

4 O send thy Spirit from above,
 Nor let his holy influence cease,
 Till hatred ends in mutual love,
 And strife in universal peace.

HYMN CCXCVIII.

*How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of
 him that bringeth good tidings ! Isa. lii. 7.*

BEAUTIFUL upon the mountain
 Are the feet of him who brings
 Tidings of the cleansing fountain
 Open'd by the King of kings :
 Blessed tidings !
 Hearing this, the mourner sings.

2 Yes, he puts away his sadness,
 When he knows "the joyful sound ;"
 'Tis to him the voice of gladness,
 Sweeter far than music found :
 All is transport ;
 Ev'ry object smiles around.

3 Well it may, for great the pleasure
 That the news of pardon brings ;
 Then the soul, relieved from pressure,
 Rises, and expands her wings ;
 Then she rises,
 And forgets all earthly things.

- 4** Pardon to the rebel granted
 Brings a new and strange delight ;
 All around appears enchanted,
 Like some vision to the sight :
 Blessed vision !
 True, yet past expression bright.
- 5** Welcome then is his appearing,
 Who unfolds the wondrous plan,
 News of grace from heaven bearing,
 News of grace to guilty man ;
 Grace mysterious !
 Grace too high for thought to scan.

HYMN CCXCIX.

I have considered the days of old.

PSALM lxxvii. 5.

WHERE'S the mighty arm, where is it ?
 Where the arm that wrought of old ?
 When will God his church revisit,
 And his glorious plans unfold ?
 Long expected,
 And by prophets long foretold.

2 Will the Lord cast off, and never
 Shew his pow'r as heretofore ?
 Is his mercy gone for ever ?
 Will the Spirit come no more,
 As when thousands
 Yielded to his quick'ning pow'r ?

3 God of Isra'l, hear, O hear us !
 Hear the feeble cry we raise ;
 Let the Spirit come to cheer us,
 Come as in the ancient days,

When thy people
Saw thy pow'r, and sang thy praise.

- 4 Let thy word, with force resistless,
 Urge its course, nor hinder'd be ;
Let thy Spirit rouse the listless,
 Let the blind begin to see ;
 And the pris'ners,
Send them glorious liberty.

HYMN CCC.

Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord ! ISAIAH xxi. 9.

NOW let us crowd around the throne
 Of Him who hears and answers prayer ;
The cause is his, and not our own,
 The object of our Saviour's care.

- 2 Our land in darkness long has been,
 A darkness like the gloom of night ;
But streaks of radiant light are seen
 Upon her sky, that cheer our sight.
- 3 A token sure of coming day,
 The sun itself will soon arise :
For this we look, for this we pray,
 For this we raise our earnest cries.
- 4 Be gracious to our native land,
 Our hope fulfil, thy people pray ;
The morning dawns at thy command,
 And thine it is to bring the day.
- 5 Except thou give thy blessing, Lord,
 Our counsels and our plans are vain ;
But if thy Spirit bless the word,
 The mountain shall become a plain.

- 6 If thou wilt own the work in hand,
 We need not fear, though foes combine ;
 For who is able to withstand
 Thine arm, or frustrate thy design ?
- 7 To thee, O Lord, to thee we cry,
 Nor would we cease our voice to raise,
 Till Zion is a name of joy,
 And thy Jerusalem “a praise.”
-

New Year.

HYMN CCCI.

And he answering said, Lord, let it alone this year also. LUKE xiii. 8.

- A NOTHER year has reach'd a close,
 And though mere cumb'lers of the land,
 Our Saviour deigns to interpose,
 And we're permitted yet to stand.
- 2 But while we humbly own our fault,
 And praise him for another year,
 We've need to tremble at the thought,
 The hand of justice may be near.
- 3 Long has the Lord been seeking fruit,
 But ah ! how little has he seen !
 Nor blame to *him* can we impute,
 The cause with *us alone* has been.
- 4 Lord, we acknowledge all our shame,
 Our privileges have been great ;
 The greater they, the more our blame,
 That we have done so little yet.

- 5 The sweetest truths that angels know,
 It is our privilege to hear ;
 And yet we seem to come and go,
 As if the whole a fable were.
- 6 Lord, melt our hearts to mourn the past,
 And let us henceforth faithful be ;
 And if this year should be our last,
 O may our souls repose with thee !

HYMN CCCII.

As for man, his days are grass. Ps. ciii. 15.

SWIFT fly the years, and swift as they,
 The fleeting life of man ;
 With truth the moralist may say,
 “ His life is as a span : ”

- 2 But here the moralist must stop,
 And sad his word appears ;
 If in the world alone there's hope,
 O give me length of years !
- 3 'Tis thus with pain the worldling sees
 That time makes no delay ;
 One year and then another flees,
 And steals his life away.
- 4 Not so the man who hopes to be
 With Jesus where he is ;
 Time's flight unruffled *he* may see,
 For endless life is his.
- 5 Ah ! Lord, if we be thine indeed,
 Why love these earthly toys ?
 Why do our gross affections plead
 For sublunary joys ?

- 6 O send thy Spirit from above,
 And set thy people free !
 Our glorious calling let us prove,
 By leaving all for thee.
- 7 And as the circling years revolve,
 We'll hasten on the day
 When thou these bodies wilt dissolve,
 And bear our souls away.

HYMN CCCIII.

Suffered he their manners. ACTS xiii. 18.

L ORD, we desire to praise thy name,
 That spar'd another year we see ;
 To us belongeth only shame,
 But love and faithfulness to thee.

- 2 When we reflect what we've deserv'd,
 It moves our wonder and our praise,
 That such poor worms should be preserv'd,
 And still be walking in thy ways.
- 3 How oft like Israel of old,
 Have our vile hearts turn'd back from thee !
 To idols base, to calves of gold,
 How oft, alas ! we've bow'd the knee !
- 4 We've sinn'd against the clearest light,
 We've sinn'd against the greatest love ;
 We stand convicted in thy sight ;
 Shouldst thou condemn, we must approve.
- 5 Nor can we use the suppliant's plea—
 “ Henceforth thy pleasure we'll fulfil ; ”
 It suits us not to *vow*, but *pray*,
 “ Lord, teach us to perform thy will.”

HYMN CCCIV.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins.

PSALM ciii. 10.

SPAR'D, through grace, another year,
Good it is to praise the Lord ;
Good to meet our Saviour here ;
Good his mercies to record.

- 2 Foes we have, unseen and seen,
 Foes too strong for us to meet ;
But the Lord our strength has been,
 And our foes have found defeat.
- 3 When our foes we greatly fear'd,
 When we seem'd an easy prey,
Then it was the Lord appear'd,
 Then he drove our foes away.
- 4 Now he seems to ask us why,
 When the foe appear'd in view,
We should fear, and he so nigh ?
 We should doubt, and he so true ?
- 5 Saviour, all our sin forgive,
 Make us what we ought to be ;
Let us by thy mercy live,
 And in heav'n thy glory see.

The Lord's Supper.

HYMN CCCV.

Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.

1 COR. v. 7.

O UR passover is offer'd up,
The bread we break his body is ;
His blood was shed to fill the cup,
And O ! was ever love like his ?

- 2 The master of the feast has said,
Be sure all leaven to remove ;
And keep it with th' unleaven'd bread
Of truth, sincerity, and love.
- 3 May we obey, and sweetly prove
How blest they are who know his name ;
And share at length, with those above,
The wedding supper of the Lamb.

HYMN CCCVI.

Do this in remembrance of me. LUKE xxii. 19.

Y ES, Lord, we must remember thee,
While memory keeps its place ;
'Tis meet we should, for thou art he
Who saves us by his grace.

- 2 Thy body broken on the tree,
Thy blood for sinners shed,
Remove their guilt, and blest are they
For whom the victim bled.

- 3 To thee, O Lord, we look and pray,
 Who hast provided food
 For all thy people on the way
 To yonder blest abode.
- 4 O grant us, Lord, the living bread,
 That we may live and grow,
 And bless the table thou hast spread,
 To feed us here below.
- 5 In mercy all our sins forgive,
 And on thy people shine ;
 In sweet communion may we live
 With thee, O Lord, and thine.
- 6 And when we leave the world below,
 May this our portion be,
 With all thy happy saints to go,
 And live in heav'n with thee.

HYMN CCCVII.

I am that bread of life. JOHN vi. 48.

IN fellowship we meet around
 The table of our Lord ;
 Let joy and thankfulness abound,
 For faithful is his word.

- 2 The people whom the Lord appoints
 The heirs of glory here,
 He saves, and by his grace anoints,
 And bids them nothing fear.
- 3 The food they eat is meat indeed,
 The richest heav'n affords ;
 The bread of God is living bread,
 His words are living words.

- 4 Then let our thankful songs abound,
 Our privilege is great ;
 Our Father's table we surround,
 And eat of children's meat.

HYMN CCCVIII.

When the disciples came together to break bread.
 ACTS xx. 7.

BREAKING bread in love together,
 As our Master bid us do,
 We have joy and profit, whether
 Men approve the deed or no ;
 Sweet the seasons
 When our Saviour meets us so.

2 Love is cherish'd and augmented,
 While we keep our Saviour's laws ;
 And his people are contented
 To forego the world's applause :
 Should they suffer,
 Pain is sweet in such a cause.

3 Saviour, hear thy people praying,
 Hear us from thy throne of grace ;
 O be here, thy love displaying,
 Let thy people see thy face ;
 'Tis thy presence
 Renders sacred ev'ry place.

4 Let us here have sweet communion
 With each other and with thee ;
 Truth the sacred bond of union,
 Truth that makes thy people free ;
 Heav'n in prospect,
 Heav'n where saints thy glory see.

HYMN CCCIX.

But I said, how shall I put thee among the children ? JER. iii. 9.

AND is there room for us
Among the favour'd few?
Are we permitted thus
The Saviour's death to shew ;
And say by this,
That we are his ?
Come then, obedient to his word,
And eat the supper of our Lord.

2 'Tis true, we nothing have
Deserving his regard ;
But Jesus came to *save*,
He came not to *reward* :
Reflection sweet,
For sinners meet !—Come then, &c.

3 For them the table's spread,
Who make his name their hope ;
Theirs is the living bread,
And theirs salvation's cup.
Saviour, thou know'st
Thy name's our boast.—Come then, &c.

HYMN CCCX.

This do in remembrance of me. LUKE xxii. 19.

OBEDIENT to our dying Lord,
Who bid us thus remember him,
O let us now surround his board,
His flesh our food, his love our theme !

- 2 Let others feast on sensual sweets,
 We are supplied with richer food ;
 When Jesus thus his people meets,
 They want not what the world calls good.
- 3 Sweet feast ! here love and union reign,
 An earnest of the joys above ;
 And, meanest of the Saviour's train,
 We celebrate his dying love.
- 4 O may that love, by pow'r divine,
 To all our hearts be now made known ;
 Dear Saviour, on thy people shine,
 The people thou hast made thine own.

HYMN CCCXI.

Thou preparest a table before me. Ps. xxiii. 5.

SEE ! our Saviour spreads a table,
 And invites his friends to eat ;
 Surely none but he is able
 To supply so rich a treat :
 “ ’Tis his body ;”
 Brethren, this indeed is meat !

- 2 Come, and round his board assemble,
 Jesus bids you now draw near ;
 Ye who hear his word and tremble,
 Banish ev'ry servile fear ;
 Come and witness
 That the Lord himself is here !
- 3 Gracious Master, bless our meeting,
 Grant us spiritual food !
 While the world is still repeating,
 “ Who will shew us any good ? ”
 On thy people
 Shine from heav'n, thy bright abode.

HYMN CCCXII.

Ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.

1 COR. xi. 26.

BEHOLD our table ! 'tis the Lord's,
Prepar'd for Jacob's seed ;
The choicest meat that heaven affords,
Is that on which we feed.

- 2 While we enjoy a feast like this,
On husks let others feed ;
Our cup "the cup of blessing" is,
Our meat "the living bread."
- 3 Our Saviour's death is here display'd,
The death endured for us ;
On Jesus all our sin was laid,
He bore it on his cross.
- 4 And now in heav'n his people's names
Upon his breast appear ;
For them eternal life he claims,
Whose sin he cancels here.
- 5 We hope with all the ransom'd crowd,
Ere long to see his face ;
To testify our joy aloud,
In songs of endless praise.

HYMN CCCXIII.

And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life,
JOHN vi. 35.

LET the world, its joys partaking,
Boast how excellent they prove ;
In the bread we've now been breaking,
We have meat they know not of.

Jesus is the living bread,
 'Tis by this his friends are fed ;
 Saints adore him,
 Bow before him ;
 Join the kindred hosts on high ;
 Let his praise fill earth and sky.

HYMN CCCXIV.

He hath filled the hungry with good things.

LUKE i. 53.

BRETHREN, come, our Saviour bids us,
 Bids us to a feast of love ;
 Bless the Lord, whose bounty feeds us
 With provision from above ;
 Ye, for whom his life was giv'n,
 Come, and eat the bread of heaven.

2 Let us think of Him who bought us,
 'Tis the Saviour's own command ;
 When we wander'd, Jesus sought us,
 Now he leads us by the hand ;
 Now he gives us hope, and says,
 We shall sing his endless praise.

3 O how much his people owe him !
 O what love our Lord has shewn !
 Well may we surrender to him
 All that once we call'd our own :
 Lord, we give ourselves to thee,
 Thou our guide, our master be.

HYMN CCCXV.

The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ ? 1 COR. x. 16.

IN blessed union here we meet,
We sit at the Redeemer's feet,
And eat the bread of heav'n ;
How highly privileg'd are we,
And O ! how thankful should we be,
To whom this grace is giv'n !

- 2** To join in fellowship, how sweet,
With those who in the Saviour meet,
Enlighten'd from above !
How excellent the pleasure is,
That flows from such a feast as this,
Where all are join'd in love !
- 3** But if such joy is found to flow
From sacred fellowship below,
Then what must heaven be ?
Where all the Saviour's friends shall meet,
And dwell in happiness complete,
Throughout eternity.

HYMN CCCXVI.

My flesh is meat indeed. JOHN vi. 55.

IN sacred fellowship we meet,
To celebrate our Saviour's death ;
His blood we drink, his flesh we eat,
His people feed on him by faith.

- 2** How blest the people who are his !
 To them the bread of life is giv'n ;
 How fair, how rich their portion is !
 They hope to see their Lord in heav'n.
- 3** Till he appears, his death shall be
 Their spring of hope, their theme of joy ;
 And when in heav'n their Lord they see,
 His praise shall all their pow'rs employ.

HYMN CCCXVII.

In breaking of bread. Acts ii. 42.

OURS is a rich, a royal feast,
 Provided by the King of heav'n ;
 How privileg'd are they and bless'd,
 To whom the bread of life is giv'n !

- 2** We worship Him who bore the cross,
 We glory in his death alone ;
 The world itself appears but loss
 To those to whom his name is known.
- 3** We celebrate the great event
 On which our peace and hope depend ;
 And leave an empty world, content
 To know the Lord, the sinner's friend.
- 4** The blood he shed supplies a stream,
 That washes all our sins away ;
 How precious then the Lord should seem,
 Whose death we celebrate to-day !
- 5** O that his great, his precious name,
 May charm our hearts from all below !
 Our love become an ardent flame,
 And brighter, purer, daily grow !

HYMN CCCXVIII.

When the disciples came together to break bread.

ACTS XX. 7.

M EETING in the Saviour's name,
“Breaking bread” by his command,
To the world we thus proclaim
 On what ground we hope to stand,
When the Lord shall come with clouds,
Join'd by heav'n's exulting crowds.

- 2 From the cross our hope we draw,
 ‘Tis the sinner's blest resource ;
Jesus magnified the law,
 Jesus bore its awful curse ;
What a joyful truth is this !
 O how full of hope it is !
- 3 Jesus died, and then arose,
 Yes, he rose, he lives, he reigns ;
Jesus vanquish'd all his foes,
 Jesus led them all in chains ;
His the triumph and the crown,
 His the glory and renown.
- 4 Sing we then of him who died,
 Sing of him who rose again,
By his blood we're justified,
 And with him we hope to reign ;
Yes, we hope to see our Lord,
 And to share his bright reward.

HYMN CCCXIX.

Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us. I JOHN iv. 10.

WE celebrate His love,
Who came from heav'n to save ;
'Tis far, 'tis far above
What friends or mothers have ;
Maternal love is weak to this,
No other love can equal his.

2 He died, and thence our hope,
He died upon the cross,
He drain'd the bitter cup
That justice mix'd for us ;
Sound, sound his glorious name abroad,
Praise, ev'ry voice, THE LAMB OF GOD.

3 To save his foes he died,
For them he shed his blood,
And sinners, justified
Through him, draw nigh to God ;
THE LAMB, THE LAMB shall be our theme,
Eternal honour be to him.

4 His work most glorious is,
Most precious is his name ;
We leave the world for this,
Preferring loss and shame ;
Nor do we ask a higher grace
Than to behold the Saviour's face.

HYMN CCCXX.

O give thanks unto the Lord ! Ps. cxxxvi. 1.

OH ! how pleasant, thus united,
To surround the sacred board !
While the hosts above, delighted,
Sing the praises of our Lord ;
Let us join them ;
Be the Saviour's name ador'd.

- 2 When he died, the cup was finish'd,
That which he was call'd to take ;
Yes, he drank it undiminish'd,
Drank it for his people's sake ;
Jesus drain'd it ;
Nothing could his purpose shake.
- 3 Let us thank him, let us praise him,
Let us sing, though well we know
Nought of ours can ever raise him,
No, nor all that angels do ;
Yet his people
Should confess how much they owe.

HYMN CCCXXI.

Yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table. MATT. xv. 27.

NOT of crumbs, that from the table
Of the children fall, we eat ;
It were mercy, were we able,
This, and nothing more, to get ;
But our Father
Lets us have the children's meat.

- 2 Bread we have, the bread of heaven ;
 God has sent it from above :
 They to whom this grace is given,
 Well may sing a Saviour's love ;
 Joy possessing,
 Joy the world knows nothing of.
- 3 Of this bread, Lord, give us ever ;
 Eating this, we shall not die !
 We are thine, O leave us never :
 All our various wants supply,
 Till our conflicts
 End in everlasting joy.

HYMN CCCXXII.

We are all partakers of that one bread.

1 COR. x. 17.

AT our Father's table meeting,
 All our sins by him forgiv'n ;
 Children's bread together eating,
 Bread that cometh down from heav'n ;
 Let us banish
 Hence the old unhallowed leav'n.

2 Blessed is the name we think of,
 When together breaking bread ;
 Blessed is the cup we drink of,
 Type of blood for sinners shed :
 Happy are we,
 Quicken'd by the Lord, and fed.

3 Let us walk in love, united
 To our living Head above ;
 Let us sing his praise delighted,
 Sing the praise of him we love :

Saviour, bless us !

Let us all thy goodness prove.

- 4 Standing in the Saviour's merit,
 We have peace, and we are blest ;
Taught and guided by the Spirit,
 We have hope of future rest :
 This we wait for,
And the Saviour's time is best.
-

Morning.

HYMN CCCXXIII.

O thou preserver of men ! Job vii. 20.

THROUGH all the dangers of the night
 Preserv'd, O Lord, by thee,
Again we hail the cheerful light,
 Again we bow the knee.

- 2 O ! may the beams of truth divine,
 With clear convincing light,
In all our understandings shine,
 And chase our mental night.

- 3 Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
 And guide us by thine arm ;
For *they* are safe, and *only* they,
 Whom thou preserv'st from harm.

- 4 Let all our words and all our ways
 Declare that we are thine,
That so the light of truth and grace
 Before the world may shine.

5 Nor let us turn away from thee,
 Dear Saviour, hold us fast,
 Till with immortal eyes we see
 Thy glorious face at last.

HYMN CCCXXIV.

Thou shalt keep them, O Lord. Ps. xii. 7.

THROUGH the night by thee preserved,
 Lord, we come to own thy care ;
 Hadst thou done as we deserved,
 Death and wrath our portion were :
 Saviour, pardon all our sin,
 Let this day with thee begin ;
 Thine we should be,
 Thine we would be,
 Thine with ev'ry talent giv'n,
 Thine on earth, and thine in heav'n.

HYMN CCCXXV.

Cause me to hear thy loving kindness in the morning. PSALM cxlii. 8.

S AVIOUR, let thy loving kindness
 In the morning be our joy ;
 Save us, Lord, from mental blindness,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ ;
 Sweet it is to praise thy name,
 Angels testify the same.

2 Angels, without intermission,
 Sing thy praises day and night ;
 Here we meet with opposition,
 None can sing thy praise aright ;
 Unbelief and weariness
 Check our songs, our joy repress.

3 Saviour, take thy people to thee,
 Raise them to their destin'd place,
 Where with angels we shall view thee,
 And with angels sing thy grace ;
 Many things distress us here,
 All is light and glory there.

Evening.

HYMN CCCXXVI.

Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night.
 PSALM xcii. 5.

ONCE more the cheerful sun's withdrawn,
 And darkness comes again :
 How many, since the morning dawn,
 Have left th' abodes of men !

- 2 They who had known the Saviour's name
 Are present with the Lord ;
 But theirs is misery and shame,
 Who fought against his word.
- 3 Though not admitted yet so near,
 As they who see his face,
 The voice of mercy still we hear,
 And *this* demands our praise.
- 4 We bless thee, Lord, that yet we live
 To close another day ;
 Our many trespasses forgive,
 And keep us in the way.

5 When we shall close our eyes in sleep,
 Preserve us safe from harm ;
 From nightly foes our dwelling keep,
 And guard us with thine arm.

6 And should we sleep to wake no more,
 Till the last trumpet sound ;
 May we, in that decisive hour,
 Among thy sheep be found.

HYMN CCCXXVII.

Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.
 PSALM xc. 10.

GOD of Isra'l, we adore thee !
 Thou hast kept us through the day ;
 Thus preserv'd, we come before thee,
 Ours the new and living way !
 Safely keep us through the night,
 Guard us till the morning light ;
 Nor forsake us
 Till thou take us
 Far from earth to dwell with thee,
 Through a bright eternity.

HYMN CCCXXVIII.

I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.
 PSALM iv. 3.

THRO' the day thy love has spar'd us,
 Now we lay us down to rest,
 Through the silent watches guard us,
 Let no foe our peace molest ;

Jesus, thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

- 2** Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In thine arms may we repose !
And when life's sad day is past,
Rest with thee in heav'n at last.

HYMN CCCXXIX.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow. PROV. xxvii. 1.

THROUGH the dark and silent hours
Of the night, preserve us, Lord !
Safely keep both us and ours,
Peace and confidence afford ;
We are bold in thee confiding,
Safe beneath thy shade abiding.

- 2** Should we never rise again,
Till the morning of that day,
When thy glory shall be seen,
When the world shall pass away,
May we stand by thee confessēd,
And with all thy saints be blessēd.

- 3** Since we cannot tell to-day
What to-morrow's dawn may bring,
Saviour, draw our hearts away
Far from ev'ry earthly thing ;
Make us in thy service steady,
Always for thy coming ready.

Receiving a Member.

HYMN CCCXXX.

And he said, come in, thou blessed of the Lord
GEN. xxiv. 31.

“ COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,”
Enter in Jesu’s precious name ;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

- 2 Thy name, ’tis hop’d, already stands
Mark’d in the book of life above ;
And now to thine we join our hands,
In token of fraternal love.
- 3 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We’ll seek in fellowship to prove ;
Join’d in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.
- 4 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We’ll make our joys and sorrows known ;
We’ll share each other’s hopes and fears,
And count a brother’s case our own.
- 5 Once more our welcome we repeat,
Receive assurance of our love ;
And may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above !

HYMN CCCXXXI.

God setteth the solitary in families. Ps. lxvii. 5.

SEE ! our Saviour adds another,
 Let us bid him welcome here ;
 Let us call him friend and brother,
 Names to ev'ry Christian dear ;
 Words they are of sacred meaning,
 Shewing what believers do,
 Love as *brethren* without feigning,
 And like *friends* prove faithful too.

- 2 Welcome then, our friend and brother
 Welcome all our joys to share !
 Kind and faithful to each other,
 May we feel a brother's care :
 Here expos'd to sore temptation,
 Let us bear each other's load,
 Till we gain complete salvation
 In the presence of our God.
- 3 Christians thus together walking,
 Mutual light and strength impart ;
 While of Christ the Saviour talking,
 Love, like fire, inflames the heart :
 Their's a glorious destination,
 God himself with joy to see ;
 Heav'n their peaceful habitation,
 Through a blest eternity.

HYMN CCCXXXII.

And the Lord added unto the church daily such as should be saved. Acts ii. 47.

LET joy and thankfulness be felt,
That Jesus still subdues the foe ;
He makes the frozen heart to melt,
He lets the hopeless pris'ner go.

2 Behold the trophies of his arm,
We lately saw them Satan's prey ;
But Jesus has dissolv'd the charm,
And by his power has set them free.

3 Such is the hope that love demands,
If right, the final day will tell ;
We'll freely give to those our hands,
In whom the truth appears to dwell.

4 Come then, dear friends, and share with us
The weight and honour of the cross ;
They who will follow Jesus thus
Must be prepar'd for shame and loss.

5 But let us not give way to fear,
Or think of flight in such a cause ;
Jesus will guard his people here,
And then receive them with applause.

Miscellaneous.

HYMN CCCXXXIII.

I am alive for evermore. REV. i. 18.

SWEET is the savour of his name
 Who suffer'd in his people's stead ;
 His portion here reproach and shame,
 He liveth now, He once was dead.

- 2 *He once was dead*, the very same
 Who sits on yonder throne above ;
 Who bears in heav'n the greatest name,
 Whom angels serve, whom angels love.
- 3 *He once was dead*, the very same
 Who made the worlds, a work of pow'r,
 Who now upholds the mighty frame,
 And keeps it till the final hour.
- 4 *He once was dead*, the very same
 Who soon will come with glory crown'd ;
 His breath shall kindle then a flame
 That shall consume the world around.
- 5 *He once was dead*, the very same
 At whose command the dead shall rise,
 To sorrow some, and endless shame,
 And some to everlasting joys.
- 6 *He once was dead*, but now he lives,
 His glory fills all heav'n above ;
 Its blessedness to heav'n he gives,
 The fountain he of joy and love.

- 7 His people shall his triumph share,
 With him shall live, with him shall reign ;
 In heaven their joy is full, for there
 They see THE LAMB for sinners slain.

HYMN CCCXXXIV.

Perfect through sufferings. HEB. ii. 10.

THE head that once was crown'd with thorns
 Is crown'd with glory now,
 A royal diadem adorns
 The mighty victor's brow.

- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
 Is his, is his by right,
 "THE KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS,"
 And heaven's eternal light,
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
 The joy of all below
 To whom he manifests his love,
 And grants his name to know.
- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
 With all its grace, is given ;
 Their name an everlasting name,
 Their joy the joy of heav'n.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
 They reign with him above ;
 Their profit and their joy to know
 The myst'ry of his love.
- 6 The cross he bore is life and health,
 Though shame and death to him ;
 His people's hope, his people's wealth,
 Their everlasting theme.

HYMN CCCXXXV.

The land that is very far off. ISA. xxxiii. 17.

A LAND I know there is,
 Though far away from this,
 Where toil and trouble are no more ;
 This land I sometimes see,
 And then I fain would be
 In safety on the happy shore.

- 2 'Tis trouble here and grief,
 But hope affords relief ;
 The hope of an eternal rest,
 The hope of reaching home,
 The hope of joys to come,
 The hope of being ever blest.
- 3 'Tis labour here, and strife
 That only ends with life,
 For here we dwell amidst our foes ;
 On yonder happy shore
 Our foes are seen no more,
 And there we shall enjoy repose.
- 4 This mind be always mine,
 A fervent wish to join
 With those who from their labours rest ;
 And yet a will to stay,
 Till God sees fit to say,
 "Come up and be for ever blest."

HYMN CCCXXXVI.

In my distress I called upon the Lord.

PSALM xviii. 6.

JESUS, my Lord, to thee
 In my distress I flee,
 Hear thou my call ;

Jesus, the name I love,
Jesus, all names above,
Jesus, whose grace I prove,
Jesus, my all.

- 2 Lord, when I fly to thee,
Be a defence to me,
In the dark hour ;
Strong, because thou art strong,
When foes around me throng,
Be thou my boast and song,
Be thou my tow'r.
- 3 When thou my Lord art nigh,
Foes I may well defy,
Strong is thine arm ;
Mercy and truth are thine,
Wisdom and love divine ;
Triumph and peace be mine,
Nothing shall harm.
- 4 Nothing shall greatly move
Those who thy kindness prove,
Blessed alone ;
Strong their Redeemer is,
Greatness and grace are his,
This, and far more than this,
Lord, is thine own.
- 5 Lord, let thy favour be
Dearer than life to me,
Be thy name dear ;
When foes against me fight,
Then raise thine arm of might,
Then save thy worm from flight,
Save him from fear.

HYMN CCCXXXVII.

Unto thee lift I up mine eyes. Ps. cxxiii. 1.

LORD, to thee I turn my eyes,
This has been my comfort long,
I am foolish, thou art wise,
I am weak, but thou art strong.

2 Strength thy helpless worm has none,
Yet he need not fear his foes,
Since thy strength, and not his own,
Is the strength in which he goes.

3 Thus prepar'd, thy worm defies
Hostile force, and hostile art ;
Strong, though weak, though foolish, wise,
Thou his strength and wisdom art.

4 More than conqu'ror at the last,
Through thy grace I hope to prove,
And the final conflict past,
Then to dwell with thee above.

HYMN CCCXXXVIII.

So Esther drew near and touched the top of his sceptre. ESTHER v. 2.

I TOUCH thy golden sceptre, Lord,
The golden sceptre of thy grace,
And feel my sinking life restor'd ;
He lives, who sees thy smiling face.

2 'Twas death I fear'd, for I was vile,
Nor knew how much thou could'st forgive ;
How blessēd then to see that smile,
That seem'd to bid the rebel live !

- 3 And is it true, indeed, that he,
 Who sits on yonder throne of light,
 Will deign to smile on one like me,
 Nor spurn the rebel from his feet?
- 4 Then may the vilest wretch draw near,
 The sceptre of his grace to touch,
 And nothing have the vile to fear,
 His sceptre is held out to such.
- 5 The name the Saviour bears is LOVE,
 His throne a throne of mercy is ;
 And they who touch his sceptre prove
 What mercy and what truth are his.
- 6 From him the poor are never driv'n,
 He lifts the prostrate from the dust ;
 By him the rebel is forgiv'n,
 And in his name is taught to trust.
- 7 Thus life is found when death was fear'd,
 And to the objects of his grace
 The Saviour's name is thus endear'd,
 Their heav'n is to behold his face.

HYMN CCCXXXIX.

*While we look not at the things which are seen,
 but at the things which are not seen.*

2 COR. iv. 18.

- A S much of heav'n as earth affords
 To those who “ walk by faith” is known ;
 They hear the Saviour's gracious words,
 And hope to see him on his throne.
- 2 In hope they now enjoy a taste
 Of future happiness above,
 And sav'd from low desire, they haste
 To regions of eternal love.

- 3** Cast down they may be oft, and are,
 Who would not while on hostile ground ?
Who would not from their home so far,
 Whom snares beset, whom foes surround ?
- 4** But hope of heav'n outweighs them all,
 It brings the distant object near,
It makes our greatest trials small,
 And boldness gives where all was fear.
- 5** In hope we taste of heav'n to come,
 To know our Lord is heav'n below ;
But when we reach the pilgrim's home,
 As we are known, we then shall know.
- 6** We then shall be as angels are,
 Like them shall love, like them obey ;
In all their pleasures we shall share,
 As happy and as pure as they.

HYMN CCCXL.

The Captain of their salvation. HEB. ii. 10.

- T**HE Saviour leads his people on,
 To combat and to conquest leads ;
The soldiers and their chief are one,
 The fruit is theirs, and his the deeds.
- 2** His royal banner when he waves,
 A shout is heard through all his host ;
The arm is then display'd that saves,
 The arm in which his people boast.
- 3** They shrink not from the conflict then,
 Though timid and though feeble too,
His people "quit themselves like men,"
 With confidence they meet the foe.

- 4 His arm, they know, sufficient is,
 Though foes unnumber'd should appear ;
 They know the people that are his,
 May follow him and nothing fear.
- 5 They smile at danger when they see
 Their chief advance to meet the foe,
 A surer pledge of victory
 His presence is, than sword or bow.
- 6 At sight of him, opposing hosts
 Are fill'd with terror and dismay,
 His presence quells their proudest boasts,
 By him his people win the day.
- 7 And when the mortal strife is past,
 The peace and joy of heav'n succeed ;
 'Tis peace that will for ever last,
 'Tis joy unmix'd, 'tis joy indeed.

HYMN CCCXLI.

And the shout of a King is among them.

NUMB. xxiii. 21.

- T**HOUGH others be sad,
 Let Isra'l be glad,
 " For the shout of a King is among them ; "
 The Lord, whose they are,
 Will make them his care ;
 And who shall be able to wrong them ?
- 2 Though many the foes
 That stand to oppose
 Their passage to yonder bright regions,
 The arm of the Lord
 (Their shield and their sword)
 Will scatter their numberless legions.

- 3 How happy are they
 Who truly can say,
 The Lord is our portion for ever !
 The Lord, whom we trust,
 A Saviour, yet just,
 Of grace and of glory the giver.
- 4 Though theirs is a life
 Of trouble and strife,
 No weapon that's raised up against them
 Shall ever prevail ;
 Their foes shall all fail,
 For God with his favour has fenc'd them.
- 5 The men of his choice
 May well then rejoice,
 Since the shout of a king is among them ;
 The name that they love
 For ever shall prove
 A terror to all who would wrong them.

HYMN CCCXLII.

He shall see of the travail of his soul.

ISAIAH liii. 11.

THE highest place in heav'n above
 Is his who bore the cross below ;
 In heav'n confess'd the God of love,
 He wears a crown of glory now.

- 2 The waters troubled were and deep,
 Thro' which he pass'd to yonder throne ;
 The Saviour oft was seen to weep,
 The Saviour oft was heard to groan.

- 3 The Saviour's groans—how deep they were
 That night, when prostrate on the ground,
 In anguish, he alone could bear,
 Himself the Lord of life was found !
- 4 A deeper groan was heard that day,
 When on the cross the Saviour died ;
 'Twas then he took our sins away,
 And justice then was satisfied.
- 5 The name of Jesus precious is,
 A rock, a sure defence, a tow'r;
 No name a virtue has like his,
 'Tis life and health, 'tis grace and pow'r.
- 6 To him who died that they might live,
 Let praise by all his saints be giv'n;
 Nor nothing have his saints to give,
 But praise on earth, and praise in heav'n.

HYMN CCCXLIII.

The Lion of the tribe of Judah—hath prevailed.
 REV. v. 5.

HARK ! the voice of Judah's Lion,
 Fearful to his foes it is,
 But to all the friends of Zion
 Mild as is the summer's breeze ;
 He to them no harm intends,
 Happy then are Zion's friends.

- 2 When amidst angelic legions
 None the volume could unfold,
 None through all the blessed regions
 Could the sacred book behold ;
 When the strength of others fail'd,
 Judah's Lion then prevail'd.

- 3** He the seven seals has broken,
 And the volume open lies,
 Wondrous things the Lord has spoken,
 Wondrous in his people's eyes ;
 Things to come while time shall last,
 Till the trumpet's final blast.
- 4** Now, with all the host of heaven,
 Let us make his glory known,
 Praise by all to him be given,
 He is worthy, he alone ;
 His the glory, and the pow'r,
 His the kingdom evermore.

HYMN CCCXLIV.

*There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people
 of God. HEB. iv. 9.*

THE people of the Lord
 Are on their way to heav'n,
 They there obtain their great reward,
 The prize will there be giv'n.

- 2** 'Tis conflict here below,
 'Tis triumph there, and peace ;
 On earth we wrestle with the foe,
 In heav'n our conflicts cease.
- 3** 'Tis gloom and darkness here,
 'Tis light and joy above ;
 There all is pure, and all is clear,
 There all is peace and love.
- 4** 'Tis snares and dangers here,
 But when we reach our home,
 Then danger is no more, nor fear,
 Our joys are then to come.

- 5 There rest shall follow toil,
 And ease succeed to care,
 The victors there divide the spoil,
 They live in triumph there.
- 6 Then let us joyful sing,
 The conflict is not long;
 We hope in heav'n to praise our King
 In one eternal song.

HYMN CCCXLV.

A covert from the tempest. ISA. xxxii. 1.

- O UR rest be here, the cross beneath,
 The fittest place for such as we ;
 'Tis here the faint begin to breathe,
 Th' insolvent here alone are free.
- 2 Pursued, and without pow'r to flee,
 In debt, and having nought to pay,
 The cross our place of refuge be,
 Our safety by the cross to stay.
- 3 Beneath the shelter of the place
 We'll stay until the storm is past ;
 For who would dare the storm to face ?
 Or who sustain its fatal blast ?
- 4 But here we listen to the sound,
 And safe within this hallow'd spot,
 While desolation reigns around,
 The angry tempest harms us not.
- 5 We owe him much, whose love provides
 A shelter from the furious blast,
 The Lord, who thus his people hides,
 Until the storm is overpast.

6 Our refuge and our rest be here,
 The danger soon will pass away,
 A cloudless sky will then appear,
 A blessed, bright, eternal day.

HYMN CCCXLVI.

The God of glory thundereth. Ps. xxix. 3.

HARK ! the God of glory thunders,
 Swift his vivid lightnings fly :
 Who is this that works these wonders ?
 Who is this that shakes the sky ?
 O ! what mighty hand is this ?
 Moving all, unseen it is,

2 Not unseen by those who credit
 What the word of God makes known ;
 He who cannot lie has said it,
 Jesus reigns, and reigns alone ;
 At his word the thunder rolls,
 He it is that shakes the poles.

3 When the thunder-clouds are clashing
 O'er our heads, in midnight peals,
 And the lightnings round us flashing,
 Then the stoutest spirit fails ;
 Yet is this the Saviour's voice,
 And his people may rejoice.

4 Yea, and in that awful season,
 When the world shall pass away,
 Then, ev'n then, the saints have reason
 To rejoice, and bless the day ;
 Then is their redemption come,
 Then they reach their wish'd-for home.

- 5 Saviour, grant us hope with patience,
 Looking to that awful day ;
 Then fulfil our expectations,
 Joyful let us hear thee say,
 " Come, ye blessed, and receive
 " All a Father's love can give."

HYMN CCCXLVII.

So he bringeth them to their desired haven.

PSALM cvii. 30.

HALF a wreck, by tempests driven,
 Yet this feeble bark survives ;
 Dash'd against the rocks, and riven,
 In the midst of death it lives ;
 See it press'd on ev'ry side,
 See it still the storm outride.

- 2 Can a bark, like mine, so shatter'd,
 Ever reach yon friendly shore ?
 Tempest-toss'd so long, and batter'd,
 Can it stand one conflict more ?
 Should another storm assail,
 Mast and planks and all must fail.

- 3 So they would, but One that's greater
 Than the storms and waves is here ;
 He it is, whose name is sweeter
 Far than music to my ear ;
 He preserves my shatter'd bark,
 He makes light when all is dark.

- 4 Jesus is the Lord, who hears me
 When the tempest roars around ;
 He it is whose presence cheers me,
 When I hear the dreadful sound ;

Trusting to his grace and pow'r,
Need I fear the darkest hour?

- 5** What though ev'ry plank is starting,
Waves are running mountain high,
Thunders rolling, lightnings darting,
And no saving hand seems nigh?—
Let me still no danger fear,
Jesus, though unseen, is near.

HYMN CCCXLVIII.

Of faith, that it might be by grace. ROM. iv. 16.

GRACE is the sweetest sound
That ever reach'd our ears;
When conscience charg'd, and justice frown'd,
'Twas grace remov'd our fears.

- 2** Grace is a theme indeed,
A hope-inspiring theme,
'Tis all we can desire or need,
'Tis more than fancy's dream.
- 3** 'Tis freedom to the slave,
'Tis light and liberty;
It takes its terror from the grave,
'Tis joy and victory.
- 4** Grace is a mine of wealth,
Laid open to the poor;
Grace is the sov'reign spring of health,
'Tis life for evermore.
- 5** Of grace then let us sing,
A joyful, wondrous theme;
The God of grace is Isra'l's King,
And grace proceeds from him.

6 We hope to see his face,
 With all the saints above,
 And sing for ever of his grace,
 For ever of his love.

HYMN CCCXLIX.

Or, canst thou thunder with a voice like Him ?

JOB xl. 9.

SAY, canst thou thunder with a voice
 Like His whose hand the thunder made ?
 Then may'st thou in thyself rejoice,
 Of nothing need'st thou be afraid.

2 Then has thine own right arm the pow'r
 To make thee safe when others flee ;
 Nor need'st thou fear the evil hour,
 For evil hour there's none to thee.

3 But if thy strength be small, then why
 Against the God of glory fight ?
 And, when he brings his mercy nigh,
 O ! why that mercy boldly slight ?

4 'Tis mercy such as suits thy case,
 It reaches guilt of deepest dye,
 The richest and the freest grace,
 The ground of hope, the spring of joy.

HYMN CCCL.

*Let every one that nameth the name of Christ
 depart from iniquity. 2 TIM. ii. 19.*

LET all who name His blessed name,
 Who once for sinners shed his blood,
 Depart from sin, and count it shame
 To live like those who know not God.

- 2 "What kind of persons should they be,"
 Whose names appear enroll'd above,
 The people whom the Lord makes free,
 To whom he manifests his love ?
- 3 "What kind of persons should they be?"
 How blameless should their life appear,
 Who hope the Lord in heav'n to see,
 And dwell with him for ever there !
- 4 With hopes so blessed and so bright,
 Of heav'n they well may think and talk,
 And being children of the light,
 As children of the light should walk.
- 5 The sons of God, they well may scorn
 The highest honours here on earth,
 To heav'n's eternal honours born,
 To stoop would ill become their birth.
- 6 And when a few short years are past,
 What's promis'd now will then be giv'n ;
 A goodly portion theirs at last,
 The glories and the joys of heav'n.

HYMN CCCLI.

Ye are not your own. 1 COR. vi. 19.

WE sing the praise of Him who gave
 His precious life for us ;
 'Twas wonderful at all to save,
 But more, to do it thus.

- 2 How awful must our state have been,
 When nothing but *his* blood,
 Who gave us life, could make us clean,
 And bring us back to God !

- 3 The more he suffer'd for our sake,
 The more his kindness is ;
 But O ! what poor returns we make
 For grace and love like his !
- 4 He might expect that we would give
 Our hearts to him alone,
 And, bought with blood, that we would live
 As His, and not our own.
- 5 But we, alas ! too oft forget
 How great his kindness is ;
 And, though redeem'd, we wander yet
 From him who made us his.
- 6 For this our hearts are cold and dead,
 For this our eyes are dim ;
 The crown is fallen from our head,
 Because we stray from Him
- 7 Lord, we confess our shame, and mourn
 That we have prov'd so base ;
 To thee again, to thee we turn,
 O save us by thy grace !

HYMN CCCLII.

Beside me there is no Saviour. Isa. xliv. 11.

SALVATION is of God alone,
 The glorious plan is all his own ;
 In love he form'd the great design,
 And here his grace and wisdom shine.

2 *Salvation is of God alone,*
 One only victim could atone
 For human guilt ; that victim he
 Who claims with God equality.

- 3** *Salvation is of God alone,*
 'Tis he who breaks the heart of stone,
 Who makes self-righteous boast to cease,
 And gives the troubled conscience peace.
- 4** *Salvation is of God alone,*
 'Tis he who leads his people on,
 'Tis he who makes their burdens light,
 And shields them in the day of fight.
- 5** *Salvation is of God alone,*
 He sets his people on his throne ;
 'Tis rapture all, and triumph then,
 They never taste of grief again.
- 6** *Salvation is of God alone,*
 This truth let all his people own,
 And to his name the praise be giv'n,
 By saints on earth, and saints in heav'n.

HYMN CCCLIII.

Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow.

JAMES iv. 14.

- 1** **T**IS to us no cause of sorrow
 That we cannot tell to-day,
 What it is will come to-morrow ;
 'Tis enough that we can say,
 "He, whom we our Father call,
 "Knows the future, knows it all."
- 2** Happy they, who, all committing
 To their Father's care and love,
 Let him choose what most is fitting,
 And of all he does approve ;
 They are free from anxious care,
 Blest in this his people are.

3 Teach us, O our God and Father,
 Teach us to obey thee thus ;
 Be thy choice our portion rather
 Than what might seem good to us ;
 'Tis not meet we should refuse
 Aught that thou, our God, shalt choose.

4 Future things with thee are present,
 All to come thine eye can see ;
 Safe it is for us, and pleasant,
 Future things to trust to thee ;
 Then thy people happy are,
 When on thee they cast their care.

HYMN CCCLIV.

Whom having not seen ye love. 1 PET. i. 8.

WE have not seen the Saviour's face,
 Nor shall we until life shall end ;
 But yet we love him for his grace,
 We love an unseen, absent friend.

2 The glorious work he wrought endears
 The Saviour to his people's hearts ;
 In hope they wait till he appears,
 And hope a present joy imparts.

3 They hope to see their Lord that day
 Descend with all the hosts of heav'n ;
 The Lord, who bore their sins away,
 The Lord, through whom they stand forgiv'n.

4 They hope that what they now believe
 They then with joyful eyes shall see ;
 No more to doubt, no more to grieve,
 But with their Lord himself to be.

- 5 Till that bright day we'll think of him,
 And may our love with fervour glow ;
 An unseen Lord be all our theme,
 'Till with him hence to heav'n we go.

HYMN CCCLV.

*Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in
 the bond of peace. EPH. iv. 3.*

BRETHREN, let us walk together
 In the bonds of love and peace ;
 Can it be a question, whether
 Brethren should from conflict cease ?
 'Tis in union
 Hope and joy and love increase.

- 2 While we journey homeward, let us
 Help each other in the road ;
 Foes on ev'ry side beset us,
 Snares through all the way are strew'd ;
 It behoves us
 Each to bear a brother's load.
- 3 When we think how much our Father
 Has forgiv'n, and does forgive,
 Brethren, we should learn the rather,
 Free from wrath, and strife to live,
 Far removing
 All that might offend or grieve.
- 4 Then let each esteem his brother
 Better than himself to be,
 And let each prefer another,
 Full of love, from envy free :
 Happy are we,
 When in this we all agree.

5 Soon our Father will receive us,
 As we hope, to dwell above,
 Nothing then shall harm or grieve us,
 We shall all his goodness prove,
 Wrath and discord
 Ending in eternal love.

HYMN CCCLVI.

Heaven is my throne. ISAIAH lxvi. 1.

HEAV'N is the throne of Isra'l's God,
 And earth his footstool is ;
 His is the sceptre and the rod,
 To save and punish his.

- 2 Great is the terror of the Lord,
 His arm is cloth'd with might ;
 And when he whets his glitt'ring sword,
 No eye can bear the sight.
- 3 This God is ours, he reigns above,
 And bless'd his people are,
 The objects of paternal love,
 And of paternal care.
- 4 Wisdom is his, and pow'r, and grace,
 And truth that cannot fail ;
 And bless'd are they who see his face,
 Who see without a veil.
- 5 This grace, we trust, will yet be ours,
 And with a hope like this,
 Let all the time, and all the pow'rs,
 That God has giv'n, be his.

HYMN CCCLVII.

I will sing of mercy. Ps. ci. 1.

SWEET were the sounds that reach'd our ears,

When mercy rais'd her heav'nly voice ;
 'Twas mercy that dispell'd our fears,
 And bade our souls in hope rejoice.

2 All other sounds discordant seem,

Compar'd with mercy's heav'nly song ;
 So sweet and joyful is the theme,
 It bears our willing souls along.

3 O may we never cease to hear

The voice that gives our conscience rest,
 That dissipates our guilty fear,
 And tells us we are truly blest.

4 May mercy still remove our fear,

And bind our souls with cords of love ;
 Mercy that soothes our sorrows here,
 And gives us hope of joys above.

HYMN CCCLVIII.

God is love. 1 JOHN iv. 16.

“ GOD is love," His word has said it,

This is news of heav'nly birth ;
 Fly abroad and quickly spread it,

Make it known through all the earth
 That " *God is love.*"

2 Not in yonder blessed regions,

Where the Lord, with glory crown'd,
 Reigns amidst angelic legions,

Will the brightest proof be found
 That " *God is love.*"

- 3 'Tis on earth the Lord discloses
 All his love, how vast it is ;
 Earth's the favour'd spot he chooses
 To convince the world of this,
 That "*God is love.*"
- 4 'Tis that "*Man of sorrows*" yonder,
 Object of contempt beneath,
 But in heav'n of highest wonder,
 Teaches fully by his death
 That "*God is love.*"
- 5 His a throne, the throne of heaven,
 Yet he comes on earth to bleed,
 And for man his life is given ;
 This is what declares indeed
 That "*God is love.*"
- 6 Not for those who ever lov'd him,
 Did the Lord of glory die,
 Pity to the wretched mov'd him—
 Who, that hears it, will deny
 That "*God is love?*"
- 7 'Tis a truth, away and spread it,
 Spread the tidings far and near ;
 O may sinners give it credit,
 And be joyful when they hear
 That "*God is love.*"

HYMN CCCLIX.

The Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.
 MATT. viii. 20.

'TWAS He who made the world that said
 He had not where to lay his head ;
 The earth could not a place afford
 To earth and heav'n's eternal Lord.

- 2 Wherever Jesus mov'd, he found
That ev'ry place was hostile ground ;
The earth was occupied by those
Who gloried in the name of foes.
- 3 No rest had he from pain and strife,
A life of suff'ring was his life ;
Nor did the Saviour find repose,
Till life itself had reach'd a close.
- 4 In victory he found repose,
In death he vanquish'd all his foes ;
He grasp'd the pillars of their pow'r,
And all their glory sunk that hour.
- 5 The battle's fought, the day is won,
The conflict's past, the work is done ;
And now he reaps the fruit of toil,
The glory his, and his the spoil.
- 6 A little while, and *he* shall come
Who could not find on earth a home ;
To their great joy he shall appear,
Who, like himself, are strangers here.
- 7 The heaven and earth shall pass away,
Their doom is fix'd for that great day ;
But all his saints shall then be blest,
And gain an everlasting rest.

HYMN CCCLX.

For when I am weak, then am I strong.

2 COR. xii. 10.

NO strength at all belongs to us,
Our strength in Jesus is ;
Nor should we grieve to have it thus,
Since all the praise is his.

- 2 Some cause to boast, however small,
 Some store we fain would have ;
 But Jesus strips his saints of all,
 That his own arm may save.
- 3 We nothing lose, we nothing had,
 'Twas all a fancied store ;
 Tho' weak we're strong, rejoice tho' sad,
 And we are rich though poor.
- 4 With strength sufficient for the day,
 The Lord his saints supplies ;
 This thought should keep them from dismay,
 Though many foes arise.
- 5 Yea, though a host of foes be near,
 Though mountains rise in view,
 And though the sea in front appear,
 The Lord will bring them through.
- 6 The Lord will open for his saints
 A passage through the sea ;
 His arm will break through all restraints,
 And what he wills shall be.
- 7 O happy people of his choice !
 Redeem'd and sav'd by grace,
 'Tis yours for ever to rejoice,
 In yonder glorious place.

HYMN CCCLXI.

*O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer
 thee in this matter. DANIEL iii. 16.*

WHEN all were enjoin'd by decree,
 Before the great image to fall,
 The tyrant expected to see
 His mandate complied with by all.

Whatever their master ordain'd
Was done by the flexible crowd ;
By fear of his anger constrain'd,
Before the great image they bow'd.

2 But some there were found who refus'd
To prostrate themselves at his word ;
They would not obey him, unus'd
To adore any god but THE LORD.
In vain did the tyrant proclaim
His purpose to make them comply,
In vain did he point out the flame,
And bid them obey him, or die.

3 The champions with confidence said,
“ Let others, O king, dread thine arm ;
“ In vain are thy terrors display'd,
“ For to us they convey no alarm.
“ Our God, whom we worship, is nigh,
“ To save us, O king, from thine hand ;
“ But know, we choose rather to die,
“ Than yield to thy impious command.”

4 'Tis thus that the saints must obey,
Their work must be thoroughly done ;
Though death should appear in the way,
Their duty is still to go on.
The Lord will approve at the last
Those only who thus persevere ;
And such, when the conflict is past,
Before him with joy shall appear.

HYMN CCCLXII.

Rejoice in the Lord. PHILIP. iii. 1.

IN Him, whose presence gladdens heav'n,
We do and will rejoice ;
And blest are they to whom 'tis giv'n
To hear and know his voice !

- 2 Against the Lord we once bore arms,
His mercy we oppos'd ;
The charmer's voice had then no charms,
For then our ears were clos'd.
- 3 He might have left us to endure
The wrath we seem'd to brave ;
Our case would then admit no cure,
For who but he could save ?
- 4 But though resisted long, he strove,
His purpose was to save ;
He show'd the greatness of his love,
And though provok'd, forgave.
- 5 Then let us sing of grace alone,
And magnify the name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And join to praise THE LAMB.

HYMN CCCLXIII.

I have loved thee. JER. xxxi. 3.

THE God himself, who reigns on high,
Has set his love on us,
And we, his people, wonder why
He should have acted thus.

- 2** Why we should live, and others not,
 We are not giv'n to know ;
 'Tis far too high for human thought,
 For human thought below.
- 3** Perhaps, in yonder glorious place,
 We may be giv'n to know
 Why we are objects here of grace,
 And why distinguish'd so.
- 4** But should this knowledge be too high
 For all but God alone,
 Enough for us, if we enjoy
 His love, the cause unknown.
- 5** Content with this, our aim should be
 To live at all times thus ;
 That all the world around may see
 The fruit of grace in us.

HYMN CCCLXIV.

In whom we have redemption. COL. i. 14.

IN our Lord we have redemption,
I Full remission in his blood ;
 From the curse entire exemption,
 From the curse pronounc'd by God :
 What a Saviour Jesus is !
O what love, what love is his !

- 2** See the Lord, our nature wearing,
 This is wondrous in our eyes ;
 See him all our sorrows bearing,
 Hark ! 'tis he, 'tis he who cries,
 While he bears the curse for us,
 " Why am I forsaken thus ? "

3 Awful cry ! it shows his suff'ring
 Far above the reach of thought ;
 When he gave himself an off'rning,
 And with blood his people bought :
 When their sins on him were laid,
 And their ransom fully paid.

4 Praise be his, all praise transcending,
 Praise on earth, and praise in heav'n ;
 Praise through ages never-ending,
 To the Lamb of God be giv'n :
 He alone the Saviour is,
 Everlasting praise be his.

HYMN CCCLXV.

I will trust and not be afraid. ISAIAH xii. 2.

WHEN we cannot see our way,
 Let us trust, and still obey ;
 He, who bids us forward go,
 Cannot fail the way to show.

2 Though the sea be deep and wide,
 Though a passage seems denied,
 Fearless let us still proceed,
 Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

3 Though it seems the gloom of night,
 Though we see no ray of light,
 Since the Lord himself is there,
 'Tis not meet that we should fear.

4 Night with him is never night,
 Where he is, there all is light ;
 When he calls us, why delay ?
 They are happy who obey.

5 Be it ours then, while we're here,
 Him to follow without fear ;
 Where he calls us, there to go,
 What he bids us, that to do.

HYMN CCCLXVI.

By grace ye are saved. EPH. ii. 5.

NOTHING but the purest grace
 Could have sav'd and set us free ;
 Saviour, when we see thy face,
 O what thanks we'll give to thee !
 How we'll tell to all around us,
 What we were when mercy found us !

2 We were then the heirs of woe,
 Guilty and condemn'd to die ;
 Yet, not knowing it was so,
 We were in a dream of joy :
 Such we were when mercy found us,
 So we'll tell to all around us.

3 We were foolish, we were blind,
 Yet we fancied all was right ;
 Darkness reign'd within the mind,
 Yet we thought that darkness light :
 Such we were when mercy found us,
 So we'll tell to all around us.

4 We were foes, were foes to Him,
 Who himself to save us died ;
 From the world we sought esteem,
 And its favour was our pride :
 Such we were when mercy found us,
 So we'll tell to all around us.

HYMN CCCLXVII.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? Ps. cxxxvii. 4.

ON the boughs our harps suspended,
Exiles we and far from home,
When will days of grief be ended?
When the day of promise come,
Which, in prospect,
Sheds a ray that cheers our gloom?

- 2 Can we sing midst foes and strangers?
Can we sing when all revile?
When expos'd to snares and dangers,
Can we sing, or can we smile?
But not distant
Is the end of grief and toil.
- 3 Silent now, not without reason,
Many are our foes and strong;
But we hope to see a season
When we shall resume our song;
Songs of triumph
Shall be ours, we trust, ere long.
- 4 Sweet the prospect! how it cheers us!
Cheers us in the midst of foes;
And ev'n now our Saviour hears us,
Hears our cry, and soothes our woes:
Hope sustains us,
Hope of freedom and repose.

HYMN CCCLXVIII.

In the Lord put I my trust. Ps. xi. 1.

LORD, I trust in thee, O never
 Let my soul be put to shame ;
 Sweet thy promise is, and ever
 May its sweetness prove the same :
 They alone, whose trust in thee is,
 Safe are found, and happy too ;
 Good, O Lord, thy word to me is,
 Source of joys for ever new.

- 2** Love there is not such as thine is,
 Love so constant, love so strong ;
 But how cold, how languid mine is !
 Could thy patience bear so long ?
 Couldst thou bear with one so foward ?
 Couldst thou bear with one like me ?
 In the cause of truth a coward,
 And forgetful, Lord, of thee.
- 3** Yes, of thee, my Lord, forgetful,
 In the hour of trial faint ;
 When corrected, proud and fretful,
 Nor abstaining from complaint :
 Had my provocations mov'd thee,
 I had been consum'd, ere this,
 For if ever sinner prov'd thee,
 He that speaks, that sinner is.
- 4** Now, my Saviour, mov'd by kindness,
 Pardon all my sin anew,
 O remove my wicked blindness,
 And my stubborn will subdue :

Make, O make me what I should be !
 Thou canst break the heart of stone ;
 What thou wilt is what I would be,
 Happy then, and then alone.

HYMN CCCLXIX.

What manner of man is this, &c. MARK iv. 41.

“ **W**HOMO is this that calms the ocean ?”
 Thus they cried, who were onboard,
 When they saw the wild commotion
 Cease, as Jesus spoke the word ;
 When the sudden calm they saw,
 Wonder fill’d their minds, and awe.

2 He, who bids the tempest riot
 On the deep, and make it swell,
 He alone the storm can quiet,
 Saying to it, “ peace, be still : ”
 He, whose pow’r to all gives birth,
 All in heav’n, and all in earth.

3 He who calms the sea when raging,
 Stills the tumult of the soul ;
 By his word the storms assuaging,
 Storms too furious for control :
 But he binds them with his hand,
 And they cease at his command.

4 Ye who, all your hope deriving
 From yourselves, have labour’d long
 To allay the storm by striving,
 But have found the storm too strong,
 From the hopeless labour cease,
 Jesus gives the troubled peace.

HYMN CCCLXX.

Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward. EXOD. xiv. 15.

“ FORWARD let the people go,”
 Israel’s God will have it so ;
 Though the path be through the sea,
 Isra’l, what is that to thee ?
 He, who bids thee pass the waters,
 Will be with his sons and daughters.

- 2 Deep and wide the sea appears,
 Isra’l wonders, Isra’l fears ;
 Yet the word is “ forward,” still,
 Isra’l, ’tis thy Master’s will ;
 Though no way thou canst discover,
 Not one plank to float thee over.
- 3 Isra’l, art thou sorely tried ?
 Art thou press’d on ev’ry side ?
 Does it seem, as if no pow’r,
 Could relieve thee in this hour ?
 Wherefore art thou thus dishearten’d ?
 Is the arm that saves thee shorten’d ?
- 4 Stand thou still this day, and see
 Wonders wrought, and wrought for thee ;
 Safe thyself on yonder shore,
 Thou shalt see thy foes no more :
 Thine to see the Saviour’s glory,
 Thine to tell the wondrous story.
- 5 Yea, thy God shall yet be known,
 Far and wide, as God alone ;
 At his word shall idols fall,
 For thy God is Lord of all :

Strength is his, and his salvation ;
He shall reign in ev'ry nation.

HYMN CCCLXXI.

Turn again our captivity, O Lord.

PSALM CXXVI. 4.

WE turn to Zion, seat of peace,
Nor can the treasures of the earth
Detain us here, or make us cease
To love the place that gave us birth.

- 2 The subjects of a foreign Lord,
But here condemn'd awhile to mourn,
We hope, according to his word,
One day with singing to return.
- 3 Our Lord, whom now we know and love,
But cannot see, will then appear,
Appear in glory, far above
Whatever thought can fancy here.
- 4 His fame has reach'd us from afar,
And much we hear of his renown ;
Yet such his wealth and glory are,
Not half of what is true is known.
- 5 But when in yonder place we see
The King himself, without a veil,
Shall angels be so bless'd as we,
Or equal joy and wonder feel ?

HYMN CCCLXXII.

Yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.

PSALM xviii. 10.

THE Lord, his way is in the storms,
 The lightnings fly at his command ;
 He gave to nature all its forms,
 And nature owns his guiding hand.

- 2 The mountains tremble at his look,
 The everlasting hills remove ;
 The sea is dried at his rebuke,
 At his rebuke who reigns above.
- 3 And is it true, indeed, that he,
 Whom heav'n itself cannot contain,
 Will dwell on earth ? and will he be
 Our God, and bless his feeble train ?
- 4 What grace is this ! what grace to us !
 O Lord, we wonder and adore,
 That such as we are favour'd thus,
 Who fought against thy grace before.
- 5 O may that grace our fear remove,
 And render captive ev'ry thought
 To Him who came from heav'n above,
 And with his blood his people bought.

HYMN CCCLXXIII.

But fear not thou. JER. xlvi. 27.

“ I SRA'L be not thou affrighted,”
 Though thy foes so num'rous be ;
 All thy foes shall be requited
 For the hatred borne to thee ;
 Thou shalt see them
 All before thy banners flee.

- 2 " *Isra'l be not thou affrighted,*"
When thy foes in arms appear ;
They are many, and united,
Yet hast thou no cause for fear ;
He who saves thee
Stronger is, and he is near.
- 3 " *Isra'l be not thou affrighted,*"
Though thy numbers are so small ;
He, whose name on earth is slighted,
Knows thy wants, and hears thy call ;
He is mighty,
And thine enemies shall fall.
- 4 " *Isra'l be not thou affrighted,*"
Gloomy though the way appears ;
Thou shalt never be benighted,
Banish therefore groundless fears ;
He who saves thee
Hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears.
- 5 Not a man shall stand before thee,
For the Lord shall make them flee ;
This shall be from love he bore thee,
Ere the world began to be ;
His the glory,
Guilt and shame belong to thee.
- 6 Where thou seest yon pillar hover,
Follow thou, nor thence decline ;
Soon thy conflicts shall be over,
And a blessed rest be thine ;
Light and glory
Shall for ever round thee shine.

HYMN CCCLXXIV.

Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ.

PHIL. i. 23.

IF I had wings, then would I go
 With speed to yonder realms of light ;
 I'd bid farewell to all below,
 And take my everlasting flight.

- 2 I'd ask admittance there, as one
 Without pretension aught but this—
 A sinner sav'd by grace alone,
 That grace that for the vilest is.
- 3 I'd join in praise with those above,
 Who owe, like me, their place in heav'n
 To royal mercy ; much they love,
 Because that much has been forgiv'n.
- 4 I thought, vain hope, that I might claim
 A place in heav'n to merit due ;
 'Twas then I gloried in my shame,
 And deem'd him wise who nothing knew.
- 5 The thought of grace, so precious now,
 Had then no charms, or none for me ;
 My haughty mind disdain'd to bow,
 A debtor then I scorn'd to be.
- 6 But O that grace ! despis'd so long,
 How rich it is ! it came to me ;—
 'Tis now the subject of my song,
 And while I live, I trust, shall be.
- 7 Of grace abounding, here I'll sing,
 'Tis meet I should, as one forgiv'n ;
 Of grace abounding, grace the spring
 Of hope on earth, and joy in heav'n.

- 8 And when I reach yon glorious place,
 Where sinners sav'd shall sin no more ;
 I hope to sing triumphant grace,
 And taste of joy unknown before,

HYMN CCCLXXV.

Then sang Moses and the children of Israel.
 EXOD. xv. 1.

ISRA'L sung with joy and wonder,
 When the Lord display'd his pow'r ;
 When he cleav'd the waves asunder,
 Isra'l sung in that glad hour ;
 Then the sound of praise was heard,
 Then Jehovah's name was fear'd.

- 2 But their joy was quickly over,
 And complaints were heard around ;
 Thus did Isra'l soon discover
 All that in his heart was found ;
 And the wonders lately seen,
 Seem'd as though they had not been.

- 3 Thus do we forget too often
 All the wonders God has shewn ;
 Countless mercies fail to soften,
 And subdue our hearts of stone ;
 What though now we raise our song,
 Yet we may repine ere long.

- 4 Where is folly such as this is ?
 Where is guilt that equals ours ?
 Where is patience such as his is ?
 Patience that so long endures ?
 Were he aught but what he is,
 We had been consum'd ere this.

5 Teach us, Lord, to walk before thee,
 As becomes thy people here ;
 Soon, we hope, we shall adore thee,
 Free from sin, and free from fear ;
 Then shall all thy people sing,
 Glory, glory to their King.

HYMN CCCLXXVI.

Truly the light is sweet. ECCLES. xi. 7.

THE light is sweet, and pleasant is
 The sun to mortal sight ;
 But fairer light we know than this,
 We know a sun more bright ;

2 A sun that sheds a purer ray,
 That gives to heav'n its light ;
 A sun that yields perpetual day,
 That goes not down by night ;

3 A sun that shines upon the way
 That leads to joys above ;
 That cheers the pilgrim with its ray,
 And warms his heart with love.

4 This sun is ours ; it gilds with light
 Th' eternal vault of heav'n ;
 'Tis faintly view'd by mortal sight,
 As yet no more is giv'n.

5 But soon, we hope, a day will be,
 When clouds shall be no more ;
 This glorious sun we then shall see
 In beauty, not before.

- 6 Till then it yields sufficient light
 To shew the heav'ly way ;
 And now and then it seems more bright,
 And darts a warmer ray.
- 7 Fair is the lot that's cast for them,
 On whom this sun has ris'n ;
 This sun illumines with its beam
 The darkness of a pris'n.

HYMN CCCLXXVII.

It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.
 JER. x. 23.

IT is not we who can direct
 Our steps, where many snares abound ;
 It is not we who can protect
 Ourselves, when many foes surround.

2 The Lord, our leader, goes before,
 Sufficient he, and none beside ;
 And were the dangers many more.
 We need not fear with such a guide.

3 Thro' snares, thro' dangers, and thro' foes,
 He leads, whose arm almighty is ;
 What then if earth and hell oppose !
 We need not fear, if we are his.

4 All things are ours, if we are his,
 All things on earth, and all in heav'n ;
 And high the destination is
 Of those to whom this grace is giv'n.

5 Tho' many are their foes, and strong,
 Tho' fears are great, and strength is small,
 Tho' sharp their warfare is, and long,
 Yet heav'n will make amends for all.

6 Their conflicts there for ever cease ;
 No warfare is where all are friends ;
 There all is love, and all is peace,
 And joy is there that never ends.

HYMN CCCLXXVIII.

Faint, yet pursuing. JUDGES viii. 4.

FAINT we are, though still pursuing,
 See our foes before us fly ;
 'Tis our gain, but not our doing,
 They might all our pow'r defy ;
 He whose arm is cloth'd with might,
 Jesus, puts our foes to flight.

- 2 See our King before us going,
 Follow him, nor fearful be ;
 Follow him with boldness, knowing
 Strength is his, and victory :
 Though we feel our pow'r but small,
 Yet we trust our foes shall fall.
- 3 See them all before him flying,
 All before our conqu'ring Lord ;
 Strong they seem'd, our force defying,
 And we trembled at their word ;
 But he fill'd them with his dread,
 And when he appear'd, they fled.
- 4 Since our foes then flee before him,
 For his arm almighty is,
 Let his people all adore him,
 Let the glory all be his :
 Let his people ever sing,
 Glory, glory to their King.

HYMN CCCLXXIX.

How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! LAM. i. 1.

O MOURNFUL sight ! a city waste !
 Her former glory may be trac'd
 From what we see remaining ;
 'Tis Zion mourns her children gone,
 She lies forsaken and alone,
 And thus is heard complaining :

2 " My sons ! ah whither are they gone ?
 " Of all I once possess'd, not one
 " Now soothes a mother's anguish ;
 " My children, once my joy and pride,
 " Are torn with rigour from my side,
 " And I am left to languish."

3 Zion ! the enemy is chief,
 No friend is nigh to bring relief,
 Because thou hast offended ;
 For *this* thy children are remov'd,
 And thou art punish'd, though belov'd,
 Thy profit is intended.

4 When thou wast lately full of mirth,
 The joy and glory of the earth,
 Then hadst thou many lovers ;
 For *this* thy God, who spar'd thee long,
 Now takes away thy joy and song,
 And all thy shame discovers.

5 O ! hadst thou known thy happy lot,
 Nor basely sold thyself for nought,
 Thy gracious Lord forsaking,

Then had thy peace been as a stream,
 But lo ! 'tis vanish'd like a dream,
 The loss of thine own making.

- 6** But tho' thy God thus makes thee know
 What ills from disobedience flow,
 He means not to forsake thee ;
 When he has made thee feel thy loss,
 And purely purg'd away thy dross,
 He means again to take thee.
- 7** Then shall thy children all return,
 No more for ever shalt thou mourn,
 Restor'd again to favour ;
 Zion shall gain a glorious name,
 Her foes shall all be put to shame,
 For God himself will save her.

HYMN CCCLXXX.

Seek peace. PSALM xxxiv. 14.

WHILE contests rend the Christian church,
 O may I live the friend of peace !
 The sacred mine of Scripture search,
 And learn from man, vain man, to cease.

- 2** O teach me, Lord, *thy truth* to know !
 And separate from all beside ;
This I would guard from ev'ry foe,
 Nor fear the issue to abide.
- 3** But keep me, Lord, from party zeal,
 That seeks its own, and not thy praise ;
 This temper I would never feel,
 Or, when I do, would own it base.

- 4 Be mine to recommend thy grace,
 That sinners may believe and live ;
 That they who live may run the race,
 And then a crown of life receive.
- 5 Lord, search thy servant, search him thro',
 Detect, destroy what's not thine own ;
 Whene'er I speak, whate'er I do,
 O may I seek thy praise alone !

HYMN CCCLXXXI.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. ISAIAH xl. 31.

THEY that wait upon the Lord,
 As on eagles' pinions mounting,
 Shall arise, (so says his word,)
 All on earth beneath them counting ;
 They shall rise from earthly things,
 God himself will give them wings.

- 2 They that wait upon the Lord
 Shall not faint and fail like others ;
 God will needful help afford,
 God, whose love is more than mothers' ;
 This may fail, however strange,
 His is love that cannot change.
- 3 They that wait upon the Lord,
 Ev'ry day their strength renewing,
 Shall his grace with songs record,
 Ev'ry day their foes subduing ;
 They shall go from strength to strength,
 Till they meet in heav'n at length.

HYMN CCCLXXXII.

They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward. JER. i. 5.

WHENCE come ye, weeping pilgrims,
whence?

And whither do ye journey hence?

- 2 We travel from a distant land,
The scene of our disgrace,
We leave it by our King's command,
And haste to see his face ;
We're bound for Zion's blest abode,
His people's joy to share ;
O tell us, if thou know'st, the road
That will conduct us there.

- 3 Ye happy pilgrims, come with me
To yonder eminence, and see
The city of your glorious King ;
Then let your hearts rejoice and sing.

- 4 'Tis it, how glorious to behold !
We shall be there ere long ;
O let the timid now be bold,
And let the faint be strong !
Sing, sing ye pilgrims, on your way,
Let joy fill ev'ry breast !
Our King will all our toils repay,
We soon shall gain our rest.

HYMN CCCLXXXIII.

Kept by the power of God. 1 PET. i. 5.

SPAR'D a little longer,
May our souls grow stronger
To maintain the arduous fight of faith.

- 2 Many foes surround us,
Hoping to confound us,
But the Lord himself is our defence.
- 3 We have hearts deceitful,
And of truth forgetful,
Yet our gracious Lord his people spares.
- 4 Pilgrims here, and strangers,
Who can tell our dangers ?
But our Lord will save us from them all.
- 5 He has dearly bought us,
Hitherto has brought us,
And will lead us to himself at last.
- 6 By his eye directed,
By his arm protected,
We shall gain the presence of our God.

HYMN CCCLXXXIV.

My Saviour. 2 SAM. xxii. 3.

IN form I long had bow'd the knee,
But nought attractive then could see,
To win my wayward heart to thee,
 My Saviour!

- 2 Yet oft I trembled when I thought
How I had sold myself for nought,
But still against thy love I fought,
 My Saviour !
- 3 When self-accus'd I trembling stood,
I promis'd fair, as any could,
But never counted on thy blood,
 My Saviour !

- 4 Too soon the promise vain I prov'd
 That sinners make, while sin is lov'd,
 But still to thee this heart ne'er mov'd,
 My Saviour !
- 5 To pleasure prone, I thought it hard
 From pleasure's path to be debarr'd,
 Nor pleasure sought from thy regard,
 My Saviour !
- 6 At length, despairing to be free,
 A *willing* slave I meant to be ;
 'Twas then thou didst appear for me,
 My Saviour !
- 7 Thou, whom I had so long withstood,
 Thou didst redeem my soul with blood,
 And thou hast brought me nigh to God,
 My Saviour !
- 8 Thro' storms and waves of conflict past,
 Thy potent arm has held me fast,
 And thou wilt save me to the last,
 My Saviour !
- 9 And when I reach the happy shore,
 I hope to rest, but not before,
 And never to offend thee more,
 My Saviour !

HYMN CCCLXXXV.

And unto man he said, behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom. JOB xxviii. 13.

HOW many of their wisdom boast,
 Wisdom acquir'd by toil and cost !
 But when they want their wisdom most,
 If ever it was theirs, 'tis lost.

- 2 The wisdom of the world must fail,
 'Tis found deficient in the scale ;
 When guilt and pain and death assail,
 Ah ! what will such a friend avail ?
- 3 It may with pride the heart inflame,
 It may exalt a man to fame,
 It may procure a splendid name,
 But cannot save from endless shame.
- 4 There is a wisdom from on high,
 No food for pride will it supply,
 But guilt and pain it may defy,
 And cheers us when we come to die.
- 5 Who shall *this* wisdom's worth declare ?
 Or what shall we to her compare ?
 To her, bright gems, however rare,
 But faintly shine, and worthless are.
- 6 Who wisdom find, are truly blest,
 The "tree of life" is then possess'd ;
 Of all that's valued this is best,
 'Tis present and eternal rest.

HYMN CCCLXXXVI.

Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul.

PSALM lxvi. 16.

O YE that fear the Lord, attend,
 While I relate a wondrous case,
 Of one whom Christ, the sinner's friend,
 Redeem'd and rescued by his grace.

- 2 I knew this man, I know him still,
In devious paths he long had stray'd ;
Blind ignorance and proud self-will
Conceal'd the path that wisdom made.
- 3 He was no infidel, 'tis true,
(As men now understand the name,)
No—he condemn'd the *naughty crew*,
Himself *essentially* the same.
- 4 From gross abominations free,
The Pharisaic robe he wore,
He seem'd a man of piety,
And such the character he bore.
- 5 Caress'd by friends, and often told
Of goodness which he never had,
He thought that all his dross was gold,
Nor ever dreamt his state was bad.
- 6 Whatever men may think of such,
Their enmity to truth is great ;
They think that they possess so much,
That nothing can improve their state.
- 7 Deluded thus by golden dreams,
They oft sleep on without alarm ;
The whole a solid treasure seems,
Till *death* dissolves the fatal charm.
- 8 Thus did *he* sleep whose case I tell,
And gaz'd upon his fancied store ;
He thought, vain fool ! that all was well,
Nor did he know that he was poor.
- 9 But while he slept, a gracious voice
Struck on his ear, and seem'd to say,
“Sleeper, awake to real joys ;
“Lo ! JESUS is the living way.”

- 10 This voice prevail'd, and now he knows
 That he indeed was in a dream ;
 From Jesus *now* his comfort flows,
 His life, his peace, his hope, from him.
- 11 The world can keep his heart no more,
 Since Jesus has reveal'd his love ;
 And when life's pilgrimage is o'er,
 He hopes to see his Lord above.

HYMN CCCLXXXVII.

*My grace is sufficient for thee ; for my strength
 is made perfect in weakness.* 2 COR. xii. 9.

THY promise, Lord, just suits my case,
 I sought assurance from thy mouth,
 That one like me, so poor and base,
 Would persevere to keep thy truth.

2 When inward, Lord, I turn my eyes,
 I see but motives to despair ;
 Whatever charm the world supplies,
 It finds a kindred temper there.

3 Sufficient ground *thy promise* yields,
 On which a worm may rest his hope ;
 And he who on thy promise builds,
 May give his confidence full scope.

4 Thy strength in weakness is display'd,
 My soul this truth can relish now ;
 A worm upon thy pow'r is stay'd,
 The weaker *he*, the greater *thou*.

5 If of myself I henceforth speak,
 'Tis of infirmity alone ;
 I know that I am strong though weak,
 My strength is Christ, the mighty one.

- 6 On everlasting arms I lean,
 These only can sustain my hope ;
 These have till now my refuge been,
 And these thro' life will hold me up.
- 7 I can look forward now with joy,
 Though in myself a feeble worm ;
 For Jesus will his pow'r employ,
 And save my soul in ev'ry storm.

HYMN CCCLXXXVIII.

Sing praises unto His name, for it is pleasant.
 PSALM CXXXV. 3.

THE Saviour bears a lovely name,
 Of sacred pow'rs possest ;
 It takes away the sinner's shame,
 And gives his conscience rest.

2 No name on earth is half so great,
 Howe'er extoll'd by fame ;
 Nor can celestial tongues repeat
 A more exalted name.

3 Though music has the pow'r to please,
 (And oft I feel its pow'r,)
 The name of Jesus sweeter is,
 And captivates me more.

4 However sweet the flow'r that spreads
 Its perfume o'er the fields,
 His name a richer fragrance sheds,
 And more refreshment yields.

5 Sweet name ! the sinner's blest relief,
 His med'cine, food, and joy !
 'Tis help in trouble, ease in grief,
 'Tis gold without alloy.

- 6 Jesus, thy name is dear to me,
 It saves me from my foes ;
 Arm'd with its pow'r, I need not flee,
 Though earth and hell oppose.
- 7 In many painful conflicts past,
 Thy name has brought me through ;
 Nor wilt thou leave the worm at last,
 Whom thou hast sav'd till now.
- 8 No ; in thy heav'n I shall appear,
 And cease to know "in part ;"
 My strengthen'd faculties will bear
 To see thee as thou art.
- 9 Then shall my cup of joy o'erflow
 With still increasing store ;
 My only heav'n, thy name to know,
 And praise thee evermore.

HYMN CCCLXXXIX.

Who can shew forth all his praises ? Ps. cvi. 2.

- T**O God, my Saviour, praise is due,
 A debt I never can discharge ;
 For when I bring the sum to view,
 I find it infinitely large.
- 2 "Goodness and mercy" have pursued
 My steps since I have seen the light ;
 Favours each day have been renew'd,
 My sun has shone benignly bright.
- 3 But since the Saviour's name I've known,
 And seen how bright his glories shine,
 My mercies centre all in *one*,
 That I am his, and he is mine.

- 4 With other things I can dispense,
 The world and all its joys forego ;
 But O ! my loss would be immense,
 If I should cease the LORD to know.
- 5 This is the central point of bliss,
 'Tis all I ask, 'tis all I need ;
 My soul is rich, possess'd of this,
 Without it, I am poor indeed.
- 6 Nor need I grieve because I owe
 A debt that may the world amaze ;
 Thro' endless years my praise shall flow,
 And what is heav'n but endless praise ?

HYMN CCCXC.

Behold he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts.
 MAL. iii. 1.

HE comes ! the Saviour full of grace,
 By ancient prophets sung ;
 The smile of mercy in his face,
 And truth upon his tongue.

- 2 In him the world no beauty sees,
 “ No form nor comeliness,”
 Rejected and despis'd he is,
 And plung'd in deep distress.
- 3 But there's a people taught by grace
 To know his matchless worth ;
 They own him, though accounted base,
 And shew his praises forth.
- 4 They own him as the Lord of all,
 Their Saviour and their God ;
 Before his feet they prostrate fall,
 The purchase of his blood !

- 5 'Tis thus the Saviour is receiv'd,
 The world accounts him vile ;
 While sinners, by his grace reliev'd,
 Can live but by his smile.
- 6 To Him, who bore the sinner's shame,
 Be endless glory giv'n,
 Immortal honours crown his name,
 The Lord of earth and heav'n.

HYMN CCCXCI.

How sweet are thy words to my taste.

PSALM cxix. 103.

- I** LOVE the sacred book of God,
 No other can its place supply ;
 It points me to the saints' abode,
 It gives me wings, and bids me fly.
- 2 Sweet book ! in thee my eyes discern
 The image of my absent Lord ;
 From thine illumin'd page I learn
 The joys his presence will afford.
- 3 In thee I read my title clear
 To mansions that will ne'er decay ;
 My Lord ! O when will he appear,
 And bear his pris'ner far away !
- 4 Then shall I need thy light no more,
 For nothing shall be then conceal'd ;
 When I have reach'd the heav'nly shore,
 The LORD himself will stand reveal'd.
- 5 When midst the throng celestial plac'd,
 The bright original I see,
 From which thy sacred page was trac'd,
 Sweet book ! I've no more need of thee.

- 6 But while I'm here, thou shalt supply
 His place, and tell me of his love ;
 I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
 And get a taste of joys above.
- 7 I know his spirit breathes in thee,
 To animate his people here ;
 May thy sweet truths prove life to me,
 Till in his presence I appear.

HYMN CCCXCII.

*For there is none other name given among men
 whereby we must be saved. ACTS iv. 12.*

THERE'S not a name beneath the skies,
 Nor is there one in heav'n above,
 But that of JESUS, can suffice
 The sinner's burden to remove.

- 2 Sweet name ! when once its virtue's known,
 How weak all other helps appear !
 The sinner trusts to it *alone*,
 And finds the grand specific there.
- 3 'Twas long before I knew this truth,
 And learn'd to trust the Saviour's name ;
 In vanity I spent my youth,
 The thought now fills my heart with shame.
- 4 But since I've known the life and pow'r
 With which his name is richly stor'd,
 The world can keep my heart no more,
 Nor can its joys content afford.
- 5 The things I once esteem'd the most,
 I now account as worthless dross ;
 Thy name, dear Saviour, is my boast,
 For which the world appears but loss.

6 Lord, grant me boldness to proclaim
 (Unmov'd by any fear but thine)
 The saving virtues of thy name,
 And prove its influence divine.

7 Nor let its savour be confin'd,
 Through ev'ry region let it spread ;
 Impart its blessings to mankind,
 And by its pow'r revive the dead.

HYMN CCCXCIII.

Woe to the pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep of my pasture, saith the Lord.

JER. xxiii. 1.

WOE to the pastors, saith the Lord,
 Who scatter and destroy my sheep !
 Tho' you should now despise my word,
 Your end will be to mourn and weep.

2 The flock you should have kept with care
 Is left to stray without a guide ;
 Behold, the lion and the bear
 An unresisting prey divide.

3 As when some unexpected shock
 Awakens terror by surprise,
 'Tis thus I will require my flock,
 Nor shall you then escape by lies.

4 Hear this, ye idol shepherds, hear,
 Who think of nothing but your gain ;
 When the chief shepherd shall appear,
 Ye then will gnaw your tongues for pain,

- 5 O hear his voice while yet he speaks,
 To warn you of your awful state !
 The man who *here* forgiveness seeks,
 Will find he never seeks too late.
- 6 When you have learn'd his voice to know,
 You then may shew his flock the way ;
 And when he comes, he will bestow
 A crown that never will decay.

HYMN CCCXCIV.

Who will shew us any good ? Ps. iv. 6.

“ **W**HOO will shew us any good ?”
 Thus the hopeless worldling cries ;
 Pleasure, tho' with zeal pursued,
 Still from his embraces flies.

- 2 Is there nothing here below
 Can supply the soul with food ?
 Hear the general answer—no !
 “ Who will shew us any good ?”
- 3 Solomon the trial made,
 Brought all nature to the test,
 Tried the palace, tried the shade,
 Yet he sought in vain for rest.
- 4 What can others now expect,
 What will all their projects gain ?
 Are they likely to effect
 What the King has tried in vain ?
- 5 Must we then all hope resign ?
 Is there nought can yield repose ?
 Saviour, make thy face to shine,
 This is what will heal our woes.

6 Ye who seek for peace of mind,
 Ye who would be truly blest,
 If you seek it here, you'll find
 Jesus gives his people rest.

HYMN CCCXCV.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace. Is. xxvii. 3.

HAPPY man ! He trusts in Jesus,
 Therefore has he peace within ;
 While dismay on others seizes,
 Lo, he wears a smile serene.
 Ev'ry sound is full of terror
 With a conscience ill at ease,
 For we know the path of error
 Cannot be the path of peace.

2 Nothing now can greatly move him,
 For the Lord upholds his steps :
 Trials may be sent to prove him,
 But the Lord his servant keeps.
 Though he lives on earth a stranger,
 Press'd by many foes and fears,
 God will keep him here from danger,
 And at length dry all his tears.

HYMN CCXCVI.

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. Ps. xxxiii. 1.

WHO can tell how good and pleasant
 'Tis when brethren all agree ?
 Then it is the Lord is present,
 Then he meets his family ;

When his children walk in love,
Then their origin they prove.

- 2 Let the world dispute and cavil,
Brethren should abide in peace ;
While to Zion's hill they travel,
They should learn from strife to cease ;
Pilgrims in the heav'nly road,
They should seek each other's good.
- 3 Christ has said it “ Love each other,
“ Thus the world my people know ;
“ He that loveth not his brother
“ Is a child of wrath and woe ;”
Brethren, let us think on this,
Let us prove that we are his.
- 4 Love is more than mere appearance,
Let us learn to love indeed ;
Mutual patience and forbearance
Well become our state of need :
When we stand around the throne,
We shall know as we are known.

HYMN CCCXCVII.

A land that floweth with milk and honey.

DEUT. xxvi. 9.

CANAAN flows with milk and honey,
Round the world no spot's so fair ;
Fruits, whose price is more than money,
Are the fruits that flourish there ;
Happy Isra'l,
Destined all its sweets to share.

- 2 There eternal summer glowing
Never yields to winter's force ;
Streams of living water flowing
All enliven in their course ;
Streams that issue
From a never-failing source.
- 3 Trees of life, spontaneous growing,
There on every side are found ;
Softest breezes ever blowing,
Rich with fragrance, breathe around :
Purest pleasure
There in all its forms abound.
- 4 Canaan's sun abides for ever,
Her's is day without a night ;
Darkness there approaches never,
All is pure and all is bright ;
Great her glory !
Canaan shines with endless light.
- 5 When on Canaan's beauties musing,
Nothing seems to me so fair ;
Ev'ry other lot refusing,
I would dwell for ever there :
Earthly treasures
Fading all and worthless are.
- 6 But when on the dangers thinking
That await me in the way,
Then I feel my spirit sinking,
Sadness comes and deep dismay :
“ Come not hither,”
Foes unnumber'd seem to say.

- 7 O ! my soul, why thus despairing ?
 Look to God and cease to sigh ;
 In his promis'd succour sharing,
 Thou mayst smile at danger nigh ;
 At his presence,
 All thy foes shall trembling fly.
- 8 O ! my God, tho' faint and trembling,
 Yet my soul shall trust in thee,
 When I see my foes assembling,
 To thy pow'r for help I'll flee ;
 And thy promise
 Shall my hope and refuge be.

HYMN CCCXCVIII.

*By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down,
 yea we wept when we remembered Zion.*

Ps. cxxxvii. 1.

- O ZION, when I think on thee,
 I wish for pinions like the dove,
 And mourn to think that I should be
 So distant from the place I love.
- 2 A captive here, and far from home,
 For Zion's sacred walls I sigh ;
 To Zion all the ransom'd come,
 And see the Saviour eye to eye.
- 3 While here, I walk on hostile ground ;
 The few that I can call my friends
 Are, like myself, with fetters bound,
 And weariness our steps attends.
- 4 But yet we shall behold the day,
 When Zion's children shall return ;
 Our sorrows then shall flee away,
 And we shall never, never mourn.

- 5 The hope that such a day will come
 Makes ev'n the captive's portion sweet ;
 Tho' now we wander far from home,
 In Zion soon we all shall meet.

HYMN CCCXCIX.

We hanged our harps upon the willows.

Ps cxxxvii. 2.

MY harp on yonder willow lies,
 Silent, neglected, and unstrung ;
 My cheerful songs are turn'd to sighs,
 Sad is my heart and mute my tongue.

- 2 Once I could sound the note of praise,
 As loud as others I could sing ;
 But retrospect of former days
 No help in present grief will bring.

- 3 Unfaithfulness, my God, to thee,
 Has chill'd my heart, and seal'd my tongue ;
 Thy smiling face no more I see,
 No wonder then my harp's unstrung.

- 4 But why should I give way to grief ?
 I see my remedy at hand ;
 Does not the Gospel bring relief
 To such as self-convicted stand ?

- 5 Yes, 'tis a faithful cheering word,
 That Jesus came to save the lost !
 This truth with richest grace is stor'd,
 And to the vilest yields the most.

- 5 Here then let all my sadness end,
 I'll take my harp again and sing,
 My theme shall be the sinner's friend,
 Jesus, my Saviour and my King.

HYMN CCCC.

If I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.
Ps. cxxxviii. 6.

THE breezes that from Zion blow,
Sweeter than aromatic gales,
Refresh me while I walk below,
And cheer my spirit when it fails.

- 2 And still as I approach the ground
Where consecrated pleasure reigns,
A richer fragrance breathes around,
To soothe the weary trav'ller's pains.
- 3 Such earnests of the joys to come
Support the pilgrim as he goes,
And make him long to reach his home,
Where all his toils for ever close.
- 4 Zion, how fair thy dwellings are !
Beyond what man admires the most ;
To me they seem more lovely far
Than all that fancy's realms can boast.
- 5 Nor would I change the hope I have,
That I shall reach thy blest retreats,
For all that fame or wealth e'er gave,
Or all the store of earthly sweets.

HYMN CCCCCI.

*O Lord, what shall I say when Israel turneth
their backs before their enemies ? JOSHUA vii. 8.*

WHEN Joshua saw the hosts give way,
And fly before their conqu'ring foe,
His soul was struck with deep dismay,
He never look'd to see it so.

- 2 Shall Isra'l fear, shall Isra'l yief'd ?
 O who can bear the mournful sight !
 Shall Isra'l vanquish'd leave the field,
 And God's own host be put to flight ?
- 3 Ah ! Lord, behold thy people flee !
 The people whom thine arm redeem'd ;
 Thy vanquish'd host retreating see,
 Invincible till now esteem'd.
- 4 Encourag'd by this fatal day,
 How will the nations gather round !
 Thy people will become their prey,
 And Isra'l's name no more be found.
- 5 O let that hour be far remov'd !
 For how will then the heathen boast ;
 Will they not say thine arm has prov'd
 Too feeble to protect thine host ?
- 6 Return, return, O God, our King,
 Remember, Lord, thy glorious name ;
 O let thy presence vict'ry bring !
 And Isra'l's foes be put to shame.

HYMN CCCCII.

Reward her, even as she rewardeth you, and double unto her double. REV xviii. 6.

NOW reward her, give her double,
 Babylon is doom'd to fall ;
 'Tis her day, her day of trouble,
 Vain her broad and tow'ring wall ;
 Not a friend will now remain,
 None her honour to maintain.

- 2 Long she hurl'd a proud defiance
At the God that reigns above ;
On her strength plac'd vain reliance,
Thought she never would remove ;
But her triumph now is past,
Vengeance ling'ring comes at last.
- 3 Blood she shed in vast profusion,
Blood that flow'd in martyr's veins ;
'Tis the day of retribution,
God to shew his justice means ;
All the blood her servants shed,
God will visit on her head.
- 4 O ye people, now forsake her,
Ye whom God his people calls,
Lest her judgments overtake her,
While ye stay within her walls ;
Sharers in her sin, prepare
In her judgments too to share.
- 5 Those who once conspir'd to raise her,
Join to bring her glory down ;
Ev'ry friend she has betrays her,
All unite to take her crown ;
Vain her broad and tow'ring walls,
Lo ! “ the queen of kingdoms ” falls.
- 6 She who, by her pomp and splendour,
Dazzled all the world around,
Calls in vain—there's no defender,
None to plead her cause is found ;
All her pomp and glory dies,
See ! she sinks no more to rise.

HYMN CCCIII.

But God forbid that I should glory save in the cross. GAL. vi. 14.

GROUND of my hope, the cross appears
I see the “man of sorrows” bleed ;
I bid adieu to guilty fears,
And in his death my pardon read.

- 2 And couldst thou, O my Saviour, die
To rescue me from endless woe ?
Enough ! there’s none more blest than I,
Since thou couldst love a sinner so.
- 3 I leave the world its boasted store
Of pleasures that must quickly end,
I prize its vanities no more,
Since I have found the sinner’s friend.
- 4 I care not if the world revile,
The world that hates my Master’s cause ;
The world, I know, would quickly smile,
Were I again what once I was.
- 5 Then farewell world, and farewell all
That emulates a Saviour’s claims ;
I’ll hear him, and obey his call,
Regardless who approves or blames.
- 6 I’ll praise him while he gives me breath,
Nor then will cease to sing his love ;
For, when my voice is lost in death,
I hope to join the choirs above.

HYMN CCCCIV.

And thy vineyard which thy right hand hath planted. Ps. lxxx. 15.

SEE the vineyard lately planted
By thine hand, O Lord of Hosts ;
Let thy people's prayer be granted,
Keep it safe from hostile boasts ;
Many think thy work to mar,
O remove the danger far.

2 'Tis thine own, thine hand has made it,

 Hide it from the wint'ry blast ;

Let no foot of beast invade it,

 No rude hand its beauty waste ;

Hear thy people when they pray,

Keep thy vineyard night and day.

3 Drooping plants revive and nourish,

 Let them thrive beneath thine hand ;

Let the weak grow strong and flourish,

 Blooming fair at thy command ;

Let the fruitful yield thee more,

Laden with a richer store.

4 Further, Lord, be thou intreated,

 Plant the barren waste around,

Let thy work be thus completed,

 And no sterile spot be found ;

Let the earth a vineyard be,

Consecrated, Lord, to thee.

HYMN CCCCV.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God.

1 JOHN iii. 2.

WE boast an origin divine,
God is our father, heav'n our home ;
In yonder world we hope to shine,
Where sin and sorrow never come.

- 2 As Jesus, whom we worship, was,
'Tis thus we are, and wish to be ;
We glory only in his cross,
And who on earth so blest as we ?
- 3 We wait the coming of our Lord,
Nor do we wait that day in vain ;
We cannot doubt his faithful word,
That tells us he will come again.
- 4 Come then, dear Lord, O come and take
Thy people to their heav'nly home ;
The scorn they suffer for thy sake,
Sweetens the hope of joys to come.
- 5 They long to see thee as thou art,
They long to mix with those above,
To meet where they shall never part,
And sing thine everlasting love.

HYMN CCCCVI.

It is good for me that I have been afflicted.

PSALM cxix. 71.

IS it not God appoints it so ?
Then why should I repine or grieve ?
From him my trials come I know,
And he can all my pain relieve.

- 2 He sought and found me when a foe,
 He might have cast me down to hell,
 But love prevail'd, and well I know
 The love of God no tongue can tell.
- 3 If he could save an enemy,
 Adopt and make his foe a child,
 What goodness may I hope to see,
 When pardon'd thus and reconcil'd?
- 4 If he should cross my stubborn will,
 To wean my heart from earthly things,
 Shall I repine and murmur still,
 Nor learn the lesson sorrow brings ?
- 5 Forbid it, Lord ! I come to thee,
 My weakness and my wants thou know'st,
 From proud impatience set me free,
 And make me like whate'er thou dost.

HYMN CCCCVII.

*In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust, let me never
 be put to confusion. PSALM lxxi. 1.*

LORD, I put my trust in thee,
 Never let me know confusion ;
 Many dangers round I see,
 Guard my soul from all delusion :
 Thou hast brought me from the track
 Down to death eternal leading ;
 Satan fain would bring me back,
 O prevent him from succeeding.

- 2 Satan, eager to devour,
 Wanders like a roaring lion,
 Glad to get within its pow'r
 Any of the sons of Zion :

Many souls the foe has found,
 And by stratagem destroy'd them ;
 Many snares he spreads abroad,
 Saviour, teach me to avoid them.

3 O my God, my soul would cleave
 Only to thy word of promise ;
 'Tis by this thy people live,
 Nor can Satan wrest it from us :
 " I will never leave my own,"
 Word of sov'reign consolation !
 This shall be my stay alone,
 This my trust in all temptation.

4 Arm'd with this, I face the foe,
 And defy his opposition ;
 'Tis the Lord will bring me through,
 'Spite of hostile coalition :
 Now let earth and hell combine,
 Calm I view their preparation,
 Since the strength of God is mine,
 Since the Lord is my salvation.

HYMN CCCCVIII.

But fear thou not, O my servant Jacob, and be not dismayed, O Israel, for behold I will save thee from afar, &c. JER. xlvi. 27.

I SRA'L shall obtain a pardon,
 (Thus the Lord proclaims his love,)
 He shall be a water'd garden,
 Isra'l shall no more remove ;
 He shall come from distant lands,
 Thus my sov'reign purpose stands.

- 2 O my servant Jacob, fear not,
 I have call'd thee, thou art mine ;
 Though thy glory yet appear not,
 It will come, thy light shall shine ;
 Object of my love and care,
 I will save thee from afar.
- 3 Though I make an end of others,
 Fear thou not, but trust to me ;
 Greater than the love of mothers
 Is the love I bear to thee :
 Though all other nations fall,
 Jacob shall survive them all.
- 4 Yet thou shalt not be unpunish'd,
 Thou shalt know that I am God ;
 Though belovēd, yet admonish'd,
 Thou shalt feel the chastening rod ;
 But thy night shall soon be past,
 And the day shall dawn at last.
- 5 When thy foes are all brought under,
 When I gather all thy seed,
 Then shalt thou be fill'd with wonder,
 Then shalt thou rejoice indeed ;
 All thy warfare then shall cease,
 And thy children shall have peace.

HYMN CCCCIX.

For the fashion of this world passeth away.
 1 Cor. vii. 31.

THOUGH all these things substantial seem,
 The world itself is but a dream,
 And soon must pass away ;

The things that variously employ,
 That yield us either grief or joy,
 Must see their final day.

- 2 How sweet to have our portion there,
 Where sorrow never comes, nor care,
 And nothing will remove :
 We then may hear without a sigh,
 The world's destruction to be nigh,
 Our treasure is above.
- 3 How sweet to know the Saviour's name,
 The Saviour who in mercy came,
 And vanquish'd all our foes ;
 On him, as on a solid rock,
 Our hope is built, and stands the shock,
 Of ev'ry storm that blows.
- 4 Then let a world of shadows go,
 It matters not, his people know
 Their treasure still is sure ;
 'Tis laid up there where nothing fades,
 No rust consumes, no thief invades,
 And there it is secure.

HYMN CCCCX.

And I said, O that I had wings like a dove, &c.
 PSALM lv. 6.

O HAD I the wings of a dove,
 I'd make my escape and begone ;
 I'd mix with the spirits above,
 Who encompass yon heavenly throne :

I'd fly from all labour and toil,
To the place where the weary have rest ;
I'd haste from contention and broil,
To the peaceful abode of the blest.

- 2 How happy are they who no more
Have to fear the assaults of the foe !
Arriv'd on the heavenly shore,
They have left all their conflicts below :
They are far from all danger and fear,
While remembrance enhances their joys,
As the storm, when escap'd, will endear
The retreat that the haven supplies.

- 3 Around that magnificent throne,
Where the Lamb all his glory displays,
United for ever in one,
His people are singing his praise :
How holy, how happy are they,
No tongue can express their delight !
My soul, now unwilling to stay,
Prepares for her heavenly flight.

- 4 But why do I wish to be gone ?
Do I want from the danger to flee ?
And shall I do nothing for one
Who was once such a suff'rer for me ?
Ah, Lord, let me think of the day,
When thou wast " rejected of men,"
And put the base wish far away,
And never be fearful again.

- 5 Nor less my perverseness forgive,
That when ease and prosperity come,
Thy servant is willing to live,
And his exile prefers to his home :

Ah, Lord, what a creature am I !

Sure nothing can heighten my guilt ;
Forgive me, forgive me, I cry,
And make me whatever thou wilt.

HYMN CCCCXI.

My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord. HEB. xii. 3.

WHEN the Lord rebukes his servant,
'Tis to save and not destroy ;
'Tis to make my spirit fervent,
'Tis to give me real joy ;
'Tis to make me better know
That my rest is not below.

2 Shall I then repine at trials
By my Father's love decreed ?
What if God had pour'd the vials
Of his wrath upon my head :
Death of sin the wages is,
All is mercy short of this.

3 Since the Lord has giv'n me reason
To expect a place above,
In affliction's sharpest season,
Let me own that God is love ;
Let me own that all he does
From paternal kindness flows.

4 Shall I murmur at his dealings ?
Shall I not his kindness trust ?
Since he knows my frame and feelings,
And remembers I am dust ;
Shall I not receive the rod,
And confess the hand of God ?

- 5 Hear me, Lord, in my petition,
 O sustain me lest I faint !
 Teach me patience and submission,
 Keep thy servant from complaint ;
 And in ev'ry trying hour,
 Lord, uphold me by thy pow'r.

HYMN CCCCXII.

The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.
 EPHES. iii. 19.

L ORD, dissolve my frozen heart,
 By the beams of love divine ;
 This alone can warmth impart,
 To dissolve a heart like mine.

- 2 Should thy love produce no change,
 Should my heart resist thy love,
 Awful would it be and strange,
 Then the case must hopeless prove.

- 3 O that love, how vast it is !
 Vast it seems, though known in part ;
 Strange indeed, if love like this
 Should not melt the frozen heart.

- 4 Saviour, let thy love be felt,
 Let its pow'r be felt by me,
 Then my frozen heart shall melt,
 Melt in love, O Lord, to thee.

HYMN CCCCXIII.

And if children, then heirs. ROM. viii. 17.

T HE mighty God our father is,
 We call him thus, though worms of dust ;
 Happy the people who are his,
 And place in him a filial trust.

- 2 His children's wants are well supplied,
 Their Father gives them angels' food ;
 No favour is by him denied,
 That granted will promote their good.
- 3 He saves them from their enemies,
 From snares by night, and force by day ;
 He sees the arrow as it flies,
 And turns its course another way.
- 4 He smiles himself, and with his smile
 The bright inheritance is giv'n :
 What matter if the world revile,
 When God is pleas'd, and smiles from heav'n ?
- 5 The heirs of heav'n may well forego
 The world's applause, nor feel the loss ;
 The gold is theirs, and well they know
 The world's applause is worthless dross.
- 6 The sons of God, by heav'nly birth,
 A rich inheritance is theirs ;
 For this, the highest throne on earth
 To them a place too low appears.
- 7 Their souls aspire to nobler things,
 Beyond the world their portion lies ;
 Their father is the King of kings,
 And gives them everlasting joys.

HYMN CCCCXIV.

Turn not away the face of thine anointed.

PSALM CXXXII. 10.

JEUS is the Lord's anointed,
 Come, eternal life to bring ;
 Lamb of God, to death appointed,
 Isra'l's prophet, priest, and king ;

Object of his people's trust,—
God, and yet allied to dust.

2 Ere created thing existed,
 Blessed in himself alone,
Jesus was—and unassisted,
 Made the world, by pow'r his own ;
'Tis the building of his hands,
 And by him upheld it stands.

3 This is he, whom man despises,
 He with whom the world contends,
Till the light of heav'n arises,
 Then its opposition ends ;
What the sinner scorn'd before,
 Render'd wise, he scorns no more.

4 This is he, whom heav'n confesses,
 " King of kings, and Lord of lords ;"
They are blessed, whom he blesses,
 Sweet the joy his smile affords ;
Jesus is the God of grace,
 And 'tis heav'n to see his face,

HYMN CCCCXV.

The Lord is my light and my salvation.

PSALM XXVII. 1.

O THOU God of our salvation !
 Jesus, now enthron'd in light,
Look from thine exalted station,
 Look from yonder glorious height ;
 Save thy people,
Put their enemies to flight.

- 2 Thou wast once, like us, assaulted,
 Once a “man of sorrows,” here ;
 Now to heav’n with joy exalted,
 Thou art first and highest there :
 Yet thy people
 Know their pray’rs will reach thine ear.
- 3 Sing, ye saints, for ye have reason,
 Jesus is your glorious chief ;
 In affliction’s sharpest season,
 Think on this, ’twill bring relief ;
 Sing with gladness,
 Jesus knows, and shares your grief.
- 4 Earthly things are transitory,
 Empty all the world can yield ;
 Jesus gives us grace and glory,
 Jesus is our sun and shield :
 Fair our portion,
 Ours a cup with blessings fill’d.
- 5 Saviour, make thy people humble,
 Full of love, and full of trust ;
 Then let these “vile bodies” crumble,
 And return again to dust :
 Fairer mansions
 Shall be ours among the just.

HYMN CCCCXVI.

Who is this that cometh from Edom ?

ISAIAH lxiii. 1.

“ WHO is this that comes from Edom ?”
 All his raiment stain’d with blood,
 To the slave proclaiming freedom,
 Bringing and bestowing good ;
 Glorious in the garb he wears,
 Glorious in the spoils he bears.

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
 Trav'lling onward in his might ;
 'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
 To his people is the sight !
 Jesus now is strong to save,
 Mighty to redeem the slave.

3 Why that blood his raiment staining ?
 'Tis the blood of many slain ;
 Of his foes there's none remaining,
 None the contest to maintain ;
 Fall'n they are no more to rise,
 All their glory prostrate lies.

4 This the Saviour has effected,
 By his mighty arm alone ;
 See the throne for him erected,
 'Tis an everlasting throne ;
 'Tis the great reward he gains,
 Glorious fruit of all his pains.

5 Mighty Victor, reign for ever,
 Wear the crown so dearly won ;
 Never shall thy people, never
 Cease to sing what thou hast done :
 Thou hast fought thy people's foes ;
 Thou wilt heal thy people's woes.

HYMN CCCCXVII.

Bless the Lord, O my soul. Ps. ciii. 1.

BLESS, my soul, the name of Jesus,
 He is God, and he alone ;
 All thy wants and thy diseases
 Are to him, the Saviour, known :
 He forgives and heals thee too,
 All the praise to him is due.

2 O my soul, how satisfying
 Are the joys that spring from truth !
 Everlasting strength supplying,
 God himself renews thy youth ;
 Thou shalt mount on eagles' wings,
 Far above all earthly things.

3 As a father kind and tender
 Pitying views his children here,
 God so pities those who render
 To his name a filial fear ;
 They are taught in him to trust,
 And he knows they are but dust.

4 Human life is short and wasting,
 Happy they whom God forgives !
 Mercy is from everlasting,
 And to everlasting lives ;
 They who know his name shall be
 Blessed through eternity.

5 Bless the Lord, ye angels, bless him,
 Praise him all ye hosts above ;
 Ye his saints, on earth confess him,
 Objects of his grace and love :
 Let the world his love proclaim,
 Bless, my soul, the Saviour's name.

HYMN CCCCXVIII.

These are they which came out of great tribulation, &c. Rev. iii. 14.

SEE how many thousands yonder
 On the Saviour's glory gaze,
 Fill'd with love, and joy, and wonder,
 While they celebrate his praise ;
 Jesus is their glorious theme,
 Ev'ry eye is fix'd on him.

- 2 Those are they, whose foul offences
 Have been wash'd away with blood,
 Blood that by its virtue cleanses,
 Flowing from the Lamb of God ;
 Therefore do they now appear
 Praising and rejoicing there.
- 3 They were brought thro' tribulation,
 In their way to yonder place,
 Now with joy and exultation,
 They behold the Saviour's face ;
 They are sav'd from foes and fears,
 Jesus wipes away their tears.
- 4 'Tis the Lamb himself that feeds them,
 Theirs is heav'n's eternal store ;
 He to living fountains leads them,
 They shall thirst again no more ;
 Dwelling in the Saviour's light,
 They shall serve him day and night.
- 5 Where they dwell with full enjoyment,
 There we hope ere long to be ;
 Praise his people's sweet employment,
 Through a bright eternity ;
 While we still remain on earth,
 Let us prove our heav'nly birth.

HYMN CCCCXIX.

*And Jesus said unto him—To-day shalt thou
 be with me in Paradise.* LUKE xiii. 43.

JESUS sav'd the dying thief,
 Welcome news for one like me ;
 Now I know there is relief,
 When the world no hope can see :

Sav'd by grace, by sov'reign grace,
By the cross I'll take my place.

- 2** Saviour of the dying thief,
 Lo ! a wretch as vile as he,
Fill'd with shame, remorse, and grief,
 Draws his hope, O Lord, from thee ;
In the view of so much grace,
 Can despair at all have place ?
- 3** Nothing but the richest grace,
 Could relieve a wretch like me,
This alone could reach my case,
 And I see this grace in thee ;
Saviour of the dying thief,
 In thy grace I find relief.

HYMN CCCCXX.

Sing, O barren. ISAIAH liv. l.

“SING, O barren,” cry aloud,
 Thou who wast in youth rejected ;
Lo ! thy children crowd around,
 Thou shalt be no more neglected ;
Hear this word, this gracious word,
 Lo ! thy husband is the Lord.

- 2** Give thy tent a larger place,
 Go, and let its chords be lengthen'd ;
Spare thou not, provide it space,
 And let all its stakes be strengthen'd ;
All thy troubles now shall cease,
 No one shall molest thy peace.
- 3** Lo ! thy days of shame are past,
 Fear thou not, nor be confounded ;
In thy God a friend thou hast,
 One whose kindness is unbounded ;

Hills and mountains may remove,
But no change affects his love.

- 4** For a while thy God withdrew,
 'Twas the time of his displeasure ;
 Short his anger is and slow,
 But his love, 'tis without measure :
 Here let all thy mourning end,
 God himself appears thy friend.
- 5** God will break with his own hand
 Ev'ry weapon form'd to wound thee ;
 Thou shalt see at his command,
 All thy foes to fall around thee ;
 Blest, and justified in him,
 Thou shalt ev'ry tongue condemn.

HYMN CCCCXXI.

*If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye
shall be free indeed. JOHN viii. 36.*

JESUS gives his people freedom,
 Freedom to the world unknown,
 Liberty from heav'n decreed 'em,
 Such as they possess alone ;
 They are free whom Jesus saves,
 All the rest, we know, are slaves.

- 2** Slaves of sin—a yoke how grievous !
 Thanks to him who made us free ;
 O that men would but believe us,
 Happy, happy would they be ;
 They who by the truth are freed,
 Jesus says, are free indeed.

3 But tho' sin no more enslaves us,
 This may well our wonder move,
 That to him who freely saves us,
 So unfaithful we should prove ;
 O how base, how vile are we !
 And how "full of grace" is he !

4 Grace supports us, grace unbounded,
 Hope would perish but for this ;
 All our hope on grace is founded,
 O that sound how sweet it is !
 Sweet to those, who hope have none,
 Save what grace supplies alone.

5 Let us sing the Saviour's praises,
 He alone could set us free ;
 And, we hope, he soon will raise us,
 With himself in heav'n to be ;
 Let us think with joy of him,
 Let his grace be all our theme.

HYMN CCCCXXII.

WHAT love, what pleasure, what surprise
 Shall fill th' enraptur'd heirs of heav'n,
 The day the Saviour meets their eyes,
 The day the promis'd rest is giv'n !

2 Their love is kindled here below,
 The author of their hope they love ;
 A purer, brighter flame will glow
 In yonder glorious world above.

3 Of pleasure too they taste below,
 But pleasure not unmix'd with pain ;
 In yonder world 'twill not be so,
 For there no sorrow will remain.

- 4** And if obscure and transient views
 Of heav'nly things yield such surprise,
 What wonder must the sight produce
 When God appears before their eyes !
- 5** O joyful sight ! O glorious day !
 When God the Saviour shall be seen,
 When earthly things shall pass away,
 And heav'n's unchanging state begin !

HYMN CCCCXXIII.

That unto me every knee shall bow.

ISAIAH xlvi. 23.

THUS the mighty God has spoken,
 “ Ev'ry knee shall bow to me ; ”
 Shall the word of God be broken ?
 No, this will not, cannot be ;
 Heav'n and earth shall be destroy'd,
 But his word shall not be void.

- 2** Yes, the proudest shall be humbled,
 In the day when God appears ;
 They who at his message stumbled,
 And against it clos'd their ears,
 Then must see and own his pow'r,
 Then they must, if not before.
- 3** While his friends, with exultation,
 See and own the Saviour's right,
 All his foes, with consternation,
 Shall behold the glorious sight ;
 And in that triumphant hour,
 They must own the Saviour's pow'r.

4 Ye who live at awful distance

From the God who gave you breath,
Who can then afford assistance ?

Who can save you then from death ?
Kiss the Son, O kiss him now,
To his golden sceptre bow.

HYMN CCCCXXIV.

Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, &c. 2 COR. xii. 10.

WHAT ! take pleasure in distresses,
Glory in reproach alone !

He who can do this possesses
Something to the world unknown,
Something that can furnish joys,
When the world its smile denies.

2 Love to Him, who once was offer'd

On the cross, and bore its shame,
Who on earth a victim suffer'd,
And a curse for men became,
Love to him can furnish joys,
Nobler far than earth supplies.

3 This can make reproach a blessing,

Pain a pleasure, loss a gain ;
Joyful hope in Christ possessing,
What is loss, and what is pain ?
What is shame, and what is death,
What to him who lives by faith ?

4 Far from earth he has his treasure,

'Tis laid up with God above ;
What though earth afford no pleasure ?
Happy in his Father's love,

He can smile, though all around
Stript of ev'ry joy be found.

- 5 He is blest, and they who blame him
Know not whence true joys arise ;
When his Master comes to claim him,
Then his foes will own him wise ;
When the world exists no more,
Heav'n will yield him boundless store.

HYMN CCCCXXV.

For he looked for a city which hath foundations.
HEB. xi. 10.

BEYOND the world a city stands,
A city this, not made with hands,
Where God the Saviour reigns ;
'Tis built for sinners bought with blood,
Redeem'd and sanctified to God,
And cleans'd from all their stains.

- 2 The cities of the world must fall,
However solid, they must all
The common ruin share ;
But yonder city still appears
Unchangeable through endless years,
For God himself is there.
- 3 Happy the people who abide
Within those walls, and there reside
For ever with their King !
Our lot we hope will be to share
Their joys, and join the thousands there,
The Saviour's praise to sing.

- 4 With such a prospect, should we grieve,
 When call'd our earthly house to leave,
 And part with all below ?
 A nobler house is ours above,
 From which we never shall remove ;
 Our God ordains it so.

HYMN CCCCXXVI.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross.
 GAL. vi. 14.

WE sing the praise of Him who died,
 Of Him who died upon the cross ;
 The sinner's hope let men deride,
 For this we count the world but loss.

- 2 Inscrib'd upon the cross we see,
 In shining letters, " GOD IS LOVE ; "
 He bears our sins upon the tree,
 He brings us mercy from above.

- 3 THE CROSS ! it takes our guilt away,
 It holds the fainting spirit up ;
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens ev'ry bitter cup.

- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
 It takes its terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light :

- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
 The measure and the pledge of love ;
 The sinner's refuge here below,
 The angel's theme in heav'n above.

HYMN CCCCXXVII.

*I said unto thee, when thou wast in thy blood,
live. EZEK. xvi. 6.*

WHEN we lay in sin polluted,
Wretched and undone we were,
All we saw and heard was suited
Only to produce despair ;
Ours appear'd a hopeless case,
Such it had been, but for grace.

- 2 As we lay expos'd and friendless,
 Needing what no hand could give,
Then the Lord (whose praise be endless)
 Passēd by, and bid us live ;
This was help in time of need,
This was grace, 'twas grace indeed.
- 3 When he came, he found us guilty,
 We had broken all his laws :
When he look'd, he saw us filthy,
 All corrupt our nature was ;
Thus he saw our hapless case,
'Twas a time to shew his grace.
- 4 Yes, 'twas grace beyond all measure,
 When he bid such sinners live,
Laid aside his just displeasure,
 And determin'd to forgive ;
But he chose our hopeless case,
With a view to shew his grace.
- 5 And shall we be found forgetful
 Of the Lord, who thus forgave ?
Lord, our hearts are most deceitful,
 'Tis in thee our strength we have ;

Shouldst thou let thy people go,
They'd forget how much they owe.

6 Keep us then, O keep us ever!

While we stand, 'tis in thy strength;
Leave us not, forsake us never,
Till we see thy face at length!
Hold thy helpless people fast,
Save us, Lord, from first to last.

HYMN CCCCXXVIII.

*Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that
bringeth good tidings.* NAHUM i. 15.

SEE! he comes upon the mountains,
Bringing news of heav'nly birth!
Mercy opens all her fountains,
And directs the streams to earth;
This is news to cheer the sad,
This is news to make us glad.

2 Sing of mercy, sing with gladness,

Let the theme our tongues employ;
Talk no more of gloom and sadness,
Mercy is a theme of joy;
They, we're sure, who know not this,
Do not know what mercy is.

3 But for this delightful subject,

What a waste the earth would seem!
Mercy now on ev'ry object
Seems to shed a cheerful beam;
Till we knew "the joyful sound,"
All was dark and waste around.

4 Mercy lightens all our crosses,
 Mercy mitigates our pains,
 Makes amends for all our losses,
 And gives worth to what remains ;
 All our joys from mercy spring,
 Let us then of mercy sing.

HYMN CCCCXXIX.

Let us break their bands asunder, &c.

PSALM ii. 3.

“ **L**ET us break their bands asunder,
 “ Let us cast their cords away ;”
 Hear these words, my soul, and wonder,
 What is this the people say ?
 Will they join against the Lord,
 Join to fight against his word ?

2 O ye people, why this madness ?
 Why contend against the strong ?
 Soon your joy must end in sadness,
 All your hopes expire ere long ;
 Think, O think with whom you fight,
 Him whose arm is cloth'd with might.

3 See he sits, your efforts viewing
 With a smile of conscious strength ;
 Why your frantic schemes pursuing,
 As though God would fail at length ?
 Look at heav'n, and then despair—
 Can he fail, whose throne is there ?

4 Thus saith God of his anointed,
 “ He shall reign on Zion's hill ; ”
 So Jehovah has appointed,
 He who works his sov'reign will ;

This his further pleasure is,
That the heathen should be his.

- 5 Vain is human opposition,
God is stronger than his foes ;
Treats resistance with derision,
And his pow'r by vict'ry shews ;
When he stretches out his hand,
Who his purpose can withstand ?

HYMN CCCCXXX.

So that we may boldly say, the Lord is my helper.

HEB. xiii. 6.

OFT as I look upon the road,
That leads to yonder blest abode,
I feel distress'd and fearful ;
So many foes the passage throng,
I am so weak, and they so strong,
How can my soul be cheerful ?

- 2 But when I think of Him, whose pow'r
Can save me in a trying hour,
And place on him reliance,
My soul is then asham'd of fear,
And though ten thousand foes appear,
I bid them all defiance.

- 3 The dang'rous road I then pursue,
And keep the glorious prize in view,
With joyful hope elated ;
Strong in the Lord, in him alone,
Where he conducts I follow on,
With ardour unabated.

4 O Lord, each day renew my strength,
 And let me see thy face at length,
 With all thy people yonder ;
 With them in heav'n thy love declare,
 And sing thy praise for ever there,
 With gratitude and wonder.

HYMN CCCCXXXI.

*And the Lord said unto him, This is the land
 which I sware unto Abraham, &c.*

DEUT. xxxiv. 4.

WHEN we stand on Pisgah's summit,
 We behold yon glorious scene,
 Canaan's hills, we see them from it,
 Canaan's hills, adorn'd with green ;
 O how fair the prospect seems !
 Richer far than fancy's dreams.

2 While we view the land of promise,
 'Tis our destin'd home we see,
 Standing at a distance from us,
 But where soon we hope to be ;
 Yes, we trust the day is near,
 When we shall be happy there.

3 There the King of saints appearing,
 Consecrates the glorious place,
 Many crowns for ever wearing,
 There he shews his smiling face ;
 Yes, he smiles on all around,
 And he makes their joys abound.

4 Free from fears, and free from dangers,
 There on ev'ry side enclos'd,
 Far from foes, and far from strangers,
 Unmolested, unoppos'd,

All his people live secure,
God has made their dwelling sure.

- 5 Oft we'll go to Pisgah's summit,
 While we still continue here,
View the glorious prospect from it,
 And rejoice with holy fear ;
Waiting, wishing for the day
When we shall be call'd away.

HYMN CCCCXXXII.

And they all condemned him to be guilty of death.

MARK xiv. 64.

O REVOKE the fatal sentence !
 What has Jesus done amiss ?
Soon you'll mourn in deep repentance,
 Mourn a deed so black as this.
Think, O think on what you're doing !
 Drawing down vindictive fire,
In his blood your hands imbruining,
 Blood that God will soon require.

2 O unwise, ungrateful nation !
 Will ye crucify your King ?
When you write his accusation,
 What's the charge you have to bring ?
True, he says he comes from heaven,
 True, he boasts the highest name ;
But the proofs that he has given
 Fully vindicate his claim.

3 Stop ! O stop ! and closely view him ;
 View the man whom ye reject ;
Foolish people ! not to know him,
 Not to know the Lord's elect ;

Search the prophets, ask of Moses,
 Let their evidence be heard ;
 Each in turn the deed opposes,
 All bear witness to his word.

- 4** 'Tis in vain, ye still deny him,
 Rage has lock'd up reason's pow'rs ;
 Still ye cry out "Crucify him,
 "Be his blood on us and ours."
 Why on truth this bold reliance ?
 Truth knows nothing of the deed ;
 God accepts the proud defiance,
 It shall be as you have said.
- 5** Lo ! from you the kingdom wrested,
 Shall on others be bestow'd ;
 You, of all your rights divested,
 Long shall feel the arm of God :
 Far from the belovēd city,
 Isra'l's tribes their days shall waste :
 None shall spare, and none shall pity,
 Till they own their King at last.

HYMN CCCCXXXIII.

But also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus. Acts xxi. 13.

O FOR a martyr's glowing zeal !
 He fears no danger, shuns no pain ;
 He stands oppos'd to earth and hell,
 And tells them all their threats are vain.

- 2** See ! where the faithful champion stands,
 Undaunted by his num'rous foes ;
 He listens to his Lord's commands,
 And life itself for him foregoes.

- 3 The kindling flames around him blaze,
 His courage stands the awful test ;
 The dying saint no fear betrays,
 Nor does he ask his foes for rest.
- 4 His treasure they cannot destroy,
 And while they think to cast him down,
 They do but hasten on his joy,
 And brighten his celestial crown.
- 5 "Farewell," he cries, "to all below,
 "I mount to yonder blest abode,
 "To join the saints in heav'n I go,
 "To dwell for ever with my God."
- 6 How blest are they whose work is done,
 Who now enjoy the glorious prize !
 Be this our care, the race to run,
 That we may know and share their joys.

HYMN CCCCXXXIV.

Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers.
 ISAIAH xxvi. 20.

- " COME, my people, to your chambers,
 " Lo ! the day of wrath draws nigh ;"
 Thus the Lord his saints remembers,
 Bidding them from danger fly :
 When he comes in indignation,
 Comes to scourge a guilty land,
 Then his people, from their station,
 See, but do not feel his hand.
- 2 Happy people, thus protected !
 Happy, whom the Lord secures !
 O ye saints, by man rejected,
 Sing for joy, this lot is yours.

Tho' the worldling's hope should fail him,
 Yours is one that never will ;
 When ten thousand fears assail him,
 You may trust, and fear no ill.

- 3** Yea, in that more awful season,
 When the heav'ns shall pass away,
 Saints, ev'n then, shall have no reason
 For confusion or dismay :
 He who sought them here, and found them,
 Will secure them from alarm ;
 And while nature flames around them,
 They shall then sustain no harm.
- 4** O may we be found among them !
 Now, and when the Lord appears ;
 Though the world should slight and wrong
 them,
 One there is who counts their tears :
 Pilgrims now on earth, and strangers,
 Yet the saints are truly blest ;
 God will save them here from dangers,
 And in heav'n will give them rest.

HYMN CCCCXXXV.

Having made peace, through the blood of his cross.
 COL. i. 20.

OURS is a pardon bought with blood,
 Amazing truth ! the blood of One,
 Who, without usurpation, could
 Lay claim to heav'n's eternal throne.

- 2** No victim of inferior worth
 Could ward the stroke that justice aim'd ;
 For none but He, in heav'n or earth,
 Could offer that which justice claim'd.

- 3 But He, the Lord of glory, came,
 On yonder cross he bow'd his head ;
 He suffer'd pain, he suffer'd shame,
 And lay a pris'ner with the dead.
- 4 But lo ! He rises from the grave,
 And bears the greatest, sweetest name ;
 The Lord, almighty now to save,
 From sin, from death, from endless shame.
- 5 Sweet is the pardon thus procur'd,
 And O how dear the Saviour is
 To him for whom he thus endur'd
 The punishment that else were his !

HYMN CCCCXXXVI.

But fear thou not, O Jacob my servant.
 JER. xlvi. 28.

T'IS the time of Isra'l's trouble,
 Lo ! the enemy is chief ;
 Yet shall Isra'l have the double,
 Double joy for all his grief :
 Isra'l's Saviour
 Will appear, and bring relief.

2 Isra'l's foes rejoice to see him
 Forc'd to bow to their command ;
 Who, they say, shall ever free him ?
 Who shall save him from our hand ?
 Can Jehovah
 Now restore them to their land ?

3 Yes, though Isra'l were removēd
 To the world's remotest end ;
 Know ye, Isra'l is belovēd,
 Isra'l has a faithful friend ;

He will save him,
And with pow'r his cause defend.

4 Yes, Jehovah will restore him,
Isra'l yet shall have his day ;
Darkness shall be light before him,
Ev'ry obstacle give way ;
And Jehovah
Will his enemies repay.

5 Isra'l then shall fear no dangers,
Sav'd from ev'ry hostile hand ;
Dwelling far from foes and strangers,
And increasing as the sand ;
Joys abounding
Through his peaceful, happy land.

HYMN CCCCXXXVII.

Enter ye in at the strait gate, &c. MATT. vii. 13.

THREE is a way that leads to death,
A way that many go,
In spite of all that wisdom saith,
In spite of future woe.

2 This way is smooth, 'tis fair and broad,
'Tis pleasant to the sight ;
But woe to those who take this road !
It leads to endless night.

3 Another way there likewise is,
That leads to joys above ;
But few, alas ! will travel this,
'Tis not the way they love.

4 This road is rough and narrow too,
Nor does it please the eye ;
But though 'tis difficult to go,
Its end is certain joy.

- 5 How blest are they whose feet are found
In wisdom's sacred way !
They soon shall reach the happy ground,
And there for ever stay ;
- 6 Where sorrow ends in purest joys,
Where no complaint remains ;
Where hope before its object dies,
And love triumphant reigns.

HYMN CCCCXXXVIII.

But now, O Lord, thou art our father.

ISAIAH lxiv. 8.

OUR Father sits on yonder throne,
Amidst the hosts above ;
He reigns throughout the world, alone,
He reigns, the God of love.

- 2 He knew us when we knew him not,
Was with us though unseen ;
His favour came to us unsought,
His love has wondrous been.
- 3 He keeps us now, securely keeps,
(Whatever foe assails,)
With vigilance that never sleeps,
With pow'r that never fails.
- 4 He gives us hope that we shall be
Ere long with him above ;
That we shall all his glory see,
And celebrate his love.
- 5 Then let us, while we dwell below,
Obey our Father's voice ;
To all his dispensations bow,
And in his name rejoice. ,

- 6 How sweet to hear him say at last,
 " Ye blessed children, come ;
 " The days of banishment are past,
 " And heav'n is now your home."

HYMN CCCCXXXIX.

For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins. HEB. x. 4.

THOU' all the beasts that live and feed
 Upon a thousand hills should bleed,
 Though all their blood should flow,
 The sacrifice would be in vain,
 The stain of sin would still remain,
 Sin is not cancel'd so.

2 A "better sacrifice" than these
 Must bleed, in order to appease
 The anger of the Lord ;
 No blood has virtue to atone
 For man's offence, but His alone,
 Whose title is THE WORD.

3 His, who could say, though styl'd a son,
 " My Father and myself are one ;"
 His only could atone :
 His, who Jehovah's " fellow " stood,
 Who claim'd equality with God,
 And made the world alone.

4 He came, in love to sinners came ;
 Eternal honour to his name !
 He bow'd his head and died :
 A full atonement now is made,
 The ransom by his death is paid,
 And justice satisfied.

- 5 What news is this ! How sweet to hear !
 Though sinners, we may now draw near
 To God, the righteous God :
 The obstacles that stood before
 To bar the way, are now no more,
 Since Jesus shed his blood.
- 6 Eternal honour be to Him
 Who plan'd the great, the gracious scheme,
 And found the ransom too :
 Let all his saints their voices raise,
 And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
 While endless ages flow.

HYMN CCCCXL.

Which things the angels desire to look into.
 1 PET. i. 12,

A NGELS heard with admiration
 How th' eternal counsel ran ;
 Wonder'd at the great salvation,
 Wonder'd at the gracious plan,
 Angels wonder'd
 At the love of God to man.

2 Angels, with profound amazement,
 Saw th' eternal King come down ;
 In the time of his abasement,
 Saw the Saviour stand alone ;
 Angels saw him
 Then deserted by his own.

3 Angels saw the Saviour dying
 On the cross, in love to men ;
 Angels saw his body lying
 In the tomb among the slain :

- O how awful
Sin appear'd to angels then !
- 4** Angels saw him rise victorious
From the tomb in which he lay ;
Never sight was seen more glorious
Than what angels saw that day,
When the Saviour
Rose, and death resign'd his prey.
- 5** Hark ! what bursts of acclamation
Through th' eternal arches ring ;
Angels now ascribe salvation
To the everlasting King :
Loud their praises
“ Glory to the LAMB ” they sing.
- 6** Praise the LAMB, ye saints adore him,
Ye for whom he shed his blood ;
Bow with angels, bow before him,
Make his glory known abroad :
Saints and angels
Join to praise THE LAMB OF GOD.

HYMN CCCCXLI.

Awake psaltery and harp. PSALM cviii. 2.

- J**ESSE'S son awakes the lyre,
Listen while the psalmist sings ;
His the Spirit's sacred fire,
All his theme, the King of kings.
- 2** Others sing of worldly things,
Themes like these to men belong ;
But when Isra'l's psalmist sings,
Sacred themes inspire his song.

- 3** Listen, listen while he sings,
 Jesus is his glorious theme ;
 Jesus is the King of kings,
 'Tis his joy to sing of Him.
- 4** How should we delight to hear
 Strains that hope and love impart !
 Strains of joy for mortal ear,
 Strains that captivate the heart.
- 5** Son of Jesse, sound the lyre,
 Bear our willing souls along ;
 Thine the prophet's holy fire,
 Thine his theme, and thine his song.

HYMN CCCCXLII.

He humbled himself. PHIL. ii. 8.

THE God of glory dwells on high,
 He rules the armies of the sky ;
 Ten thousand thousand round him stand,
 Obedient to their King's command.

- 2** The God of glory, mov'd by love,
 Descends in mercy from above ;
 And He, before whom angels bow,
 Is found a man of grief below.
- 3** This love is great, too great for thought,
 Its length and breadth in vain are sought ;
 No tongue can tell its depth and height,
 The love of God is infinite.
- 4** But though his love no measure knows,
 The Saviour to his people shews
 Enough to give them joy, when known ;
 Enough to make their hearts his own.

- 5 Constrain'd by this, they walk with him,
His love, their most delightful theme ;
To glorify him here, their aim ;
Their hope, in heav'n to praise his name.

HYMN CCCCXLIII.

For the Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them again no more for ever.

EXOD. xiv. 13.

WHEN we pass through yonder river,
When we reach the further shore,
There's an end of war for ever,
We shall see our foes no more ;
All our conflicts then shall cease,
Follow'd by eternal peace.

- 2 After warfare, rest is pleasant ;
O how sweet the prospect is !
Though we toil and strive at present,
Let us not repine at this ;
Toil, and pain, and conflict past,
All endear repose at last.

- 3 When we enter yonder regions,
When we touch the sacred shore,
Blessed thought ! no hostile legions
Can alarm or trouble more ;
Far beyond the reach of foes,
We shall dwell in sweet repose.

- 4 O that hope, how bright ! how glorious !
'Tis his people's blest reward ;
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord ;
In his kingdom they shall rest ;
In his love be fully blest.

5 When the sight of war alarms us,
 Let us call to mind our friend ;
 He who for the conflict arms us,
 Will be with us to the end :
 'Tis enough, the war is his ;
 God our King and leader is.

HYMN CCCCXLIV.

He said, "IT IS FINISHED," JOHN xix. 30.

"**I**T IS FINISH'D !" sinners hear it,
 'Tis the dying Victor's cry ;
 "**I**T IS FINISH'D !" angels bear it,
 Bear the joyful truth on high :
 "**I**T IS FINISH'D !"
 Tell it through the earth and sky !

2 Justice, from her awful station,
 Bars the sinner's peace no more ;
 Justice views with approbation
 What the Saviour did and bore ;
 Grace and mercy
 Now display their boundless store.

3 Hear the Lord himself declaring
 All perform'd he came to do ;
 Sinners, in yourselves despairing,
 This is joyful news to you ;
 Jesus speaks it,
 His are faithful words and true.

4 "**I**T IS FINISH'D !" all is over,
 Yes, the cup of wrath is drain'd ;
 Such the truth these words discover,
 Thus the vict'ry was obtain'd :
 'Tis a vict'ry
 None but Jesus could have gain'd.

5 Crown the mighty conqu'ror, crown him,
 Who his people's foes o'ercame !
 In the highest heav'n enthrone him !
 Men and angels sound his fame !
 Great his glory !
 Jesus bears a matchless name.

HYMN CCCCXLV.

And he led them on safely. PSALM lxxviii. 53.

SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us,
 Without thee we cannot go ;
 Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,
 Thou hast laid the tyrant low :
 Let thy presence
 Cheer us all our journey through.

2 With a price thy love has bought us ;
 (Saviour, what a love is thine !)
 Hitherto thy pow'r has brought us ;
 (Pow'r and love in thee combine ;)
 Lord of glory,
 Ever on thine Isra'l shine.

3 Through a desert waste and cheerless,
 Though our destin'd journey lie,
 Render'd by thy presence fearless,
 We may ev'ry foe defy ;
 Nought shall move us,
 While we see our Saviour nigh.

4 When we halt, (no track discov'ring,)
 Fearful lest we go astray,
 O'er our path thy pillar hov'ring,
 Fire by night, and cloud by day,
 Shall direct us ;
 Thus we shall not miss our way.

- 5 When we hunger, thou wilt feed us,
 Manna shall our camp surround ;
 Faint and thirsty, thou wilt heed us ;
 Streams shall from the rock abound :
 Happy Isra'l !
 What a Saviour thou hast found !
- 6 When our foes in arms assemble,
 Ready to obstruct our way,
 Suddenly their hearts shall tremble,
 Thou wilt strike them with dismay ;
 And thy people,
 Led by thee, shall win the day.
- 7 Then lead on, Almighty Victor,
 Scatter ev'ry hostile band ;
 Be our guide, and our protector,
 Till on Canaan's shores we stand :
 Shouts of vict'ry
 Then shall fill the promis'd land.

HYMN CCCCXLVI.

Sing, O barren, &c. ISAIAH liv. 1.

“ **S**ING, O barren”—sing aloud,
 Thou who wast rejected ;
 Lo ! thy children, like a cloud,
 Soon shall be collected ;
 Lo ! they come, thy children come,
 Spread thy tent, and give them room.

2 None shall slight thee after this,
 None again upbraid thee ;
 For the Lord thy husband is,
 He himself who made thee :

Thou shalt henceforth bear his name ;
He will take away thy shame.

- 3 Thou hast been afflicted long,
 Long been unbefriended ;
Thou hast borne reproach and wrong,
 But those days are ended ;
Thou shalt no more taste of woe,
Thou shalt no more fear the foe.
- 4 Ev'ry danger, ev'ry harm,
 Shall be now averted ;
Thou shalt see a mighty arm
 In thy cause exerted :
God himself thy friend appears,
God, thy Lord, will dry thy tears.

HYMN CCCCXLVII.

Thus saith the Lord, I remember thce, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thy espousals.

JER. ii. 2.

O WHERE is now that glowing love
 That mark'd our union with the Lord ?
Our hearts were fix'd on things above,
 Nor could the world a joy afford.

- 2 So strange did love like his appear,
 That love that made him bear the cross,
No other subject pleas'd our ear,
 The world for this appear'd but loss.
- 3 Where is the zeal that led us then
 To make our Saviour's glory known ;
That freed us from the fear of men,
 And kept our eye on him alone ?

- 4 Where are the happy seasons spent
 In fellowship with Him we lov'd ?
 The sacred joy, the sweet content,
 The blessedness that then we prov'd ?
- 5 To thee, our God, we own our sin,
 Of thee we have forgetful prov'd ;
 As one who leaves her Lord we've been,
 As one unfaithful, though belov'd.
- 6 Behold, again we turn to thee ;
 O cast us not away, though vile !
 No peace we have, no joy we see,
 O Lord our God, but in thy smile.
- 7 And, O renew our former love ;
 Yea, let it never cease to grow,
 Till brighten'd and refin'd above,
 A pure celestial flame it glow.

HYMN CCCCXLVIII.

Ho, every one that thirsteth ! Isa. lv. 1.

HO, ye thirsty ! here's a spring
 Open'd by the King of heav'n ;
 Ye who nothing have to bring,
 Here are waters freely giv'n :
 Whither would you go ? O whither !
 Here's the spring of life, come hither.

- 2 Come, ye thirsty, here's the spring,
 Whence the living waters flow ;
 Hear the message of a King,
 Whither, whither would you go ?
 'Tis in Zion's sacred mountain
 Men will find the living fountain,

3 Hearken, O ye sons of men !
 Stop in time, O stop and think !
 You will thirst, and thirst again,
 While at other springs ye drink :
 This alone is satisfying,
 Everlasting life supplying.

HYMN CCCCXLIX.
Behold the man ! JOHN xix. 5.

B EHOLD *the man !* how glorious he !
 Before his foes he stands unaw'd,
 And without wrong or blasphemy,
 He claims equality with God.

2 *Behold the man !* by all condemn'd,
 Assaulted by a host of foes ;
 His person and his claim contemn'd,
 A man of suff'rings and of woes.

3 *Behold the man !* He stands alone,
 His foes are ready to devour ;
 Not one of all his friends will own
 Their master in this trying hour.

4 *Behold the man !* though scorn'd below,
 He bears the greatest name above ;
 The angels at his footstool bow,
 And all his royal claims approve.

5 *Behold the man !* a pris'ner now,
 And with transgressors doom'd to die ;
 A crown shall soon adorn his brow,
 A crown of glory and of joy.

- 6 *Behold the man!* the world is his,
 Yet who on earth so poor as he ?
 For others he submits to this,
 For them he stoops to poverty.
- 7 *Behold the man!* He knew no sin,
 Yet justice smites him with her sword ;
 He bears the stroke that else had been
 The sinner's portion from the Lord.
- 8 *Behold the man!* so weak he seems,
 His awful word inspires no fear ;
 But soon must he, who now blasphemers,
 Before His judgment-seat appear.
- 9 *Behold the man!* a King he is,
 His throne is built in heav'n above ;
 And there, the people who are his,
 Shall see his face, and sing his love.

HYMN CCCCL.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs. ISAIAH xxxv. 10.

SEE the ransom'd now returning
 From their long captivity ;
 They have bid adieu to mourning,
 Since their King has set them free :
 They are going
 Where they long desired to be.

- 2 Long their harps were seen suspended
 On the willows, and unstrung ;
 Till the days of mourning ended,
 Zion's children never sung ;
 Grief restrain'd them,
 And their harps had idle hung.

- 3** They who lately pin'd in sadness,
 They who would not, could not sing,
 Now are fill'd with joy and gladness,
 Now awake the silent string ;
 Zion's children
 Sing the praises of their King.
- 4** He who pleads their cause is stronger
 Than the foe that held them fast ;
 They are captives now no longer,
 Lo ! their day is come at last :
 Zion's children
 Know the time of grief is past.
- 5** He who rules the savage lion,
 He whom all the beasts obey,
 Guards the road that leads to Zion,
 Guards it from the beasts of prey ;
 Thus his people
 Pass securely by the way.
- 6** Lo ! they come, to Zion hastening,
 Zion, object of their love ;
 Joy and glory everlasting
 Is their portion from above :
 Zion's children
 Never shall again remove.

HYMN CCCCLI.

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, &c. 1 JOHN iii. 1.

WHAT love is this the Father shews
 To us who once appear'd his foes ;
 That spar'd so long, and now forgiv'n,
 We should become the heirs of heav'n ?

- 2 Our Father is not known on earth,
And any who derive their birth
From him, are like himself unknown :
The world will know and love its own.
- 3 We ask not for the world's applause,
The world that hates our Master's cause ;
As he was, so we wish to be,
Not more esteem'd and lov'd than he.
- 4 The sons of God, our title here ;
It does not, cannot yet appear
What God our Father will bestow
On those whom he adopts below.
- 5 But this we know, nor more is giv'n,
That when the Saviour comes from heav'n,
They shall be like him, who are his,
For they shall see him as he is.
- 6 They who from God derive their birth
Cannot like others cleave to earth ;
Their hope an influence imparts,
That warms and purifies their hearts.

HYMN CCCCLII.

*His right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten
him the victory.* PSALM xcvi. 1.

SEE ! he comes, his work is done,
See the victor coming !
See ! he comes, the day is won ;
Fresh his honours blooming :
This is he whom many foes
Threaten'd and assaulted ;
But above them all he rose,
Now the more exalted.

2 JESUS is the victor's name,
 JESUS, Lord of glory ; .
 Fly, ye heralds, spread his fame,
 Tell the joyful story :
 Make the Saviour's triumph known,
 Let the nations hear it ;
 He alone deserves the crown,
 He alone shall wear it.

3 JESUS comes, he won the day,
 Go ye forth to meet him ;
 Bring the palm, and strew the way,
 And with singing greet him :
 Well his people now may sing,
 Sing with exultation,
 Since the victor is their king,
 And he brings salvation.

HYMN CCCCLIII.

In that day there shall be a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness, &c. ZECH. xiii. 1.

BLESSED fountain, full of grace !
 Grace for sinners, grace for me ;
 To this source alone I trace
 What I am, and hope to be :

2 What I am, as one redeem'd,
 Sav'd and rescued by the Lord ;
 Hating what I once esteem'd,
 Loving what I once abhor'd :

3 What I hope to be, ere long,
 When I take my place above ;
 When I join the heav'nly throng ;
 When I see the God of love,

- 4 Then, I hope like him to be,
 Who redeem'd his saints from sin,
 Whom I now obscurely see,
 Through a veil that stands between.
- 5 When I see him as he is,
 No corruption can remain ;
 Such their portion who are his,
 Such the happy state they gain.
- 6 Blessed fountain, full of grace !
 Grace for sinners, grace for me :
 To this source alone I trace
 What I am, and hope to be.

HYMN CCCCLIV.

Ask ye of the Lord rain, &c. ZECH. x. 1.

THE former and the latter rain
 Was Isra'l's portion from the Lord ;
 Did he his gracious hand restrain,
 No produce would the field afford.

- 2 'Twas thus the Lord his people shew'd
 That all they had was from above ;
 That from himself their comforts flow'd,
 And all depended on his love.
- 3 If he should have withheld his hand,
 And first or last refused to give,
 Their fields unfruitful would remain,
 Their stores no harvest would receive.
- 4 'Tis still the same, his people now
 Depend upon his care and love ;
 'Tis only then they live and grow,
 When he supplies them from above.

- 5 Their fruitfulness on him depends ;
 The seed and culture are in vain,
 Unless the rain of heav'n descends,
 The former and the latter rain.

HYMN CCCCLV.

Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect ? ROM. viii. 33.

WHO shall condemn the Lord's elect ?
 Or what their safety shall affect ?
 No matter who in judgment sits
 On those whom God himself acquits.

- 2 His saints find favour in his eyes,
 'Tis God himself that justifies ;
 He cancels ev'ry charge with blood,
 His people they, himself their God.
- 3 Who shall condemn ? 'tis Christ that died,
 'Tis Christ our Lord was crucified ;
 Yea rather, who is ris'n again,
 His work, his off'ring not in vain :
- 4 Who ev'n is plac'd at God's right hand,
 While wond'ring angels round him stand ;
 Who maketh intercession there,
 For all his ransom'd people here.
- 5 What then shall part us from his love ?
 Shall aught below, or aught above ?
 Nay, since the Saviour died and rose,
 His saints shall vanquish all their foes.

HYMN CCCCLVI.

Who hath believed our report? Isa. liii. 1.

SAY, who they are who have believ'd
Th' offensive truth that God approves?
His testimony have receiv'd,
And own'd the character he loves?

- 2 In him mankind no beauty sees,
Whom God the Father sends and seals;
He has no charms the world to please,
In whom the Spirit fully dwells.
- 3 Messiah's claims are set at nought,
He lives rejected, and contemn'd;
And when he dies, he then is thought
By justice and by truth condemn'd.
- 4 As *he* was once, *his Truth* is now,
Rejected and despis'd of men;
Loving or hating *that*, we shew
How we'd have view'd the Saviour then.
- 5 Who then are they who now believe
The truth that men revile and hate?
Who thence their peace and hope receive,
And for the Saviour's coming wait?
- 6 His people are, as he was here,
An object of contempt to men;
And when he shall again appear,
They shall be like their Master then.

HYMN CCCCLVII.

The Lord is good. NAHUM i. 7.

YES! “the LORD is good,” I know it,
I have prov’d it from my youth ;
All his gracious dealings shew it,
Shew the soul-reviving truth :
Though all others silent stood,
I must say “ the Lord is good.”

- 2 Long ere yet I had a being,
He, to whom all things are known,
Knew what I should be, and seeing
I should perish, left alone,
Then my soul with mercy view’d ;
This declares “ the LORD is good.”
- 3 While I lived in mad defiance
Of his pow’r who gave me breath,
Though my soul had made alliance,
And was leagued with hell and death,
Yet his gracious purpose stood ;
This declares “ the LORD is good.”
- 4 Since, through grace, I’ve learn’d to know him,
What forbearance has he shewn !
I have been unfaithful to him,
Yet his mercy is not gone ;
What he bore, no other would ;
'Tis a truth, “ the LORD is good.”
- 5 Of this truth I’m oft forgetful,
And repine against his will ;
Yes, my heart is most deceitful,
Yet he spares and pardons still ;
And in yonder blest abode,
I shall sing “ the LORD is good.”

HYMN CCCCXLVIII.

Hereby we perceive the love of God, because he laid down his life for us. 1 JOHN iii. 16.

ETERNAL honour be to Him
Who sav'd us by his blood !
His love shall be our joyful theme,
The boundless love of God.

- 2 But few would die to save a friend,
 He died to save his foes ;
 His love nor measure has, nor end,
 'Tis such as no man knows.
- 3 No words can tell its depth or height,
 No love can equal his ;
 The love of God is infinite,
 Like God himself it is.
- 4 No sacrifice appear'd too great,
 The love of God to prove ;
 And thence we learn to estimate
 The greatness of his love.
- 5 Yet all we know is, that his love
 Exceeds all others far ;
 How far, not all the hosts above
 Are able to declare.
- 6 But what we know makes wealth, and fame,
 And pleasure seem but loss ;
 And renders dear the glorious name
 Of Him who bore the cross.

HYMN CCCCLIX.

And base things of the world, hath God chosen.

1 COR. i. 28.

I NEED not blush to own that He,
On whom my hope of heav'n is built,
Was crucified on yonder tree,
Since 'tis his blood that cancels guilt.

2 Nor need I blush to call him **LORD**,
Whom heav'n adores with all its hosts ;
Yes, Jesus is by heav'n ador'd,
In him the brightest seraph boasts.

3 What, though the world no glory sees
In him my soul admires and loves,
I wonder not—how should he please
The man who of himself approves ?

4 I too could boast of merit once,
And Jesus had no charms for me ;
But all such claims I now renounce,
No merit but in him I see.

5 He is my refuge, and my boast,
The **LORD**, my righteousness and strength ;
Through whom, tho' now by tempests toss'd,
I hope to enter heav'n at length ;

6 There to behold that glory near,
Which at a distance now I see ;
And undisturb'd by pain or fear,
Repose throughout eternity.

HYMN CCCCLX.

Blessed is he whose iniquity is forgiven.

PSALM XXXII. 1.

HOW blest is he, whom God forgives,
The man who by his favour lives,
And hopes to see his face ;
The child of God by heav'nly birth,
He scorns the highest place on earth,
For yonder higher place.

- 2 The God he serves, is God alone,
He fills yon bright, eternal throne,
The pow'r and kingdom his ;
He rules, he reigns with sov'reign sway,
And they who will not, must obey :
His arm almighty is.
- 3 When he forgives, then peace is felt,
That peace that cannot dwell with guilt,
The sacred peace of God ;
And hope, that lifts the soul on high,
That points to yonder world of joy,
And lightens ev'ry load.
- 4 How blest is he whom God forgives ;
The man who by his favour lives,
In hope already blest ;
But O what joys await him there,
Where sav'd from sin, from toil, from fear,
He gains his heav'nly rest !

HYMN CCCCLXI.

*Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown,
but we an incorruptible. 1 COR. ix. 25.*

LE^T others labour to possess
A temporary fame,
We cannot be content with less
Than an immortal name.

- 2 Not such as poets can bestow
On those whom they extol ;
The brightest honours here below
For us are far too small.
- 3 The honour we desire to have,
From God alone descends ;
The honour that survives the grave,
That never, never ends.
- 4 A real immortality,
Substantial blessedness,
'Tis this we seek, nor can we be,
Though poor, content with less.
- 5 For ever be his name ador'd,
Who bids us hope for this !
Eternal honour to the Lord,
Who sav'd and made us his.
- 6 Yes, 'tis our hope, that, thro' his love,
We shall at last arise,
And from the springs of life above,
Drink everlasting joys.

HYMN CCCCLXII.

The Lord hath done that which he had devised.

LAM. ii. 17.

AND is it here the temple stood,
The temple of the living God,
A structure once so splendid ?
Its stately frame is seen no more,
Its vessels gone, with all its store,
And all its glory ended.

- 2 Should any ask, why this is so,
Why Isra'l's glory lies so low,
And Isra'l's foes are stronger ?
'Tis Isra'l's God that gives them strength,
For Isra'l's sin was such at length,
That he could spare no longer.
- 3 For this, the temple fam'd so long,
The poet's and the prophet's song,
Nor honour has nor pity ;
The city too in ruin lies,
That lately was so full of joys,
God's own beloved city.
- 4 But let not Isra'l's foes be glad,
To see the people fall'n and sad ;
They shall not mourn for ever :
The Lord will cancel Isra'l's guilt,
The temple shall again be built,
The Lord will yet deliver.
- 5 That house the former shall exceed,
Its fame throughout the world shall spread,
The theme of future story ;

The covenant's great Messenger,
Within it shall himself appear,
And fill it with his glory.

HYMN CCCCLXIII.

And they all condemned him to be guilty of death.

MARK xiv. 64.

ON other points they may divide,
On this are all agreed ;
By acclamation they decide
That Jesus ought to bleed.

- 2 And why ? what evil hath he done ?
They cannot surely tell ;
His foes themselves are forc'd to own
“ He doeth all things well.”
- 3 Yet, he must die ; his blood alone
Can satisfy his foes ;
For well they know, till he is gone,
They never can repose.
- 4 They cannot bear the glorious light,
It dazzles and confounds ;
In Jesus it appears so bright,
Their hatred knows no bounds.
- 5 “ Away with him, away with him,”
With frantic zeal they cry ;
Before our face he dares blaspheme,
'Tis fit that he should die.
- 6 'Tis thus the Scriptures are fulfill'd,
And mercy's work is done ;
The Lord by wicked hands is kill'd,
And dying saves his own.

HYMN CCCCLXIV.

Who is there among you of all his people ? His God be with him, and let him go up to Jerusalem, EZRA i. 3.

SONS of Zion, haste away,
 'Tis the acceptable day,
 'Tis the day expected long,
 Burden of prophetic song ;
 Thus the mighty God has spoken,
 Haste away, your chains are broken.

- 2 From the willows, where they hung
 Long neglected and unstrung,
 Take your harps again, and sing,
 Sound the praise of Zion's King ;
 Sing, for Zion's sons have reason,
 'Tis a joyful, glorious season.
- 3 Come to Zion, haste away,
 Here you need no longer stay ;
 Days of liberty are come,
 God invites his exiles home ;
 Joyful times the Lord is bringing,
 Come to Zion, come with singing.
- 4 Leave your sorrows all behind,
 Give them, give them to the wind ;
 Sacred pleasures now invite,
 'Tis the season of delight ;
 Bid adieu to grief for ever,
 Yours are pleasures ending never.

HYMN CCCCLXV.

For he knoweth our frame, &c. Ps. ciii. 14.

MY Father knows my feeble frame,
He knows how poor a worm I am,
Untold, he knows it all.

The least temptation serves to draw
My footsteps from my Father's law,
And make me slide and fall.

2 Of this I give him daily proof,
And yet he does not cast me off,
But owns me still as his ;
He spares, he pities, he forgives
The most rebellious child that lives,
So great his patience is.

3 And shall I thence a pretext draw,
Again to violate his law ?
My soul revolts at this :
I'll love, and wonder, and adore,
And beg that I may sin no more
Against such love as his.

4 O love divine ! eternal source
Of good to man, I mark thy course,
I mark it with delight ;
To Bethlehem I follow thee,
And there the wondrous babe I see,
A cheering, glorious sight.

5 I trace thee thence to Calvary,
And there the "man of sorrows" see,
His body bath'd in blood ;
The stream I follow'd from its source
Now pours with a resistless force,
A rapid swelling flood.

6 Its waters health and healing bring,
 They make the waste rejoice and sing,
 Their progress thus we trace ;
 They pour their virtues thro' the earth,
 They fill the world with sacred mirth,
 And gladden ev'ry place.

HYMN CCCCLXVI.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee. ISAIAH xliii. 4.

THUS saith the Lord to Jacob's seed,
 In me, the mighty God, rejoice ;
 No hostile weapon shall succeed
 Against the people of my choice.

2 When through the waters thou shalt go,
 And through the fire thy way shall be,
 The waters shall not overflow,
 Nor shall the flames e'er injure thee.

3 When many foes assemble round,
 In hopes to make my people fall,
 Their counsels I will then confound,
 And bring destruction on them all.

4 He who shall touch the chosen seed,
 Toucheth the apple of mine eye ;
 'Tis mine my people's cause to plead,
 And I, their advocate, am nigh.

5 Then fear not, Isra'l, thou art mine,
 Rejoice and triumph in my name ;
 My strength and righteousness are thine,
 Thou never shalt be put to shame.

HYMN CCCCLXVII.

Casting all your care upon him. 1 PET. v. 7.

THE privilege I greatly prize,
 Of casting all my care on him,
 The mighty God, the only wise,
 Who reigns in heav'n and earth supreme.

- 2 How sweet to be allow'd to call
 The God whom heav'n adores, my friend ;
 To tell my thoughts, to tell them all,
 And then to know my pray'r ascend !
- 3 Yes, they ascend ; the feeblest cry
 Has wings that bear it to his throne ;
 The pray'r of faith ascends the sky,
 And brings a gracious answer down.
- 4 Then let me banish anxious care,
 Confiding in a Father's love ;
 To him make known my wants in pray'r,
 Prepar'd his answer to approve.
- 5 My Father's wisdom cannot err,
 His love no change nor failure knows ;
 Be mine his counsel to prefer,
 And acquiesce in all he does.

HYMN CCCCLXVIII.

A friend of publicans and sinners. MAT. xi. 19.

WE need not be ashamed to own
 That He, on whom our hopes depend,
 Though now he fills the highest throne,
 Was styl'd on earth "the sinner's friend."

- 2 The title came from those who sought
 To bring dishonour on his name ;
 But Jesus then refus'd it not,
 Nor sought to vindicate his fame.
- 3 And now, though yonder throne is his,
 He bears the gracious title still ;
 Jesus "the friend of sinners" is,
 He owns the charge, and ever will.
- 4 The title that was meant in scorn,
 He takes and binds upon his brow ;
 And thus the guilty and forlorn
 Are taught his character to know.
- 5 And while his name is set at nought
 By those who on their worth depend,
 The wretched and the vile are taught
 To bless him as "the sinner's friend."

HYMN CCCCLXIX.

If ye love me, keep my commandments.

JOHN xiv. 15.

LORD, let the people of thy love
 Be zealous in thy cause ;
 In ev'ry instance let them prove
 Obedient to thy laws.

- 2 The people thou hast made thine own
 Should listen to thy voice,
 Should look to thee, and thee alone,
 And in thy will rejoice.
- 3 'Tis thus they glorify thy name,
 And prove their origin ;
 'Tis thus they put their foes to shame,
 And silence foolish men.

4 O ! teach us, Lord, to walk with thee,
 As children of the light ;
 Unspotted from the world to be,
 And pleasing in thy sight.

5 Let all our walk directed be
 By thine unerring word :
 'Tis meet that we should live to thee,
 Our Saviour and our Lord.

HYMN CCCCLXX.

The heavens declare the glory of God, &c.
 PSALM xix. 1.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord !
 The thousand worlds that meet our eyes
 Sufficient evidence afford,
 That thou art great, that thou art wise.

2 Who but the only wise could form
 A world contriv'd with so much skill ;
 Or who but he, whose mighty arm
 Could execute his sov'reign will ?

3 But though the things we see around,
 Thy wisdom and thy pow'r declare ;
 No argument can there be found
 To save a sinner from despair.

4 Not from thy works, but from thy *word*,
 The soul-reviving news is known ;
 That pardon may with truth accord,
 And mercy can to man be shewn.

5 When a few seasons have revolv'd,
 The world will pass away, and then
 The works thereof shall be dissolv'd,
 And not a wreck or trace be seen.

6 Not so thy word, it stands secure ;
 The blessed truths that it contains
 Eternal are, and shall endure,
 When nothing of the world remains.

7 And they who from thy word derive
 Their hope, and are of thee forgiv'n,
 The wreck of nature shall survive,
 And find eternal life in heav'n.

HYMN CCCCLXXI.

And they cried out all at once, saying, away with this man. LUKE xxiii. 18.

“ **A** WAY with him,” the people cry,
 Ten thousand voices rais'd on high
 His instant death demand ;
 In vain a heathen would restrain
 Their impious rage ; his voice is vain,
 And their decree must stand.

2 Are these the people, who but now
 Appeared so forward to allow
 The Saviour's royal claim ?
 Who fill'd the city with their cry,
 And rais'd triumphant songs of joy
 In honour of his name.

3 How much, and O how quickly chang'd !
 How suddenly from him estrang'd,
 Whom lately they extoll'd !
 Before, they rais'd him to the sky ;
 They now require that he should die,
 With fury uncontroll'd.

- 4 And yet not chang'd, but still the same ;
 A splendid work had rais'd his fame,
 And led them to suppose
 That he would now erect his throne,
 And make a conquer'd world his own ;
 'Twas thence their joy arose.
- 5 But when they see their hope is vain,
 They join the Saviour's foes again,
 (Their minds unalter'd stood ;)
 They scorn'd his blessed name before,
 But, disappointed, scorn it more,
 And clamour for his blood.

HYMN CCCCLXXII.

Their Redeemer is strong ; the Lord of Hosts is his name : he shall thoroughly plead their cause. JER. I. 34.

WHO shall protract his people's stay ?
 The day is come, the joyful day,
 When God shall set them free :
 In vain would man his work oppose,
 For God is stronger than his foes,
 And what he wills shall be.

- 2 Long had his people borne the yoke,
 Long bow'd beneath th' oppressor's stroke,
 Their foes had long prevail'd ;
 A hard captivity was theirs,
 Their bread was water'd with their tears,
 They mourn'd, and refuge fail'd.
- 3 Their harps remain'd without a string ;
 Amidst their foes how could they sing,
 Their unrelenting foes ?

Who used their pow'r with cruel rage,
 Whom no submission could assuage,
 Who scoff'd at Isra'l's woes.

- 4 Rememb'ring Zion, oft they wept,
 Her solemn feasts no longer kept,
 Her sabbaths now no more ;
 On better days they thought with grief,
 Nor could they hope to find relief,
 'Till God's appointed hour.
- 5 But lo ! the day, the happy day
 Is come, and now they haste away,
 In spite of all their foes ;
 The day of liberty is come,
 With singing they regain their home,
 And think no more of woes.
- 6 Again they see the happy land,
 On Zion's mount again they stand,
 Again the temple raise ;
 Once more the ruin'd walls they build,
 And now again is Zion fill'd
 With rapture and with praise.

HYMN CCCCLXXIII.

Without shedding of blood, is no remission.
 HEB. ix. 22.

“ **W**ITHOUT blood is no remission,
 Thus THE LORD proclaims from
 heav'n ;
 Blood must flow—on this condition,
 This alone, is sin forgiv'n :
 Yes, a victim must be slain,
 Else, all hope of life is vain.

- 2** But the victim, who shall find it,
 Such a one as sinners need ?
 To the altar, who shall bind it,
 Who shall make the victim bleed ?
 Questions these, of anxious thought,
 And with difficulty fraught.
- 3** Though the beasts around us feeding
 On a thousand hills, were slain,
 What would this avail ? their bleeding
 What avert, or what obtain ?
 Such a victim as must die,
 All the world could not supply.
- 4** God himself provides the victim,
 Jesus is the Lamb of God ;
 Heav'n, and earth, and hell afflict him,
 While he bears the sinner's load :
 'Tis his blood, his blood alone,
 Can for human guilt atone.
- 5** Joyful truth, he bore transgression,
 In his body on the cross ;
 Through his blood, there's full remission
 For the vilest, ev'n for us :
 Jesus for the sinner bleeds,
 Nothing more the sinner needs.

HYMN CCCCLXXIV.

The wages of sin is death. ROM. vi. 25.

DEATH is sin's tremendous wages,
 This we never should forget ;
 'Tis the Lord himself engages
 To discharge the awful debt :

Sin and death together go,
Truth requires it should be so.

2 Awful tidings ! who can shew us
 How a sinner yet may live ?
How can God be gracious to us,
 How can God our sin forgive,
Yet invariably declare
Sin and death united are ?

3 Come, behold a great expedient,
 God reveal'd in flesh appears,
God himself becomes obedient,
 And the curse for sinners bears ;
'Tis a great, a gracious plan,
Wounding sin, yet sparing man.

4 O the wisdom of contrivance,
 O the grace that shines therein !
God forgives without connivance,
 He forgives, yet spares not sin ;
Justice sees the victim bleed,
Nothing more can justice need.

5 Whither should we go, O whither !
 Whither from the glorious sight ?
Truth and mercy meet together !
 Righteousness and peace unite ;
'Tis the cross that gives us rest,
Makes us safe, and makes us blest.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

HYMN CCCCLXXV.

If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out. LUKE xix. 40.

CHILDREN once were heard to sing,
When so many silent were ;
Glad they welcom'd Isra'l's King,
And hosannas fill'd the air.

- 2 David's Son, and David's Lord,
 Heard their praises, and approv'd :
Be our Saviour's grace ador'd ;
 Be our Saviour's name belov'd.
- 3 Count us not, O Lord, too bold,
 If we try our song to raise ;
Children we, like those of old,
 Taught, like them, to lisp thy praise.
- 4 Jesus, hail ! we sing of thee ;
 Welcome to thine house of pray'r :
Let our hearts thy temple be ;
 Lord, set up thy kingdom there.
- 5 Make us wise thy name to know ;
 Let us feel thy pow'r and love :
Ours to serve thee, Lord, below ;
 And to dwell with thee above :
- 6 There to sing hosannas loud ;
 There a Saviour's praise to sing ;
Mix with yonder joyful crowd,
 And for ever praise our King.

ANOTHER.

HYMN CCCCLXXVI.

Hosanna to the Son of David ! MATT. xxi. 9.

WHEN Jesus to the temple came,
The voice of praise was heard ;
The very children own'd his claim,
And in his train appear'd.

- 2 Hosannas made the temple ring,
For many tongues agreed ;
Hosanna to the heav'nly King,
To David's holy seed.
- 3 When some would have rebuk'd their zeal,
Thou, Lord, the thought didst check :
If they were harden'd, stones would feel ;
If silent, stones would speak.
- 4 Lord, let the days be now renew'd,
When children lisp thy praise ;
Thou art as powerful and good,
As in the former days.
- 5 Work, Lord, on all our children's hearts,
And this will loose their tongues ;
The love that heav'nly truth imparts
Will animate their songs.

HYMN CCCCLXXVII.

For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, &c. 2 COR. viii. 9.

VES, we know the grace of Jesus,
All his people know his grace ;
'Tis a theme that always pleases
Those in whom the truth has place :

Never can his friends admit
Aught that would detract from it.

2 Jesus saw the sinner's danger,
Saw from heav'n, and stoop'd to save ;
In the world appear'd a stranger,
And his life for sinners gave :
Come, ye saints, behold and see,
Who so rich, so poor as he !

3 Grace like this delights, amazes,
Grace unbounded, grace divine ;
Lord, accept our feeble praises,
For we know this grace is thine :
Thou wast poor, that we might be
Rich in glory, Lord, with thee.

4 Yes, our Lord was rich in glory,
Yet he stoop'd and bore the cross ;
Tell, ye saints, the joyful story,
Tell how poor the Saviour was ;
If ye can, declare how low
Jesus stoop'd to rescue you.

5 Jesus, without controversy,
Is the God that reigns above ;
Source alone of sov'reign mercy,
God of everlasting love ;
This is he who came from heav'n,
He whose life for men was giv'n.

HYMN CCCCLXXVIII.

For we shall see him as he is. 1 JOHN iii. 2.

TO see the Saviour as he is,
What can we look for more than this ?
Of heav'n 'tis all his people know,
No more is needful here below.

- 2 A paradise let others feign,
 Where all their fav'rite good obtain,
 Where, free from all restraint and fear,
 They feast on joys but tasted here.
- 3 We ask no other heav'n than this,
 To see the Saviour “as he is ;”
 To take our place around his throne,
 And know as we ourselves are known.
- 4 Where Jesus is, 'tis heav'n to be,
 'Tis heav'n the Saviour's face to see ;
 We know, though all the world revile,
 Celestial joy is in his smile.
- 5 The little that on earth is known,
 Makes him the object of our love ;
 And us impatient to be gone,
 To see him as he is, above.

HYMN CCCCLXXIX.

Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty.
 ISA. xxxiii. 17.

WITH heav'n in view, we tread the path
 That saints of former ages trod ;
 Like them, the children once of wrath,
 But now, like them, the sons of God.

- 2 No room for any boast have we,
 Upon another's wealth we live ;
 The pardon we enjoy is free,
 The praise to God alone we give.
- 3 We seek a city far from this,
 A distant city out of sight ;
 The Lord himself its builder is,
 The Lord, its everlasting light.

- 4** In beauty there the King appears ;
 The King we love, and hope to see :
 While here, his people sow in tears,
 Their harvest shall hereafter be.
- 5** This King, the King of Glory is,
 His presence is the joy of heav'n ;
 How blest our lot, if we are his !
 Opposers once, but now forgiv'n.
- 6** Our aim be this, to live below,
 As he would have his subjects live :
 To those who own and serve him so,
 The Lord eternal life will give.

HYMN CCCCLXXX.

Bound in affliction and iron. Ps. cvii. 10.

JOYFUL let us raise our voices,
 Pris'ners once, but now set free ;
 As the bird releas'd, rejoices
 And exults in liberty ;
 So the slaves of sin, when freed,
 Feel that they are free indeed.

- 2** Bound we were with iron fetters,-
 Galling was the yoke we bore ;
 Debtors we, insolvent debtors,
 Yet unfelt the chains we wore :
 Sleep had all our pow'rs opprest,
 And we dreamt that this was rest.
- 3** But, as with a voice of thunder,
 Wore we rous'd from sleep profound ;
 Then our souls were fill'd with wonder,
 All was new and strange around :
 Grievous then our chains appear'd ;
 Much we felt, and much we fear'd.

- 4 Then the voice of mercy sounded
 Sweet as music in our ears ;
 “ Grace abounds where sin abounded ; ”
 Grace it removes our fears ;
 Grace has power to cheer our hearts,
 Grace, a holy joy imparts.
- 5 Grace we sing, “ the grace of Jesus ; ”
 Grace, the spring of hope to man ;
 Grace, that from our bondage frees us ;
 Grace, too high for thought to scan ;
 Grace, the theme that sinners love ;
 Grace, a theme all themes above.

HYMN CCCCLXXXI.

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.
 PSALM CXXX. 1.

TO whom should those in trouble flee ?
 To whom, O Lord, but unto thee ?
 For thou alone canst soothe our grief,
 And thou alone canst give relief.

- 2 When in the lowest depths we are,
 When all is grief, and all is care,
 We cry to thee, and not in vain ;
 A word of thine relieves our pain.
- 3 'Tis sweet to be assur'd of this,
 To taste the comfort sweeter is ;
 But sweetest far, to reach the shore,
 Where grief and trouble are no more.
- 4 To see the object of our love
 Enthrond in majesty above ;
 To see the angels own his claim ;
 To hear the angels sound his name.

- 5 We look, not without hope, for this;
 For all is ours, if we are his :
 The Lord will “ grace and glory” give ;
 His people shall for ever live.
- 6 Yes, the delight of heav’n is theirs ;
 From sorrow free, and free from cares ;
 No conflicts there, no toil, no strife,
 A blessed and immortal life.

HYMN CCCCLXXXII.

Therefore the world knoweth us not.

1 JOHN iii. 1.

UNKNOWN by men, the Christian lives ;
 Enough, if he is known above,
 By Him who all his sin forgives,
 And loves him with a father’s love.

- 2 To know Him, and be known again,
 Is all he seeks ; he asks no more :
 And should he feel the scorn of men,
 ’Tis what his Master felt before.
- 3 The mark of universal scorn
 His Master stood, nor hid his face ;
 Like one deserted and forlorn
 He seem’d, by all accounted base.
- 4 The liker to their Master here,
 The more abundant joy they prove—
 A joy, though not unmix’d with fear,
 Yet full of sweetness, full of love.
- 5 Then make us like thyself, O Lord ;
 As thou wert, let thy people be :
 We look above for our reward ;
 We look to reign in heav’n with thee.

HYMN CCCCLXXXIII.

They shall behold the land that is very far off.
ISAIAH xxxiii. 17.

- T**HE world, with all its pageantry,
 Is nothing in the pilgrim's eyes ;
 He aims at immortality ;
 He seeks a home beyond the skies :
- 2** A land of pure and hallow'd joy,
 Where all is peace, and all is love ;
 Where sweets are found that never cloy,
 A land the world knows nothing of.
- 3** Compar'd to this, the blessed isles
 By poets feign'd, possess no charms ;
 Though there eternal verdure smiles,
 Though nought offends, and nought alarms.
- 4** A blessedness surpassing thought
 Is theirs, in measure and in kind,
 Who, by the sacred Spirit taught,
 This holy land of promise find :
- 5** This land, where all the saints shall meet,
 Shall see the Saviour face to face,
 Shall cast their crowns before his feet,
 And sing for ever of his grace.
- 6** If we are his, our hearts are there ;
 In prospect we enjoy our home ;
 And, while on earth, an earnest share
 Of joys above, of joys to come.
- 7** If all the joys that earth supplies
 Were offer'd in exchange for this,
 'Twould seem as nothing in our eyes,
 For all is ours, if we are his.

HYMN CCCCLXXXIV.

And they shall be unto you cities of refuge.
NUM. xxxv. 12.

AND have I reach'd the sacred spot,
Where those who fly, a refuge find?
May I indulge my joy or not?
 Speak, Lord, and ease my anxious mind.

- 2 A dreadful sound was in my ears ;
 The stern avenger follow'd hard ;
My trembling soul was fill'd with fears,
 For ev'ry door, I thought, was barr'd.
- 3 But here I seem to breathe at last :
 I hear th' avenger's voice no more ;
The danger seems as though 'twere past,
 I feel a calm unknown before.
- 4 Is this delusion, Lord, or no ?
 What is not, though it seems to be ;
O ! tell thy servant, is it so ?
 Who fears to err, and looks to thee.
- 5 Or is it what it seems to be ?
 A blessed and a safe retreat,
Where sinners who, pursued like me,
 A refuge and a welcome meet.
- 6 I deem it such, and here abide
 The issue of the final day ;
When what we trust to shall be tried,
 And all but truth be swept away.

HYMN CCCCLXXXV.

Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul.

HEB. vi. 19.

HOPE is the anchor of the soul ;
It enters that within the vail ;
And though the waves of trouble roll,
The anchor holds, and will not fail.

- 2** The night is dark, the sea runs high,
The mast before the tempest bends ;
A shore bestrew'd with wrecks is nigh,
And on the anchor all depends.
- 3** The vessel drifts, if that gives way,
And founders on the fatal shore,
Where death and night maintain their sway ;
Where light and life are seen no more.
- 4** At such a time, in such a state,
A single anchor holding all,
No wonder if our fear is great,
No wonder if our hope is small.
- 5** But one sweet word dispels our fear,
The word of Him who cannot lie ;
His truth is pledg'd, his pow'r is near ;
His truth and pow'r all ills defy.
- 6** Hope, O my soul, thine anchor is,
Both sure and steadfast ; be thou strong :
The word that makes thee bold is His,
Who reigns yon shining host among.

HYMN CCCCLXXXVI.

But ye see me. JOHN xiv. 19.

AN absent Lord I serve and love ;
 His image I with joy survey ;
 He reigns a King ; He reigns above ;
 The hosts of heav'n confess his sway.

- 2 How blest are they who see his face,
 And gaze upon his glory near !
 Their nature pure, and heav'n their place ;
 They feel no want, they know no fear.
- 3 A day, I hope, will come, when I,
 Ev'n I, though now so base and vile,
 Shall see the Saviour's glory nigh,
 And prove that heav'n is in his smile :
- 4 Till then I would his image trace,
 And copy what I deem so fair ;
 In heav'n I hope to see his face—
 His people will be like him there.
- 5 But still a doubt will oft arise,
 An anxious doubt, if one like me
 Shall ever gain so rich a prize,
 Or ever with the Saviour be.
- 6 O thou, whose favour I prefer
 To life itself, thy Spirit send :
 Be mine the promised Comforter,
 Be mine his presence to the end.
- 7 An earnest to my soul be given
 Of joys unspeakable above ;
 An earnest of the joys of heav'n,
 The joys of everlasting love.

HYMN CCCCLXXXVII.

Glory to God in the highest! LUKE ii. 14.

GLORY to God on high!
Peace upon earth, and joy!

Good will to man!

Ye who the blessing prove,
Join with the hosts above;
Sing ye a Saviour's love,
Too vast to scan.

2 Mercy and truth unite,
This is a joyful sight!
All sights above.

Jesus the curse sustains;
Bitter the cup he drains;
Nothing for us remains,
Nothing but love!

3 Love, that no tongue can teach;
Love, that no thought can reach;
No love like his:

Heav'n is its blessed source;
Death could not stop its course;
Nothing can stay its force;
Matchless it is.

4 Join then this love to sing;
Join to exalt our King,
Sinners forgiv'n:

To the great One in Three,
Honour and majesty
Now and for ever be,
Here and in heav'n.

HYMN CCCCLXXXVIII.

Praying always with all prayer.

EPHES. vi. 18.

PRAY'R is the new-born infant's cry,
 The sign of entrance into life ;
 'Tis trouble not unmix'd with joy ;
 'Tis peace, though in the midst of strife.

- 2 Pray'r is the wingēd messenger
 That bears his sighs from earth to heav'n ;
 That brings them to his Father's ear,
 Nor thence returns till grace is giv'n.
- 3 Pray'r is the vanquished rebel's cry,
 When sounds of mercy reach his ear,
 " O save me, save me, lest I die !"
 A cry of mingled hope and fear.
- 4 Pray'r is a voice that sweetly pleads
 For saints, beneath the Father's rod ;
 The Spirit's voice that intercedes,
 " According to the will of God."
- 5 Pray'r is a weapon sent from heav'n,
 Employing which the saints prevail,
 Prevail with Him, by whom 'tis given ;
 A weapon this that cannot fail.
- 6 Of temper proof, it stands the test,
 The test of ev'ry trying hour ;
 And they who know its value best,
 Admire the most its wondrous pow'r.
- 7 Then let us pray, and never faint,
 The pray'r of faith can all things do ;
 Employing this, the feeble saint
 Can meet and vanquish every foe.

HYMN CCCCLXXXIX.

He hath triumphed gloriously.

EXOD. xv. 1.

SONS of Zion, raise your songs,
Praise to Zion's King belongs ;
His the victor's crown and fame,
Glory to the Saviour's name !

2 Sore the strife, but rich the prize,
Precious in the victor's eyes ;
Glorious is the work achiev'd,
Satan vanquished, man reliev'd.

3 Sing we then the victor's praise,
Go ye forth and strew the ways ;
Bid him welcome to his throne,
He is worthy, he alone.

4 Place the crown upon his brow ;
Ev'ry knee to him shall bow ;
Him the brightest seraph sings,
Heav'n proclaims him " King of kings."

HYMN CCCCCXC.

The only wise God, our Saviour.

JUDE 25.

THE Lord, "the only wise," is he,
Who died on yonder cross for me,
For me, a wretch, and thousands more,
Whose place he took, whose guilt he bore.

2 I wonder when I think on this ;
I wonder much that love like his
Should fail to move a heart of stone,
A heart as stubborn as my own.

- 3 With love like this before my eyes,
 That fills an angel with surprise,
 My heart, with grief and shame I own,
 Is still too like a heart of stone.
- 4 O Lord, thy Spirit's pow'r alone
 Can take away this heart of stone ;
 And in its room another place,
 A heart of flesh, that owns thy grace.
- 5 Then let thy promis'd grace be giv'n,
 The earnest of a future heav'n,
 Where all who love thee, there shall be
 For every happy, Lord, with thee.
- 6 To thee I look, to thee alone ;
 To thee, to whom all hearts are known ;
 To walk with thee my soul aspires,
 O satisfy my soul's desires.

HYMN CCCCXCI.

O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath.

PSALM XXXVIII. 1.

DEAL gently with thy servant, Lord,
 And if the rod should needful be,
 Thy seasonable aid afford ;
 My soul in trouble flies to thee.

- 2 Thy frown is terrible to bear,
 But grace a spring of hope supplies ;
 Thine anger more than death I fear,
 Thy favour more than life I prize.
- 3 But much I fear, lest in some hour
 Of sore temptation I may fall ;
 And yielding to the tempter's pow'r,
 May faithless prove, and give up all.

- 4 Lord, save thy worm, for thou alone
 Canst keep me in the trying hour ;
 Thy help I trust to, not my own ;
 Thy love, thy wisdom, and thy pow'r.
- 5 When chastisement shall needful be,
 Correct thy worm, but not in wrath ;
 A father's hand I fain would see ;
 A father's rod no terror hath.

HYMN CCCCCXCHI.

But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross. GAL. vi. 14.

- T**H E cross—a theme of joy to some,
 To others of contempt indeed,
 To me the pledge of joys to come,
 The only one I ask or need.
- 2 Take this away, and all is night,
 A midnight gloom without a ray ;
 'Tis worse than fancy can indite ;
 'Tis night without the hope of day.
- 3 But sweet beyond expression is
 The hope imparted by the cross ;
 The world appears but loss to this,
 A thousand worlds appear but loss.
- 4 And yet, how little do I know
 The sweet attraction of His love,
 Who came from heav'n, and stoop'd so low,
 To raise me to the joys above !
- 5 The cross, though life and health to me,
 To him was agony and death ;
 A conflict none could bear but he,
 With all on earth, and all beneath,

- 6 What pass'd in that mysterious hour
 The victim only can unfold ;
 To sound its depth exceeds our pow'r,
 But all we need to know, is told.
- 7 He bore our sin, he paid our debt ;
 And suff'ring, magnified the law :
 'Twas here that " truth and mercy" met ;
 'Twas this that angels wond'ring saw.
- 8 My soul, forget not what is due
 To Him whose suff'ring pardon brings ;
 Nor cease to keep the cross in view ;
 The cross will teach thee wondrous things.

HYMN CCCCXCIII.

The joy of our heart is ceased.

LAM. v. 15.

WHY sleeps the harp of Judah now,
 Whose notes were once so sweet, so
 loud ?

Why left unheeded on the bough
 That overhangs Euphrates' flood ?

2 *Why sleeps the harp of Judah now ?*
 Will no one touch its silent strings ?
 Are all restrain'd by solemn vow,
 That none will praise the " King of kings ?"

3 *Why sleeps the harp of Judah now ?*
 Let Zion's children answer why :
 " We cannot sing, while here we bow
 Beneath the yoke, and inly sigh.

4 " Our foes insulting ask a song ;
 And of their captives mirth demand ;
 But who can sing, their foes among,
 Or smile, when in a foreign land ?

- 5 "From Zion far, we mourn and pine ;
 Our hearts are sad, our tongues are dumb ;
 No prophet have we now, or sign ;
 No friend, no guide, no king, no home."
- 6 And is that arm of pow'r bereft,
 That wonders wrought in ages past ?
 Jehovah's people, are they left
 To sorrows that for ever last ?
- 7 The Lord from exile will recal
 His people to their native shore ;
 And Babylon's proud walls shall fall
 In ruins, to arise no more.
- 8 Then let the harp of Judah ring
 With sounds of joy ; the day is near
 When Zion shall behold her King,
 No more to weep, no more to fear.

HYMN CCCCXCIV.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works !

PSALM civ. 24.

NOT from the azure vault we see,
 With glowing stars profusely sown,
 Though ev'ry star a world should be,
 The character of God is known.

- 2 The heav'ns indeed his praise declare ;
 They shew his wisdom and his might ;
 But sinners see no token there
 Of mercy, to refresh their sight.
- 3 That sun, that climbs the height of heav'n,
 And like a strong man runs his race,
 No notice brings of sin forgiv'n,
 No news to guilty man, of grace.

- 4 How welcome then the news must be,
 That in the sacred page is found !
 The news of mercy, rich and free !
 Proclaim it to the world around.
- 5 Where'er yon sun, in all its round,
 Declares His praise, who sends him forth ;
 Proclaim ye there, "the joyful sound,"
 From west to east, from south to north.
- 6 'Tis meet the people of the Lord
 Should wide unfold the sacred page ;
 And spread throughout the world that word
 That shines a light to every age.

HYMN CCCCXCV.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land ? PSALM CXXXVII.

SILENT on a foreign shore,
 Judah's harp is heard no more,
 See, it hangs on yonder bough,
 No one cares to touch it now :
 Whence this silence, whence this sadness ?
 Where's the voice of joy, of gladness ?

- 2 Can the pining captive sing ?
 Can he wake the silent string ?
 Can the exile, far from home,
 Aught express but grief and gloom ?
 Hence this silence, hence this sadness !
 Hence the want of joy and gladness.
- 3 Yet the exile's day will come,
 When he shall regain his home :
 Zion's children shall return,
 And for ever cease to mourn :

Whence this silence, whence this sadness ?
Where's the voice of joy and gladness ?

- 4 Zion's sons, though far from home,
Yet may live on joys to come :
Mighty their Redeemer is,
And his people's cause is his :
Whence this silence, whence this sadness ?
Where's the voice of joy and gladness ?
- 5 Let the harp of Judah now
Hang no more on yonder bough ;
Wake its silent strings again :
Hope has its peculiar strain :
Hope is not allied to sadness ;
Hope is full of joy and gladness.

HYMN CCCCCXCVI.

FIRST PART.

O give praise unto the Lord ! — To him who smote Egypt in their first-born, and brought out Israel from among them.

PSALM cxxxvi. 10, 11.

ISRA'L serv'd a cruel master,
One in whom no pity dwelt ;
When they cried, he bound them faster,
Careless he what Isra'l felt :
Thus the tyrant,
As with slaves, with Isra'l dealt.

- 2 But the Lord, with all his wonders,
Came to make their bondage cease ;
With a voice like many thunders,
He demanded their release ;

“ Let my people
“ Serve me where, and how I please.”

- 3 Long the tyrant strove to hold them,
 Long resisted the demand ;
All their hopes were vain, he told them,
 None should save them from his hand ;
 They should never
Break their chains, and leave his land.
- 4 But no pow'r could hold them longer,
 When the Lord proclaim'd them his ;
Soon he prov'd himself the stronger,
 For his arm almighty is ;
 Now he summon'd
Friends and foes to witness this.
- 5 By his awful signs amazēd,
 Lo ! the tyrant yields his prey ;
While the Lord, with arm upraisēd,
 Leads his ransom'd hosts away :
 Thus Jehovah
Shews his pow'r, and wins the day.
- 6 Isra'l now, whose chain is broken,
 Hastens from the tyrant's land ;
Thus, what God before had spoken
 Is accomplished by his hand ;
 And the tyrant
Forc'd to yield to his demand.

SECOND PART.

- 13 *To Him which divided the Red Sea into parts,*
 14 *And made Israel to pass through the midst
of it;*
 15 *But overthrow Pharaoh and his host in the
Red Sea.*

WELL might Isra'l, filled with wonder,
 Sing in that triumphant hour,
 When they saw their foes brought under,
 When the Lord display'd his pow'r ;
 And the tyrant
 Vanquish'd sunk, to rise no more.

- 2 When they saw their foes pursuing,
 Ev'ry heart was fill'd with fear ;
 In their front the waters viewing,
 Armed thousands in their rear ;
 Terror seiz'd them,
 And they thought destruction near.
- 3 Vain their fear ; for He who gave them
 Freedom from the tyrant's pow'r,
 Was at hand, again to save them,
 In the dark and trying hour .
 God their Saviour,
 God, his people's strength and tow'r.
- 4 By his arm the sea dividing,
 Lo ! he leads his people on ;
 Thro' the deep their footsteps guiding,
 Where no foot of man had gone :
 Thus he sav'd them,
 Thus he made his glory known.

5 'Twas not so with those who follow'd,
 'Twas their awful doom to die ;
 By the mighty waters swallow'd,
 In the deep behold they lie ;
 None could save them
 From the God that reigns on high.

6 Well may Isra'l tell the story
 Of that day, that wondrous day,
 When the Lord display'd his glory,
 Op'ning through the deep a way ;
 "When he worketh,
 Who his mighty arm shall stay ?"

THIRD PART.

To Him who led his people through the wilderness.

R ESCU'D from the hand of strangers,
 Isra'l through the desert goes ;
 Many are his toils and dangers,
 Many too are Isra'l's foes ;
 But Jehovah
 All his wants and dangers knows.

2 Isra'l's heart is found deceitful,
 Prone to murmur and complain ;
 Isra'l too is oft forgetful
 Of the hand that broke his chain ;
 But Jehovah
 Turns him to himself again.

3 Through a trackless desert going,
 Isra'l proves the Saviour's love ;
 Lo ! a cloud before him shewing
 When, and whither he should move ;
 Isra'l's journeys
 Are directed from above.

- 4 Though the desert be unfruitful,
 Yet is favour'd Isra'l fed ;
 His supplies are never doubtful,
 God provides his daily bread ;
 And his table
 Through the wilderness is spread.
- 5 Where no pleasant streams are flowing,
 In a parch'd and thirsty land,
 Lo ! the rock, its Maker knowing,
 Pours a stream at his command ;
 And his people
 Wond'ring own his mighty hand.
- 6 When the foe, of numbers boasting,
 Leads his armies to the fight,
 Isra'l in the promise trusting,
 Puts his num'rous foes to flight ;
 And goes forward
 In the Lord Jehovah's might.

FOURTH PART.

*Understand therefore that the Lord thy God giv-
 eth thee not this good land to possess it, for
 thy righteousness, &c. DEUT. ix. 6.*

ISRA'L, were thy numbers greater
 Than the nations all around ?
 Wast thou wiser, wast thou better,
 That thy mercies thus abound ?
 No : thou knowest,
 Weak and worthless thou wast found.

- 2 When a cruel lord enslav'd thee,
 And refus'd to set thee free,
 'Twas not thine own arm that sav'd thee,
 He had been a match for thee ;

'Twas Jehovah
Forc'd him to resign his prey.

- 3 'Twas not thine own arm that brought thee
Safely through the midst of foes ;
'Twas not thine own wisdom taught thee
How their numbers to oppose ;
God was with thee
When thine enemies arose.
- 4 Yes, the Lord would shew his glory,
He would make his wonders known,
That the world might hear the story,
And confess what he had done :
Not to Isra'l,
To the Lord be praise alone.

FIFTH PART.

And surely it floweth with milk and honey.

NUMB. xiii. 27.

ISRA'L'S conflicts now are ended,
All his toils have reach'd a close ;
Isra'l, by his God befriended,
Has subdued his num'rous foes ;
Isra'l's portion
Henceforth shall be sweet repose.

- 2 Vanish'd is the cloud that led him,
By the way, so many years ;
Gone the manna too that fed him,
Useless now, it disappears ;
Happy Isra'l
Needs no guide, no famine fears.

- 4 There, where Isra'l has his dwelling,
 Fruits of ev'ry kind are found ;
 Trees all other trees excelling,
 Rise spontaneous from the ground ;
 Milk and honey
 In the happy land abound.
- 4 Isra'l sav'd looks back with pleasure
 On his conflicts now no more ;
 Isra'l's triumph knows no measure,
 While he stands on Canaan's shore ;
 Now possessing
 All his soul desir'd before.
- 5 Far remov'd from foes and strangers,
 Favour'd Isra'l dwells alone ;
 Past his toils, and past his dangers,
 All his work for ever done ;
 Peace his portion,
 Peace, by prosp'rous warfare won.
- 6 Happy people ! blest for ever !
 Isra'l, who like thee is found ?
 Whom the Lord was pleas'd to sever
 From the nations all around ;
 Happy people !
 Sav'd, and now with glory crown'd !

HYMN CCCCXCVII.

Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord.
 JAMES iv. 10.

'TIS meet that we should humbled be ;
 'Tis meet we should confess to thee ;
 To thee, O Lord, how vile we've been,
 Confess the greatness of our sin.

- 2 To thee, O Lord, we ought to cleave,
 To thee alone we ought to live ;
 To thee, O Lord, we have not cleaved,
 To thee, alas ! we have not lived.
- 3 We ought, as children of the light,
 To walk by faith and not by sight ;
 But that which should be, has not been ;
 We have not looked at things unseen.
- 4 Too much, O Lord, we walk by sight,
 And hence are weak when called to fight ;
 We tremble in the trying hour ;
 We fall before the tempter's power.
- 5 We cry to thee for mercy, Lord ;
 Thine help in time of need afford ;
 O make us what we ought to be,
 And grant us grace to live to thee.

HYMN CCCCXCVIII.

I wot that he whom thou blessest is blest.

NUMBERS xxii. 6.

THE stream that from the fountain flows,
 The fountain of eternal love,
 Imparts its virtue as it goes ;
 A gift all other gifts above.
 'Tis life and peace divinely giv'n,
 'Tis mercy coming down from heav'n.

- 2 How blessed to enjoy the gift,
 To taste of mercy here below ;
 In humble thankfulness to lift
 Our hearts to Him who saves us so !
 To know his love, how great it is,
 To own and feel that we are his.

3 How blessed is the hope of good,
 The good that without measure is,
 Of seeing Him who shed his blood
 To save us, and to make us his !
 Redeem'd by blood, and sav'd by grace,
 We look to see the Saviour's face.

4 We look to see him as he is ;
 This honour to his saints is giv'n,
 To see the glory that was his,
 Before the world began, in heav'n ;
 To see his face, to share his throne,
 And give the praise to him alone.

HYMN CCCCXCIX.

God forbid that I should glory save in the cross.

GAL. vi. 14.

THE cross ! how blessed is the sight,
 To those who feel their guilt like me !
 It shines with heaven's peculiar light ;
 No object half so bright I see :
 And yet, how little do I know
 Of what the cross is meant to shew !

2 The spring of life I know is there ;
 The stream of blood that issues thence,
 Has power, I know, and virtue rare ;
 It can the foulest conscience cleanse.
 The sense of guilt it can remove,
 And fill the soul with holy love.

3 That justice there, and mercy can,
 And do together meet, I know :
 I wonder at the gracious plan ;
 I gaze and love to have it so.

Less terror, 'twould not awful be ;
Less grace, it would not do for me.

- 4 Whatever I can want, it yields ;
A sense of pardon thence I have :
My soul from Satan's pow'r it shields ;
'Tis God's appointed way to save—
To save in ev'ry trying hour ;
To save from ev'ry hostile pow'r.
- 5 Then teach me, Lord to comprehend
The meaning of that wondrous sight—
Its source, its object, and its end.
O shed upon thy work a light—
A light from heav'n, that I may know
Whatever may be known below.
- 6 To some, I know, this grace is giv'n,
To search the mystery of love—
That love that higher is than heav'n,
And deeper than th' abyss below :
Like them, O Lord, I fain would be ;
Like them would search, like them would see.
- 7 Then do thou clear my inward sight,
From clouds and mists that darkness cause ;
And fill my soul with holy light,
That I may know the love that was,
That is, and cannot cease to be—
The love that reached and vanquished me.

HYMN D.

Unto thee, O Lord, will I sing. PSALM ci. 1.

SEE our foes before us driv'n ;
 Sing we to the God of heav'n ;
 Sing of grace, of sin forgiv'n ;
 Sing the Saviour's love.

- 2 'Tis a theme of boundless range ;
 Love it is that knows no change ;
 Love surpassing thought, and strange ;
 Others far above.
- 3 Spread abroad the "joyful sound,"
 Make it known to all around ;
 In the truth a joy is found,
 One they know not of.

HYMN DI.

For we are saved by hope. ROM. viii. 24.

VOICES mute, and harps suspended !
 'Tis not meet that this should be !
 Days of grief will soon be ended,
 And the captive then be free :
 God has promis'd
 Joyful days we soon shall see.

- 2 To the land of promise going,
 Where our troubles are no more,
 Shall we yield to sadness, knowing
 We shall reach the peaceful shore,
 And be free from
 All that caused us grief before.

- 3 Hope of this may well awaken
 Joy, though in the captive's breast ;
 When cast down, he's not forsaken,
 Still sustain'd when most oppress'd ;
 Good awaits him :
 His an everlasting rest.
- 4 Let us then dismiss our sadness ;
 Let us sing, for well we may ;
 Captives still, but hope brings gladness—
 Hope of that forthcoming day,
 When our sorrow
 Shall for ever pass away.

HYMN DII.

Thy testimonies that thou hast commanded are righteous and very faithful. PSALM cxix. 138.

GOOD and faithful are thy words,
 “ King of kings, and Lord of lords ; ”
 In the time of grief and care,
 Sweet, and full of grace, they are.

- 2 When thy people are distress'd,
 Harass'd by the foe, and press'd,
 Whither should thy people flee,
 Whither, Saviour, but to thee ?
- 3 Words that spirit are, and life,
 Cheer them in their mortal strife ;
 When thy people are opprest,
 Then do they afford them rest.
- 4 Then it is thy words declare
 Whence they come, and what they are ;
 Sinners, in the trying hour,
 Know their worth, and feel their pow'r.

- 5 Why? Because they are thy words,
 " King of kings, and Lord of lords ;"
 And thy Spirit gives them pow'r,
 Fitted to the trying hour.
- 6 Whither then but unto thee,
 Whither should the helpless flee?
 Pow'r and grace to thee belong,
 Hence our safety, hence our song.

HYMN DIII.

Freely ye have received, freely give. MATT. x. 8.

BEAR the Saviour's message, bear it,
 Let the distant nations hear it ;
 Bear his word to every land.
 Ye who know his love, declare it ;
 Ye who have the treasure, share it ;
 'Tis your Master's own command.

- 2 Idols soon shall fall before him,
 And the nations shall adore him ;
 All the people then shall sing.
 When the Saviour reigns victorious,
 When he makes his kingdom glorious,
 Hills and vallies then shall ring.
- 3 Ye who love the Lord's appearing,
 Bid him welcome, nothing fearing ;
 Joyful is the day for you :
 Then the Saviour will receive you,
 And from ev'ry ill relieve you ;
 Gracious are his words, and true.

4 Faithful is the Saviour's promise,
Earth and hell would wrest it from us;
 Earth and hell will strive in vain :
On the Lord is our reliance ;
Thus we bid our foes defiance ;
 His the glory, ours the gain.

FINIS.

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